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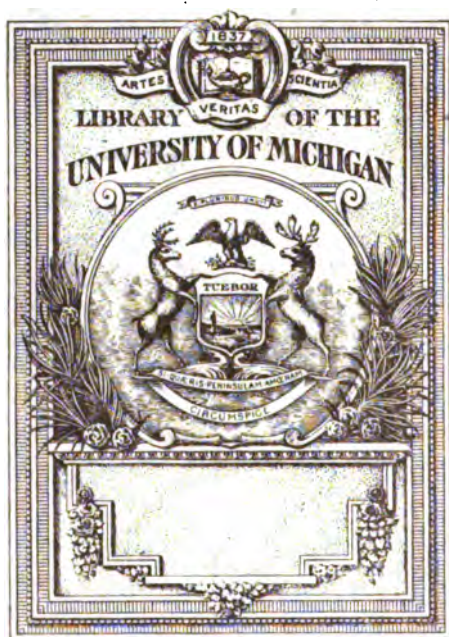
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THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

FOR
Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE.'

THIRD SERIES.

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The Monthly Packet.

JANUARY, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I. :

'Make mention thereto
Touching my much loved father's safe return,
If of his whereabouts I may best hear.'
Odyssey (Musgrave).

'Oh! brother, I wish they had named you Télémaque, and then it would have been all right!'

'Why so, sister? Why should I be called by so ugly a name? I like Ulysses much better; and it is also the name of my papa.'

'That is the very thing. His name is Ulysses, and we are going to seek for him.'

'Oh! I hope that cruel old Mentor is not coming to tumble us down over a great rock, like Télémaque in the picture.'

'You mean Père le Brun?'

'Yes; you know he always says he is our Mentor! And I wish he would change into a goddess with a helmet and a shield, with an ugly face, and go off in a cloud. Do you think he will, Estelle?'

'Do not be so silly, Ulick, there are no goddesses now.'

'I heard M. de la Mède tell that pretty lady with the diamond butterfly that she was his goddess; so there are!'

'You do not understand, brother. That was only flattery and compliment. Goddesses were only in the Greek mythology, and were all over long ago!'

'But are we really going to see our papa?'

'O yes, mamma told me so. He is made Ambassador to Sweden, you know.'

'Is that greater than Envoy to Spain?'

'Very, very much greater. They call mamma, Madame l'Ambassadrice; and she is having three complete new dresses made. See, there are *la Bonne* and Laurent talking. It is English, and if we go near

with our cups and balls we shall hear all about it. Laurent always knows, because my uncle tells him.'

'You must call him *La Jeunesse* now he is made mamma's lackey. Is he not beautiful in his new livery?'

'Be still now, brother, I want to hear what they are saying.'

This may sound somewhat sly, but French children, before Rousseau had made them the fashion, were kept in the background, and were reduced to picking up intelligence as best they could without any sense of its being dishonourable to do so; and, indeed, it was more neglect than desire of concealment that left them uninformed.

This was in 1719, four years after the accession of Louis XV., a puny infant, to the French throne, and in the midst of the Regency of the Duke of Orleans. The scene was a broad walk in the Tuileries gardens, beneath a closely clipped wall of greenery, along which were disposed alternately busts upon pedestals, and stone vases of flowers, while beyond lay formal beds of flowers, the gravel walks between radiating from a fountain, at present quiescent, for it was only ten o'clock in the forenoon, and the gardens were chiefly frequented at that hour by children and their attendants, who, like Estelle and Ulick Burke, were taking an early walk on their way home from Mass.

They were a miniature lady and gentleman of the period in costume, with the single exception that, in consideration of their being only nine and seven years old, their hair was free from powder. Estelle's light, almost flaxen locks were brushed back from her forehead, and tied behind with a rose-coloured ribbon, but uncovered, except by a tiny lace cap on the crown of her head; Ulick's darker hair was carefully arranged in great curls on his back and shoulders, as like a full-bottomed wig as nature would permit, and over it he wore a little cocked hat edged with gold lace. He had a rich laced cravat, a double-breasted waistcoat of pale blue satin, and breeches to match, a brown velvet coat with blue embroidery on the pockets, collar, and skirts, silk stockings to match, as well as the knot of the tiny scabbard of the semblance of a sword at his side, shoes with silver buckles, and altogether he might have been a full-grown Comte or Vicomte seen through a diminishing glass. His sister was in a full hooped dress, with tight long waist, and sleeves reaching to her elbows, the under skirt a pale pink, the upper a deeper rose colour; but stiff as was the attire, she had managed to give it a slight general air of disarrangement, to get her cap a little on one side, a stray curl loose on her forehead, to tear a bit of the dangling lace on her arms, and to splash her robe with a puddle. He was in air, feature, and complexion a perfect little dark Frenchman. The contour of her face, still more its rosy glow, were more in accordance with her surname, and so especially were the large deep blue eyes with the long dark lashes and pencilled brows. And there was a lively restless air about her full of intelligence, as she

manœuvred her brother towards a stone seat, guarded by a couple of cupids reining in sleepy-looking lions in stone, where, under the shade of a lime-tree, her little petticoated brother of two years old was asleep, cradled in the lap of a large, portly, handsome woman, in a dark dress, a white cap and apron, and dark crimson cloak, loosely put back, as it was an August day. Native costumes were then, as now, always worn by French nurses; but this was not the garb of any province of the kingdom, and was as Irish as the brogue in which she was conversing with the tall fine young man who stood at ease beside her. He was in a magnificent green and gold livery suit, his hair powdered, and fastened in a queue, the whiteness contrasting with the dark brows and the eyes and complexion of that fine Irish type that it is the fashion to call Milesian. He looked proud of his dress, which was viewed in those days as eminently becoming, and did in fact display his well made figure and limbs to great advantage; but he looked anxiously about, and his first enquiry on coming on the scene in attendance upon the little boy had been—

‘The top of the morning to ye, mother! And where is Victorine?’

‘Arrah, and what would ye want with Victorine,’ demanded the *bonne*. ‘Is not the old mother enough for one while, to feast her eyes on her an’ Lanty Callaghan, now he has shed the Marmiton’s slough, and come out in old Ireland’s colours, like a butterfly from a palmer? La Jeunesse, instead of Laurent here, and Laurent there.’

La Pierre and La Jeunesse were the stereotyped names of all pairs of lackeys in French noble houses, and the title was a mark of promotion; but Lanty winced and said, ‘Have done with that, mother. You know that never the pot nor the kettle has blacked my fingers since Master Phelim went to the good fathers’ school with me to carry his books and insinse him with the larning. ’Tis all one, as his own body-servant that I have been, as was fitting for his own foster-brother, till now, when not one of the servants, barring myself and Maître Hébert, the steward, will follow Madame la Comtesse beyond the four walls of Paris. “Will you desert us too, Laurent?” says the lady. “And is it me you mane, madame,” says I, “Sorrah a Callaghan ever deserted a Burke!” “Then,” says she, “if you will go with us to Sweden, you shall have two lackey’s suits, and a couple of *louis d’or* to cross your pocket with by the year, forbye the fee and bounty of all the visitors to M. le Comte.” “Is it M. l’Abbé goes with madame?” says I. “And why not,” says she. “Then,” says I, “’tis myself that is mightily obliged to your ladyship, and am ready to put on her colours and do all in reason in her service, so as I am free to attend to Master Phelim, that is M. l’Abbé, whenever he needs me, that am in duty bound as his own foster-brother.” “Ah, Laurent,” says she, “’tis you that are the faithful domestic. We shall all stand in need of such good offices as we can do to one another, for we shall

have a long and troublesome, if not dangerous journey, both before and after we have met M. le Comte.”

Estelle here nodded her head with a certain satisfaction, while the nurse replied—

‘And what other answer could the son of your father make—Heavens be his bed—that was shot through the head by the masther’s side in the weary wars in Spain; and whom could you be bound to serve barring Master Phelim, that’s lain in the same cradle with yees—’

‘Is not Victorine here, mother,’ still restlessly demanded Lanty.

‘Never you heed, Victorine,’ replied she. ‘Sure she may have a little arrand of her own, and ye might have a word for the old mother that never parted with you before.’

‘You not going, mother!’ he exclaimed.

‘Tis my heart that will go with you and Masther Phelim, my jewel; but Madame la Comtesse will have it that this weeny little darlint’—caressing the child in her lap—‘could never bear the cold of that bare and dissolute place in the north you are bound for, and old Madame la Marquise, her mother, would be mad entirely if all the children left her; but our own lady can’t quit the little one without leaving his own nurse Honor with him!’

‘That’s news to me intirely, mother,’ said Lanty; ‘bad luck to it!’

Honor laughed that half proud, half sad laugh of mothers when their sons outgrow them. ‘Fine talking! Much he cares for the old mother if he can see the young girl go with him.’

For Lanty’s eyes had brightened at sight of a slight little figure, trim to the last degree, with a jaunty little cap on her dark hair, gay trimmings to the black apron, dainty shoes and stockings that came tripping down the path. His tongue instantly changed to French from what he called English, as in pathetic insinuating modulations, he demanded how she could be making him weary his very heart out.

‘Who bade you?’ she retorted. ‘I never asked you to waste your time here!’

‘And will ye not give me a glance of the eyes that have made a cinder of my poor heart, when I am going away into the desolate north, among the bears and the savages, and the heretics?’

‘There will be plenty of eyes there to look at your fine green and gold, for the sake of the Paris cut; though a great lumbering fellow like you does not know how to show it off!’

‘And if I bring back a heretic *bru* to break the heart of the mother, will it not be all the fault of the cruelty of Mademoiselle Victorine.’

Here Estelle, unable to withstand Lanty’s piteous intonations, broke in, ‘Never mind, Laurent, Victorine goes with us. She went to be measured for a new pair of shoes on purpose!’

‘Ah! I thought I should disembarass myself of a great troublesome Irishman!’

'No!' retorted the boy, 'you knew Laurent was going, for Maître Hébert had just come in to say he must have a lackey's suit!'

'Yes,' said Estelle, 'that was when you took me in your arms and kissed me, and said you would follow Madame la Comtesse to the end of the world.'

The old nurse laughed heartily, but Victorine cried out, 'Does mademoiselle think I am going to follow naughty little girls who invent follies. It is still free to me to change my mind. Poor Simon Claquette is gnawing his heart out, and he is to be left *concierge*!'

The clock at the palace chimed eleven, Estelle took her brother's hand, Honor rose with little Jacques in her arms, Victorine paced beside her, and Lanty as La Jeunesse followed, puffing out his breast, and wielding his cane, as they all went home to *déjeuner*.

Twenty-nine years before the opening of this narrative, just after the battle of Boyne-water had ruined the hopes of the Stewarts in Ireland, Sir Ulick Burke had attended James II. in his flight from Waterford; and his wife had followed him, attended by her two faithful servants, Patrick Callaghan, and his wife Honor, carrying her mistress's child on her bosom, and her own on her back.

Sir Ulick, or Le Chevalier Bourke, as the French called him, had no scruple in taking service in the armies of Louis XIV. Callaghan followed him everywhere, while Honor remained a devoted attendant on her lady, doubly bound to her by exile and sorrow.

Little Ulick Burke's foster-sister died, perhaps because she had always been made second to him through all the hardships and exposure of the journey. Other babes of both lady and nurse had succumbed to the mortality which beset the children of that generation, and the only survivors besides the eldest Burke and one daughter were the two youngest of each mother, and they had arrived so nearly at the same time that Honor Callaghan could again be foster-mother to Phelim Burke, a sickly child, reared with great difficulty.

The family were becoming almost French. Sir Ulick was an intimate friend of one of the noblest men of the day, James Fitz-James, Marshal Duke of Berwick, who united military talent, almost equal to that of his uncle of Marlborough, to an unswerving honour and integrity very rare in those evil times. Under him, Sir Ulick fought in the campaigns that finally established the House of Bourbon upon the throne of Spain, and the younger Ulick or Ulysse, as his name had been classicalised and Frenchified, was making his first campaign as a mere boy at the time of the battle of Almanza, that solitary British defeat, for which our national consolation is that the French were commanded by an Englishman, the Duke of Berwick, and the English by a Frenchman, the Huguenot Rubigné, Earl of Galway. The first English charge was, however, fatal to the Chevalier Bourke, who fell mortally wounded, and in the endeavour to carry him off

the field, the faithful Callaghan likewise fell. Sir Ulick lived long enough to be visited by the Duke, and to commend his children to his friend's protection.

Berwick was held to be dry and stiff, but he was a faithful friend, and well redeemed his promise. The eldest son, young as he was, obtained as wife the daughter of the Marquis de Varennes, and soon distinguished himself both in war and policy, so as to receive the title of Comte de Bourke.

The French Church was called on to provide for the other two children. The daughter, Alice, became a nun in one of the Parisian convents, with promises of promotion. The younger son, Phelim, was weakly in health, and of intellect feeble, if not deficient, and was almost dependent on the devoted care and tenderness of his foster-brother, Lawrence. Nobody was startled when Berwick's interest procured for the dull boy of ten years old the Abbey of St. Eudoce in Champagne. To be sure the responsibilities were not great, for the Abbey had been burnt down a century and a half ago by the Huguenots, and there had never been any monks in it since, so the only effect was that little Phelim Burke went by the imposing title of Monsieur l'Abbé de St. Eudoce, and his family enjoyed as much of the revenues of the estates of the Abbey as the Intendant thought proper to transmit to them. He was, to a certain degree, ecclesiastically educated, having just memory enough to retain for recitation the tasks that Lanty helped him to learn, and he could copy the themes or translations made for him by his faithful companion. Neither boy had the least notion of unfairness or deception in this arrangement, it was only the natural service of the one to the other, and if it were perceived in the Fathers of the Seminary, whither Lanty daily conducted the young Abbot, they winked at it. Nor, though the quick-witted Lanty thus acquired a considerable amount of learning, no idea occurred to him of availing himself of it for his own advantage. It sat outside him, as it were, for 'Masther Phelim's' use; and he no more thought of applying it to his own elevation than he did of wearing the *soutane* he brushed for his young master.

The Abbé was now five and-twenty, had received the tonsure, and had had been admitted to minor orders, but there was no necessity for him to proceed any farther unless higher promotion should be accorded to him in recompence of his brother's services. He was a gentle, amiable being, not at all fit to take care of himself; and since the death of his mother, he had been the charge of his brother and sister-in-law, or perhaps more correctly speaking, of the dowager Marquise de Varennes, for all the branches of the family lived together in the Hôtel de Varennes at Paris, or its château in the country, and the fine old lady ruled over all, her son and son-in-law being often absent, as was the case at present.

A fresh European war had been provoked by the ambition of the

second wife of Philip V. of Spain, the prince for whose cause Berwick had fought. This queen, Elizabeth Farnese, wanted rank and dominion for her own son; moreover, Philip looked with longing eyes at his native kingdom of France, all claim to which he had resigned when Spain was bequeathed to him; but now that only a sickly child, Louis XV., stood between him and the succession in right of blood, he felt his rights superior to those of the Duke of Orleans. Thus Spain was induced to become hostile to France, and to commence the war, known as that of the Quadruple Alliance.

While there was still hope of accommodation, the Comte de Bourke had been sent as a special envoy to Madrid, and there continued even after the war had broken out, and the Duke of Berwick, resigning all the estates he had received from the gratitude of Philip V., had led an army across the frontier.

The Count had, however, just been appointed Ambassador to Sweden, and was anxious to be joined by his family on the way thither.

The tidings had created great commotion. Madame de Varennes looked on Sweden as an Ultima Thule of frost and snow, but knew that a lady's presence was essential to the display required of an Ambassador. She strove, however, to have the children left with her; but her daughter declared that she could not part with Estelle, who was already a companion and friend, and that Ulysse must be with his father, who longed for his eldest son, so that only little Jacques, a delicate child, was to be left to console his grandmother.

NOTE.—It may be as well to explain here that this story is not intended as such a parody on either the *Odyssey* or *Télémaque* as 'Love and Life' is of *Cupid and Psyche*. The main facts and principal characters are veritable, and are only a little dressed out by imagination.

(To be continued.)

ASTRAY.

FELICIA.

July 22.

FRIDA has read my letter, and has borne the shock better than I expected; but she will not talk it over with me. She kissed me very kindly, and said, 'Poor old Felicia! it must have been very hard work for you to keep silence all this time; but we won't talk about it just yet, please dear. By-and-by we shall be able, perhaps. It was very good of you to write instead of telling it by word of mouth.' That was all she said, and since then she has been going on outwardly much the same as usual, except that she seems to spend a great deal of time alone in her room. But she is very kind and tender to me—more so than I could have been in her place, I think. Of course, after her saying this, I cannot talk at all till she begins; and I half dread her beginning. So we go on our way, each bearing our own burden alone. Perhaps it is best so for the present.

24th.—I cannot bear going into the town, for every one has that look of curiosity on their faces that is so annoying. This story is to most people only a wonderful excitement, a subject for gossip so interesting that they wear it threadbare, though it does not really touch them; very few people are intensely sorry for the misfortunes of others, when they are in nowise a personal matter to them. I don't mean Mr. King's special friends, of course, but the ordinary folks one meets. I was obliged to go and buy something for the house before lunch, and I met Marian Forester. She was so excited about the events of the meeting that she forgot to put on the usual tone which she reserves for my benefit.

'Miss Heath, what do you think of it all! Isn't it dreadful? But I know you agree with me, that people should have been more careful about trusting a man they knew nothing of. You know I can look at it with impartial eyes; I always have done so. Papa and all the others even now won't own themselves wrong; I never mind owning my faults when I see them.'

'I am afraid I do not agree with you,' I answered shortly, 'in thinking this is a subject for discussion in the streets—or anywhere.' I felt glad Frida was not with me, but really Marion always rubs me the wrong way with her constant egotism, and yet all the time she fancies she is doing good to her fellow-creatures. To-day, however, my words were true as well as repressive, for our house is miserable, and

all because of *him*. My father will not leave the subject alone, and Frida hides her true feelings under cover of a silence which goes to my heart. I know she makes it a duty to say nothing to make my father worse. Now that she is more conscious of the gulf between us, she finds comfort in talking to Mrs. Lyndhurst rather than to me.

How glad I am she is going to spend a few weeks with some friends of her father; she tells me Mrs. Lyndhurst thinks it a good thing for her. I am jealous of the influence of others over Frida, and if I could make her open her heart to me I know it would be a comfort to her; but how can I? Will things ever come straight? I thought before that if only all the story were known, Frida would be saved from throwing herself away on a worthless man, and yet, now it has come, it is all different. I don't think she knows it herself; but I can see the end. She loves William King in spite of everything. I can't bear to write the words, so I had better try and put him out of my head. I am sorry for his sisters, of course; but they are getting plenty of sympathy. When I was watching my poor Owen's downward course, no one gave me any. Only I could read in the faces of our acquaintances that they thought it was a pity I had no influence over my brother. How could they know how often I lay awake trying to solve the riddle how a sister can best influence her brother, and how it is that in some cases it seems impossible.

RACHEL.

June 29.

The shock is over, thank God, and we have settled down into a sort of dull, contented quiet, which is to me a relief after the Damocles' sword feeling which we have had so long. Burton and I are alone; Lady Lyndhurst has carried Lylie off to Germany, and, though everybody has been very kind, no one but Mr. Marsh is on terms to be a familiar visitor here. One other would have been if I could have let him. Poor Denys! I can't help smiling; and yet I feel about inclined to cry at the same time, when I think of his last, and I hope final, declaration of love. It was so good of the lad, though he could not understand—how should he?—how little the public opinion about Burton matters to me, except as far as it touches him. He came in with his cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling, implying in every word he said that I was the imprisoned princess, whom he had now found at her last extremity, and he the true knight, to whom ogres and dragons would be nothing, if I would but trust myself to him. I had to explain as gently as possible that I was not imprisoned except by my own will, and that the ogres and dragons were all tame. Then, to let him down easy, I went on to tell him what I have not told Burton yet, for fear it should set his heart still further upon taking himself off—the nursing plan which has been maturing itself in my mind more and more during this year. I told him I was not one of the women who had any

special turn for making the world better in art or literature, or in Sunday School teaching or district visiting, but that I thought I could make an efficient nurse in a hospital, that I liked it better than anything else, and that whenever Burton and Lylie and Aunt Louisa wanted me no longer I should go for six months' training at a hospital, and make that my vocation in life. I could almost have laughed at the awestruck look that came over Denys's face; and to bring the matter down to the level of ordinary life, I said, 'So you see you will have to think of me in my future career, mixing poultices and administering draughts.'

'I shall think of you as a saint,' he answered.

I told him, of course, that it would be very silly and unreal, and wronging me, to use such a word; but he said, 'No, I don't mean anything silly. I mean that I see now that I might just as well have hoped to have the moon for my own—oh, Miss King, don't you understand—and that I will never trouble you again.' He stood up to go. 'Only one thing,' he stammered.

'Well?' I said, and waited. 'Don't be afraid to ask me anything I can do,' I said; 'I owe you and your mother too much.'

'It would be almost profane to ask you,' he said; 'but if you would let me kiss your hand. It would mean nothing that you would mind, you know.'

I stooped and kissed the boy's brow—I could not help it—and he said, 'Thank you, I shall never forget. It is like—like a consecration, you know. It is awfully good of you.'

And then he suddenly broke down and bolted out of the room to hide his tears, poor lad, and so ended this strange little episode in our lives. I shall always like to hear of him, and I hope some day he may find a nice girl of his own years and kind to worship. For a little while, no doubt, he will have some ridiculously exalted notion about me; but he will get rational in time and see me as I am—if he thinks about me at all. I don't think on the whole that it will have hurt him much.

30th.—A few days ago Burton came in, looking so terribly worn and unhappy, that I could not think what had happened; and it was not till the next day that I found out what it was, and then it was Mr. Marsh who told me.

He said that he and Burton had been walking together, and Burton had gone in to see Zekiel Twisledon, while he stayed outside by the well, when Felicia Heath came up. 'I had made up my mind,' Mr. Marsh said, 'that I would put before her my view of her conduct and her father's—they are as bitter as if he had personally injured them—and though I don't find Miss Heath fascinating, I think she is a good woman in her way. Well, somehow we got into it, and she was telling me that she had far more justification than I knew. You knew there was an old acquaintance?'

'Yes; he told me of that the first day he met her.'

'Well, she had a young brother, who adored Burton. She says Burton led him to the bad; anyhow, he went there, and they all attributed it to Burton's influence. He ruined his health himself with dissipation, poor lad, and then came home to die, and made her promise on his death-bed that she would never say or do anything to harm Burton. I suppose she had been speaking bitterly against him and distressing her brother. She had just got to the end—she had spoken vehemently enough—and was just saying, "So I have held my tongue all this time, and never denounced the man whom I consider my brother's murderer"—when I saw Burton standing behind us. She lost her self-possession then, and said to him, with her voice trembling with passion, "I did not know you were there, Mr. King; but I will say to your face what I have said to your back. If any man ever was morally the murderer of another, you are the murderer of my brother Owen! He was a good lad till you corrupted him!" and then she burst out crying, and bolted. We were neither of us equal to the occasion, for we simply stared at one another like two oafs. When I write a play or an opera, I shall always feel that a *real* dramatic situation would take away all one's presence of mind, and that the person who steps in at the right moment and says, "Io!" or "Here stands the rightful heir!" is not true to nature.'

'Do be serious,' I said, 'and tell me what Burton said.'

'He looked frightfully knocked down, and I got out of him that he did not know what she meant. He knew that he had taken Owen into society which he should now advise a young man to keep out of; but he said he never in his worst days had been such a brute as to do anything that could be called corrupting the young. I would have answered for him as to that; he is not the make of fellow. He said that he had tried to keep this poor lad out of mischief many times, "though it was not to be expected that my advice should be effective, considering what I was myself," he said.'

'Then this is all an invention, or a delusion of Felicia's?'

'No, not exactly that either. After we parted I met Rutherston. The Heaths had told him their story, and he, as it happened, knew a St. Peter's man who had been up there all the time of Owen's career, and knew all about King too; and he had been picking his brains only last week. Well, it seemed so far that there was some colour for Miss Heath's view. Burton had a lot of theatrical acquaintances—not a bad lot, but thoroughly Bohemian—and he had introduced Owen Heath to them. The lad fell head-over-ears in love with a pretty actress, who amused herself with him for a bit, and then told him she had never meant anything; when she threw him over he went to the bad at once. A weak fellow, who turns Bohemian, is sure to, sooner or later; a strong one may stand it. Well, you can see how actresses, Bohemians, and worse, would be likely to mix themselves up in Miss Heath's mind, and how the fact of Burton having introduced him to Miss Kitty Poole would seem to

make him answerable for all that followed. Then, too, though Burton evidently used his influence over the lad to the good—I gather this from what he has let out to me—certainly he saved him once from being fleeced out of all his money in a low gambling saloon, and made him promise never to go there again—and I fancy that young Heath's downward course was much more rapid when Burton was no longer in the way—yet, of course, that was a refinement that you could hardly expect the women of the family to take in. To them it was all one even slope to perdition, and Burton had given him the downward push. You can hardly wonder at their view.'

I was very glad that Mr. Marsh had told me this, and so saved the pain of an explanation from Burton himself; for this seemed to cut deeper than almost anything that had gone before, and to throw him back just when he was recovering his spirits.

'One can never say one has seen the worst of one's past evil,' he said to me to-day, when we talking about it; 'the seed one sowed unconsciously and forgot, grows up into a ruined life.'

'I don't see why you should blame yourself so frightfully,' I said, if you did nothing worse for him than to introduce him to that actress.'

'It was not only that. The atmosphere I lived in then must have poisoned the springs of resistance within him, or he would not have gone to the bad so fast.'

'He must have been very weak, though.'

'Yes, he was weak, of course; but he was a good-hearted, affectionate lad, and they were very kind to me. They deserved better of me than that. After all,' he said, after a long pause, 'I am glad to know the whole truth about them. It takes away all feelings of personal unkindness when you think that they have an irreparable injury to reckon up against me. I don't feel now as if we could ever complain of anything they might say or do.'

'I don't think Frida would say that, though,' I said.

'She is a white soul, who does not know what it is to feel really black—not only shaded by adverse circumstances,' he said, with a deep sigh.

If ever any one thought Burton's penitence wanting in depth, I think they would be satisfied now. Not that he talks much about it—but he is one of those tender-hearted people to whom the thought of having injured others, especially those who love him, is the most acute purgatory there is; and I know he had cared for this boy in old days. I know what he is thinking of often when he is silent; and I am sure Felicia Heath, if she knew, would think he required no further punishment. And this is one that no forgiveness, human or divine, can make anything but a lifelong grief to the end of his days.

MRS. LYNDHURST.

MY DEAR RACHEL,

Carlsbad, Sept. 14.

I am going to ask a favour of you. You know I must be in London to meet my son on the 24th, when he comes of age, and there are some papers to be signed. After that, I am going with him to Deep Dene, where he will have some shooting till the end of the vacation. The doctor here is very anxious that Lady Lyndhurst should have another month of the 'Kur' before going home. Now could you be so very good as to let Lylie stay with her? I could then leave her with perfect comfort; and I gather from what she tells me that your poor aunt is not more in a state to need her than she was when we left England. Lady Lyndhurst is very fond of the child, whose ways are so sweet and pretty with her that I sometimes wonder whether my own little girl would have grown up to be such a granddaughter to her. Lylie has quite recovered her looks, and she and I have walked about and botanised to the blank astonishment of the Germans. Meeting her two school-fellows has been very good for her, and she has been laughing with them as she did when first she came to Emery. So if you can spare your baby to us a little longer, I don't think it will hurt. My mother-in-law will take great care of her, and so will our good old Bennet; but they could not get on without her or her German. She is a perfect interpreter!

Give my kindest regards to your brother, and tell him I have extracted some wonderful minerals from a spectacled professor, for his benefit and old Twisledon's.

My dear Rachel,

Your affectionate ALICE LYNDHURST.

RACHEL.

DEAR MRS. LYNDHURST,

The Priory, Sept. 18.

Burton and I shall be thankful to have Lylie out of the way for a little longer, if Lady Lyndhurst will really be so kind as to keep her. My poor aunt is in a condition which it is very trying to witness, and we do not at all want Lylie to share the strain it is to us. She cannot speak, but is quite conscious enough to be restless and distressed whenever one of us is not in the room. I have been afraid it will knock Burton up, but it is morally a comfort to him if physically a labour. I think he feels that anything he can do for any one is a sort of pledge to him that his life is not ruined past redress. I really think that partly owing to this he has got over the morbid feeling he had about Owen Heath's ruin, and though it will be a lifelong sorrow to him, it is more likely to urge him to effort for others than to paralyse him with vain remorse.

The Artesian well is our only excitement, and that I am sorry to say is not at present of a pleasurable kind. Lylie will have told you

about it, I dare say. Burton had the water of seven wells in and about Gridiron Lane analysed, and six out of the seven were undrinkable. So we could not see how we could recommend people to become water-drinkers when there was only poison for them to drink, and Burton and I made up our minds that we would sink an Artesian well, to get the water from the bottom of the greensand instead of using the surface-water that percolates through the gravel on which the cottages are built. But there is a 'fault' in the greensand, or else in the engineer's reckoning, and we have not reached the water yet. I wish we could, for Burton says if it were a cholera year the town would be decimated; and as it is there seems to be a great deal of illness about, since the hot weather came to an end and the rain began. This makes me the more glad that Lylie should keep away.

I must go to Aunt Louisa and relieve Burton, so good-bye.

Yours most gratefully and affectionately,

RACHEL KING.

MRS. LYNTHURST.

Oct. 16.

This is the first home-coming I ever had without the dear Granny to welcome me. I am glad the meeting is only put off for a few days, when it will be my turn to welcome her.

It was a damp, sticky, truly Emery fog as I came to the station, and the gas seemed to shine out of halos of damp mist; but our own house was a contrast, the white aproned maids beaming, and still better, Frida Wood at the door, and best of all, a fine fat letter from you from Honolulu.

Frida looked as if she needed some of the same remedy as Lylie. She is rather worn and tired, though kind and hopeful and cheerful as ever, offering herself while I gave my first glance to my letter, taking off my wraps, and pouring out the tea for me. She says Marian and the Foresters' little ones are all in lodgings at Sidmouth. Little George was poorly, and sea-air was ordered for him, so Mr. and Mrs. Forester took them down there; but the Vicar could not stay away, as Mr. Fleet has not been well, and is having a holiday, and there is much illness in the town. His wife would not let him be alone, so Marian is left to study character in her seaside lodgings. I asked after the Priory, and Frida said she was afraid Miss Wynne was very ill indeed. Rachel hardly ever seemed to leave her, not even to come to church. I soon saw that even I knew more about them than she did, and before we could go any further, in marched the Major, to welcome me, he said, and to escort her home. Something in her eyes made me beg to keep her to dinner, and promise to send James home with her. She readily complied, and he was obliged to consent, but he plainly did not like it, though he lingered as long as he could himself, telling bits of news. 'Nasty unwholesome weather,' he said. 'Talk of a requisition for a sanitary commission. I signed one last time—I would not this—for no doubt 'twas all that

fellow's doing. A meddlesome ass, one would think he had burnt his fingers enough to give him a lesson. And now what do you think he is doing? Digging an Artesian well! Ha! ha! not a drop of water have they come to, nor ever will; and a pretty lot he is spending on it. I wonder whose pocket it is to come from. Rufus Blackstone is more convinced than ever that it is part of the speculation, only he will be forced to act under cover now; but we shall unearth him.'

'I thought that notion had been dropped,' I said.

'My dear madam, this is proof positive. What should a man go sinking hundreds in a well unless he had some ulterior purpose.'

'I suppose he has—of lessening the unwholesomeness of the town.'

'All cant and fudge, as I told that long-legged curate. Unhealthy! There's not a healthier place than Emery St. Lawrence. I've not had a doctor in the house since I came to live there. Never a word about its sickliness till these new fads came in. And all the parsons giving in to him—quite demoralising—their associating with a fellow like that! However, I have told them all, as I have told Frida there and Felicia, that nothing shall make me consent to their meeting any of the set on any plea whatsoever. Where they walk in, we walk out!'

I fancy his object was to deliver his testimony, and I answered, 'Very well, Major Heath, your wishes as to your own family must be respected; though I confess that I cannot understand on what principle innocent and inoffensive ladies are thus treated by you.'

'They knew it, ma'am, they knew it, and they brought the fellow down among us unsuspecting people—at least the elder one did. They are all tarred with the same stick! Look at that other brother, who hasn't the grace to hide it!'

I do not wonder that poor Frida looked worn, if this has been dinned into her ears for the last two months. When we were quiet again, and had settled in, free of interruptions, she drew up close to me and told me she was very thankful to have me at home, for she was in sad perplexity all this time. Her whole sympathy is with the Kings, she is exceedingly indignant at their being treated in this cruel manner as outlaws; her heart is with Rachel, and she feels as if it were outraging friendship by keeping aloof from her.

'I don't do it for the sake of peace,' she said. 'I could bear any amount of storming for their sake; but while I am living in the Major's house I hardly see how I can go against his express commands, unless it were altogether a matter of necessity, where I had no choice. And then poor Felicia, she has suffered terribly too, and I am always trying to make myself remember how much temptation she has to be bitter, and to spare her feelings as much as I can. She gets nearly wild if she sees me even looking at the Priory when we pass it!'

I asked whether Frida had seen anything of them lately to rouse

Felicia's jealousy ; but she said, 'No, not since the mission-room had been finished. Rachel never went beyond the garden except to early Celebration, and always had to hurry away before any one else, and Mr. King plainly avoided her. What must he think? I have never even written to Rachel after the first evening before they set upon me.' I am so glad I did !

I told her I thought that one note would assure them of her feelings, and that they may understand her position. Besides, Rachel was too much absorbed to miss any outsiders, she scarcely had time even to write to Lylie, all the longer letters were from her brothers ; and I had no doubt that when all was over something would occur to make the chief duty plain.

'I sometimes feel as if the scruple were all cowardice,' she said, 'and then as if I could brave anything for their sakes.' I asked if Felicia were equally unkind.

'I should not have thought it of Felicia,' she said ; 'but she has really been quite cowed by her father's indignation at her keeping the secret, and it must have taken a great deal out of her. She has been quite weak and poorly all the autumn, and can hardly walk as far as the well ; but she does not like me to go anywhere without her, for fear I would go to Gridiron Lane, or fall in with *them*. I have to drive her about a good deal, for she has lost her nerve, and cannot manage the pony when it shies, so I am very little my own mistress now.' Then, after an interval, 'You know Mr. Rutherford says Felicia is mistaken in thinking that poor Owen's ruin was all Mr. King's fault ; he says she exaggerates his share in it, and wants me to tell her so. But I am sure the time is not come yet for her to bear me to talk about him ; it would only do her harm, and make her more bitter, if I told her that. I want Mr. Rutherford to tell her—or you, if you would.' She looked imploringly at me.

Well, I told her I would do what I could, if I got an opportunity, and for the rest, I could only tell her to wait—a hard thing, for I cannot help believing that there is an element in her heartache beyond friendship for Rachel or inconstancy to the Mission.

O my dear Edward, I am so happy that the catastrophe of June has convinced you that Burton King is indeed a noble fellow. I knew you would think so ! Would that you were here. There is twice the satisfaction in writing about him, now I know you will not read it with a smile at 'poor Alice's credulity.'

17th.—I went to the Priory to carry the last news of Lylie, and see whether I could be of any use. Mr. King was putting some bulbs into the garden beds, but he came and joined me, and took me to his study. I don't think any one has sat in the drawing-room since we went away. He looks thin and worn, but his face had gained wonderfully. There is a calm, steadfast, settled look about it now, that I wish I could convey, as if he were standing over one of the dragons of life as conqueror, but very quiet and simple ; that full low voice

gentler than ever, with the subdued tone of a house where death is coming. He did not offer to call Rachel, for he said he thought the end was drawing very near, and his aunt becomes restless the moment she misses Rachel's hand. Even his presence does not satisfy her long, though she sometimes asks for him, and he dares not be out of reach. He says he is well, and Rachel bearing the fatigue gallantly.

As to Lylie, they are thankful that she should be spared all this. She could be of no use, and they would only have her on their minds. Besides, the oppressive mugginess continues, and when I saw the sodden heaps of leaves, I sympathised with people who go away for 'the fall of the leaf.' He is very glad she is away on that account, and he says that the smells in Gridiron Lane are worse than ever, and there are cases of sickness about, which make him apprehend that more may be coming. I have made up my mind to beg Granny to go straight with Lylie to the Isle of Wight, or some seaside place, for a month or six weeks, till we see whether this passes off. I am sure this damp air, which makes one feel limp all over, would undo the benefit of Carlsbad.

Mr. Marsh has been in to hear of Lylie. He looks and moves wonderfully better, and says Mr. King has quite set him up. He tells me the excitement about his friend has died away, people are used to him, and after the first wonder, accept his work as a matter of course. He makes no secret now of his free attendance on those people on whom medical expenses fall so heavy, those just above being parish patients. They take his medicines, and accept his services as if they were doing him a favour, and are ten times more exacting than they are with Rufus Blackstone, who bullies and hectors. At least, so says Mr. Marsh, who doesn't believe in poor people. The water they drink is poison, and the well, he calls a piece of quixotism, unhappily not yet answering.

18th.—The poor old aunt is gone.

19th.—I have been sitting with Rachel. She is very calm and quiet. The real blow came a year ago when the spirit went out of reach, and it is a comfort that the poor body should be at rest. The elder aunt, Elizabeth, was the main stay of the family. Rachel spoke far more of her, how she held them up in their trouble, did all that could be done for the broken-down mother, and never failed in her confidence that the fall would be for a rising again. She was the first to go to see Burton at Portland, once alone, then with Rachel; and she combined with the chaplain in keeping up his hope of beginning a new life. Also she could best deal with Robert, who, I am happy to say, has got into the Line at last, and is quartered at Edinburgh, with the prospect of India.

I see Rachel expects Burton to emigrate. It seemed to delight her when I spoke of his planting the bulbs, though she said it was selfish to wish to keep him here; but the disposal of the property remains a difficulty, and it would be sad to let it pass into less conscientious

hands Robert and the trustee, Mr. Crawford, are coming to the funeral, and there will be a great settlement of affairs. 'Bob's consent will be wanting to everything,' sighed Rachel.

20th.—I have been helping Mrs. Forester in her Sunday School work, so many teachers being away. The numbers were very few, there seems to be a great deal of illness, in this remarkably healthy place. Felicia was there. She did not look fit for it, but went through with it.

As we walked back I tried to fulfil my promise to Frida about suggesting Mr. Rutherford's view that Burton King was over-blamed about poor Owen's ruin, but Felicia only said, 'You too!' and turned away without another word. I felt as if I had been unintentionally cruel, though I had tried to put it as tenderly as possible.

22nd.—Mrs. Forester and I both attended the funeral, that Rachel might not be the only lady. No one else was there but Mr. Marsh, Robert King, and the trustee, Mr. Crawford, an old lawyer. The other trustee is dead.

23rd.—Dr. King, as Mr. Crawford calls Burton, walked him about the place and talked to him of his plans. The Kings' affairs are exceedingly complicated, and poor Miss Louisa's will has not made them less so. Nobody can act without the consent of all the rest, and Bob King—who is very sulky at not finding Lylie at home—declares that he shall consent to nothing but selling the whole concern and dividing the proceeds. As to selling a part in order to throw away good money on the rest, he will not hear of it. Mr. Crawford says he is right as to the worldly prudence of it; but on the other hand declares himself delighted to find Burton taking an interest in anything and making himself useful. All this he told to the Foresters, at whose house he slept. He spoke very warmly of all of them, said he had wished the poor young man to go out at once to the colonies, but he begins to think that remaining was better. There will be no difficulty with him, but it is very unsatisfactory to think what an obstacle that selfish Bob can make himself. However, nothing can be done till Lylie's marriage or majority, and he *may* come to a better mind. I am happy to say he is gone.

24th.—I got Rachel and her brother in here to-day to show them our German photographs, and I was trying to hatch a proposal for their going to meet Lylie at Bonchurch, when in came Mr. Fleet, in pursuit of Mr. King, in a dreadful state about two children of Ellis's, who seem to be dying. Rufus Blackstone saw the first case last week, called it a feverish attack, and went off for a fortnight's holiday. The child got worse, and the other sickened. With a good deal of routing from the Major, the old doctor was persuaded to go and see them, but the staircase was almost too much for him. He ordered port wine, which the Heaths sent, and Frida looked after them. But the old doctor only sent messages he was coming, and never came, and now was on a round in the country. There are

other cases in Hogg's Buildings. Mr. King walked up and down the room, he said it was quite impossible for him to meddle with the Blackstone patients, and from what Mr. Fleet said of the two poor children, he thought nothing would save them; he is afraid it must be the typhoid fever that has once been here before. One sick person, is Ellen Butt, whose bad finger he cured last spring, and there was no etiquette against his going to see her, as no one has been yet called in.

9 P.M.—Typhoid it is. One child is dead, the other not likely to live till morning. Dr. Blackstone came at last, and has sent to beg Mr. Pearson, the Doddery Union doctor, to help him till his son comes home.

25th.—I went to Hogg's Buildings this morning, and found Rachel with Ellen Butt. The mother had fainted and was lying on her bed, evidently beginning the disease. The girl of ten years old was at school, and as they have only two tiny rooms, I am taking the child home. I believe this fever is not exactly infectious; but I shall keep her in the smoking-room, where I have put all Denys's treasures and yours out of the way, and if she is well, she will be at school all day. Frida's other poor little patient is dead. There are other cases reported, and at last Dr. Blackstone is thoroughly alarmed; but he is uncertain where Rufus is, and cannot telegraph for him.

26th.—Last evening Burton King could bear it no longer, but took his testimonials to Dr. Blackstone, and offered his help freely, with all his powers, and no remuneration. The poor old gentleman was quite affected, and ready to throw everything into his hands. I am going down presently to the Vicarage, to join in a kind of consultation about the organisation that he says will be necessary. Don't be anxious, dearest. Up here, with pure air and water, there is no danger, even in going about among the sick.

Nov. 3rd.—I have actually missed a mail, the first I ever lost. I hope and trust it has not made you anxious! I regretted it less when I looked at my sheets, and saw how little was there but deaths and fresh cases. For it turned out that in Pindar's Buildings (which don't belong to the Kings, and swarm with casual lodgers, brought by the works), there had been a great many cases smouldering away among the children and lodgers, unknown to clergy or doctors—since the illness had not begun acutely, and the people knew the authorities would rout them if their horrible crowding came to light, poor creatures. Thus they were far gone before any one heard of them. There were twelve deaths within four days, but of strangers, whose names you would not know; quite enough to make a panic, as there were by that time eleven cases in Gridiron Lane, and four in Hogg's Buildings.

However, our Committee had got things into some order by that time. The Kings actually have turned their house into a sort of hospital for such women and children as can be moved out of rooms,

where recovery seems impossible. There are four women and seven children there now, looked after by Rachel and her maids, who are standing by her gallantly. There is only one little girl there likely not to recover.

In the mission-room there is a kind of dispensary and soup kitchen, looked after constantly by Mrs. Forester and Felicia, one of whom is on guard all day, with constant supplies of milk, jelly, and whatever may be wanted, kept up by liberal subscriptions, headed by the Brockenhursts.

The real good in the Heaths has come out. They give and do wonders, though still holding aloof from the Kings. As to Frida, the point has come of disobedience. She absolutely refused to be sent away, or to keep out of reach of the fever—being quite sure of what her father would think right. In fact, until to-day, when Mr. Forester has succeeded in getting two Sisters, there has been no one to look after the people, or see that the directions were carried out, but the clergy, Frida, old Miss Coney, and myself. I have not actually nursed, for I have got fifteen children of different sizes, taking refuge in the house; and as the school is shut up, I can't leave them altogether to the servants. Frida and Mr. Rutherford have, however, each sat up one night, and as Burton King says we are not yet through the worst of it, I am doubly glad of the Sisters coming.

Mr. Forester gives us a service at seven every morning, to which all of us come who can. Burton's face has gained a peculiar brightness, but there are worries still, apart from the dreadful state of the patients, for Dr. Blackstone's notions of fever treatment are of an earlier generation. He grunts and sighs over the milk system, declares the people will sink, and in Pindar's Buildings, which he reserves to himself and for Rufus, he and Major Heath pour down champagne and port wine, and are in consequence considerably more popular than we are.

Your mother and Lylie are settled at Bonchurch. I wonder when I shall see them again.

9th.—Again I am sending you rather a summary than a journal, and a very sad one. Twenty-one deaths in this last week, but sixteen of them were among the Blackstone patients, and those not heard of in time. There has been only one of Rachel's own. Rufus came home on the 4th, very angry, and pooh-poohing all that had been done, especially the Sisters, whom he contrived to dismiss from all attendance in Pindar's Buildings, bringing over two parish nurses, whom, I believe, he got from Calchester; but as the Hogg district is enough to engross all our strength and time, we do not know much about his doings, except through the clergy, though surely his training is too modern for him to cling to his father's system. I hear he says it is all the disturbing of the drains, and he shall have an investigation; but I believe he is working very hard—quite as hard as the

Kings, who look tired, but content. I don't believe Burton and Mr. Rutherford get any rest at all. There were three funerals together to-day, but *only* four fresh cases. My children are very good, poor little things—one is orphaned, and four more have lost one parent.

10th.—I went yesterday to the S. P. C. K. depôt and then to visit the dispensers. On the way I encountered Dr. Blackstone, who eagerly asked how those dear young ladies were getting on, and regretted that Rufus's views were so strong! Such self-devotion as young King's might atone for anything. Be the past what it might, there was no doubt of the exertions he was making, if, as Rufus said, it was only to rehabilitate himself; only he ought not to let his patients sink for want of stimulants; young men thought they knew best, and he should not let those sweet girls run into danger—poor people were much better nursed by their own kind.

At that moment up rushed a wild, unkempt woman. 'Docthor, sir, 'tis you that is the ould docthor? Ye're wanted, sir, the young gentleman is kilt entirely.'

We both thought it was Burton King, and that made me hurry on with Dr. Blackstone, the Irishwoman talking all the way—so fast that we could not understand her—about bottles convanient, the crathur being overtaken, and the like. Dr. Blackstone, muttering something about thinking King kept to his own grounds, we plunged into Pindar's Alley, where was such a scene as I never beheld. There is no lack of population there even now! and every one, babies and all, were thronging into a horrid little entry, where, all huddled up on the slimy bricks, lay, at the foot of the stairs, not Burton King, but Rufus Blackstone, one woman trying to lift up his head, and another on the stairs above scolding violently, and proving it was no fault of hers. It was one of his parish nurses, who was sleeping off a potation of Major Heath's port wine at the top of the dark stairs—the bottle 'foreninst her.' Over it and her, in the dark, poor Rufus had stumbled, and fallen the whole length of the grim staircase.

His poor father was quite unnerved, and seemed unable to do more than the most ignorant woman there, except to implore every one to go away, and give him air, and when Burton's voice was heard, 'Can I be of any use?' the poor old man absolutely sprang at him, and seemed to recover himself. I believe they arranged a temporary splint with some firewood, but I don't quite know, for they sent me off to the doctor's to send down the dispenser, and the men-servants with a stretcher; and to prepare Mrs. Blackstone, comforting with the assurance that it was nothing worse than a broken thigh and perhaps a rib or two.

She was out, no one knew where, so I had to stay to see that all was ready, and wait till Rufus was brought home, the poor old father quite clinging to Burton, declaring he could never attend his own family professionally and, though Mr. Pearson was presently on the

spot, Rufus himself roaring out orders that neither he nor his father should touch him, none of them but 'he' had a pair of hands of any use! I am not sure whether he knew who *he* was at that moment. Poor fellow, it was very dreadful to hear him; but Burton says he controlled himself better when in those hands. Then the mother came home, in a great fright, having heard that her son and Dr. King had had a personal engagement over one of the patients, and that Rufus had been knocked downstairs.

It was Burton who came out and soothed her, and took her to see her son, who was quiet and exhausted, and she was so shaken and tearful that the Doctor begged him to take her away to compose herself. He brought her down, and in the midst of pressing on us the wine we had been administering to her, she began asking whether anything had been done about that dreadful man, who really ought not to be at large. Then only did she find out to whom she was talking. She had taken Burton for an assistant, for whom they had talked of sending. I really thought she would have had a fit, and she was so much upset that I was obliged to stay with her till quite late.

Indeed, about seven o'clock, Rufus, who, I fancy, had little notion of pain to himself, worked himself and his father into a terrible fright, and they sent the servants out to scour the town for Dr. King. Such a calm as Burton brought with him! He pacified the patient, quieted down the whole household, which had been running about, leaving flaring candles in every corner, comforted the lady, persuaded the Doctor that it was essential to keep her quiet all night, and established the staid old butler as watcher in the sick-room.

Then he escorted me home, telling me that in all his pain, Rufus had bethought himself of the unhappy patient whose wine had been consumed, and asked him to see after the case—a sad one, for the poor man is dying fast.

11th.—Rufus is going on well, and his parents have come to themselves. Mrs. Blackstone cannot say enough in 'praise of that dear young man.' She has nearly come the length of believing that he can do no wrong, and that it was all a mistake.

17th.—We have had a dreadful week, but the worst seems over. There have been thirty-one deaths, but none for the last two days, and there remain only three very bad cases; the others are recovering, and there are no fresh attacks. Only five of the patients Burton King had the entire management of have been lost. I think we may soon breathe again and be thankful.

18th.—Alas! I spoke too soon. Even while I was writing, Burton has broken down. He owns that it is the fever, and he is so worn out that I am afraid it will go hard with him. I can't help foreboding when I think of his countenance of calm victory.

MARIAN FORESTER'S JOURNAL.

Sidmouth, Oct. 31.

I've read that people always write journals at sea, because there's nothing to do and nothing to say. I'm sure I might as well be in the middle of the Atlantic as here. I never was so dull in my life, and I do believe I should be glad to see Felicia Heath! At home I always complain that I have no time to write; but here, it is a most extraordinary thing, the more time I have the fewer ideas seem to come into my head. Charles Dickens never had ideas except in London; he hated quiet, he used to walk about the streets. I wonder whether it's the same thing! Directly I sit down to write I begin to think about the school or the G. F. S. Fanny always ruins the school, she has no idea of discipline whatever, and I am sure Mr. Rutherford will get hold of her and make changes. That man quite haunts me. I dislike him so, I am always thinking about him. 'He haunts me.' What was it Wordsworth said about a cataract? like—like a 'passion.' I don't exactly mean that, that's very inappropriate. I don't think he had any right to speak as he did. Of course I know if Burton King repented he would be forgiven; but that is very different from having him for a friend. When Tom Wilkes had been in prison for stealing apples, and came home so ashamed, I talked a great deal to his sister Ruth about giving him another chance, and not spoiling his life by being too hard on him. But somehow, it is so odd to find anything in one's own life at all like what one talks about to the girls. I wonder if that is what people mean by 'unreality,' which is a thing I never could understand. But I'm sure I always try to set them a good example. I haven't much to do for the children, their nurse looks after them, and Mrs. Hickes, Fanny's cousin, is supposed to be looking after me, and I go to walk with Lily and Gertrude Hickes, but I don't care for them much. There are very pretty walks here, and the sea is all very well; but when one leaves off liking to dig in the sand, it is rather dull. And I think it is melancholy. I think they are really 'sad sea waves.'

Although I never liked the Kings, it was rather pleasant last winter, when we had the Shakspeare readings, and Lylie and I went to walk together, and I used to teach her the meaning of the plays. She is a dear little thing, though she is not very clever.

Nov. 1st.—Dear me, how very odd! Here are the essays come round from my Society which I have just joined. The subject was English Literature, which I think I understand, and mine hasn't got nearly the highest number of marks! The critic says that, 'the writer has depended too much on her own notions, which are crude and sometimes mistaken, and has not guided her judgment by the best authorities.' I always thought one's own ideas were better than other people's. And here I have made some mistakes in the dates, and Frida Wood has got the prize! Dear me!

I thought it was better to depend on one's own intuitions; but one can't learn dates by intuition, after all. I should have plenty of time to go through a course of reading here; but I can't help thinking about how they are all getting on at Emery.

There! I knew how it would be, they are beginning to be alarmed about this fever, and Mr. Rutherston and Mr. King think that the schools had better be closed for the present. What will become of the examination and the Government grant? And how all the children will run wild! They will be much more likely to catch the fever at home.

I do wish Mr. Rutherston had never come to us! He upsets all one's preconceived ideas and plans. And when one has a constant sense that any one thinks one is so young and idle, it is very curious, but somehow it makes one feel so. I never can help wondering what Mr. Rutherston will think, not that it matters, but I dislike being under a critical eye.

Really the fever seems to be getting very bad. No doubt it comes from Mr. King having meddled with the drains. Rufus Blackstone said he would do mischief by digging that Artesian well. I must go home, and see after things. Nurse can take care of the children.

4th.—Father won't let me come home. He says Fanny can do all that is necessary, and it makes her mind easier about the children when I am here. And he says I am too inexperienced to be of any use in nursing, and might run into danger without knowing it. They are keeping Lylie King away, and all the Mitchels have been sent to their grandmother. I never classed myself with all those girls! And he goes on to say that he hopes I shall think quietly over my strong opinion about Burton King, and consider that neither he nor Lady Lyndhurst, and Mrs. Lyndhurst, nor a man of experience like Mr. Marsh, would have taken such a strong line without very good reasons for it, and that I am not to suppose that they cannot see the obvious and commonplace side of the question, and have not taken it into consideration. He actually says that, in spite of Burton King's past history, Emery will owe him a debt of gratitude for stirring it up about the Mission-room and the Cottage Hospital, and now for showing what self-devotion can be. He begs me to clear my mind from prejudice, and to try to see things in a different light. At the same time, he says, that he cannot convince me against my will, and he feels that it is just as well I should be away now as intercourse with the Kings is so painful to me, for it would grieve him very much if any member of his family added to Miss King's most undeserved suffering, by any want of tact and consideration. Does papa really think I have no tact and consideration? It is very unkind of him. I always think I show a great deal of tact at parish meetings and occasions of that sort. But of course if he writes me such a serious letter as this it is my duty to take it into consideration, and I will. *If* I see that I am mistaken, I always make a point of

saying so. And I suppose, as a Christian, I ought not to think it impossible that Burton King should be really sorry, and a reformed character. But it seems to me that as a general thing people go on as they begin. There are good people, and there are bad people, but they are quite separate. Mr. Rutherford said that that was not the New Testament, and now I come to think of it, I don't much think it is.

I am very sorry if I was unkind to Rachel, and if she was vexed because I looked in at Whiteway's window that day, and pretended not to see her. I thought I was upholding the purity of society, and keeping the morals of Emery from being deteriorated. But if it was right of Rachel to stick by her brother, and if she knew that he was really repentant, I suppose it was; perhaps I was mistaken. I think I'll write Lylie a long letter.

9th.—Oh dear, this is bad news. Ruth Wilkes has died of the fever. Oh, I am so sorry—she was the nicest girl I ever had to teach, and she was very fond of me, and sent me her love, and said she never could thank me enough for all the good things I taught her, and especially for making her more forgiving when Tom was in trouble. She wishes she had been a better girl; but she should have been worse but for me. Oh dear, oh dear, it does make me feel so ashamed of myself, for I'm not good enough for her to think that—I know I'm not. And there was no time even to send any flowers for her! Oh, to think that I shall never see her again. And her sister Katie is ill too.

Katie is better; Fanny says that she has been taken up to the Priory, and that Rachel has nursed her, and Mr. King has attended her most carefully. Who would have thought it? But so many people seem to be getting ill—suppose papa should, or Fanny? Oh, I should have to come home then. I don't think I can stay here any longer, and if they will only let me go home, I will beg Rachel's pardon, and do just what she tells me about the sick children.

No, they won't let me come, they say it would be very dangerous to come fresh into the midst of it, and they all seem too busy to write long letters. But Mr. Rutherford sends me a little scrap, to tell me not to be uneasy about the Vicar, he is quite well, and they all look after him, and none of my class are ill but Katie, and she is better now. And he puts in at the end, that it is a good thing that the Sunday School is closed, as they would hardly have managed it for long in my absence. Well, it is very kind of him to write, I thought that he would like the chance of upsetting everything. But I wish I was there.

20th.—Burton King has got the fever, and they all think he will die. He has worked so hard and suffered so much that he has no strength to bear up against it. And he has done so much for Rufus Blackstone since he broke his leg; that has taken a great deal out of him, Fanny says. Well, I hope he will get well, it will give

me a horrid feeling if he does not. And yet I can't see what I did wrong, for if it is—if it had been—as *I thought*, I should have been perfectly justified in treating him with severity. Papa often talks about 'suspending his judgment.' Ought I to have suspended mine? That is such a very difficult thing to do, and so disagreeable—I always make up my mind at once. I wonder if, as papa says, I ought to have thought that other people knew better. But I always understand character better than other people; at least I always thought so. But I was wrong about Robert King—and I don't think I quite did Mr. Rutherston justice at first—and if I was mistaken about Mr. King, I have been wrong altogether. Yet I am sure I *have* ideas about it, real intuitions. It is bad enough to be in such a puzzle about things in general, but it is a great deal worse to be puzzled about oneself. But if I have been wrong and mistaken, I am determined about one thing, I will own it, even if it is bad for my influence in the parish over the other girls.

(*To be continued.*)

EYES TO THE BLIND.

BY CAROLINE BIRLEY, AUTHOR OF 'UNDINE, A ROMANCE OF MODERN DAYS,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE MINISTER'S MAN.

IN the days when the Domesday Book was written—and most English children know that that was in the days of King William the Conqueror—yes, even in those dim and distant days, the now rapidly increasing village of Bogedon was in existence. Moreover, it is said to have possessed then a church, a priest, and a grinding-mill—three things which, curiously enough, have all their parts to play in this little story of the present time.

In the interval, of course, such changes and improvements have been wrought in machinery and in the arts and sciences in general, that the high windmill to be seen on Bogedon Down, with its four great sails that until lately answered to the breath of Heaven, can have but little resemblance to the primitive apparatus which crushed the golden grain to feed the Norman and the Saxon. But the actual church of the 11th century still stands upon an eminence in the centre of the village, and is regarded with deep love and pride and admiration by the inhabitants thereof, who glory in the reputation which it bears of being one of the finest in the county.

Not one, though, of all the natives of that county, Grasshire, ever bestowed more hearty affection and appreciation upon Bogedon's beautiful old parish church than did the Irish curate, the Reverend Lucius Ryan. Through the failing health of his Vicar, Mr. Massey, the direction of the services devolved almost entirely upon him. So, too, did extra labour of all kinds, but happily for himself and the parish, Mr. Ryan had abundance of physical strength and energy, as well as intellectual power; and his passionate love of music caused him to work up the choir to a pitch of excellence which it had never before attained.

A few years ago there was one voice in the choir which, to the cultivated ear of Mr. Ryan, was worth all the others put together, that belonging to the boy, Mark Acton. It was a touching voice, a voice which, when it took a solo in an anthem, would somehow pierce the souls of the listeners, sending them back into a world of memory, peopled by the dear ones who no longer greet their earthly vision, or carrying them forward to the better country, where

‘those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile.’

He was a plain boy, certainly, and his features were by no means finely chiselled. His face was grave and thoughtful, with a dreamy, far-off look about it, except when he was either hearing music or himself was singing; and then beneath the full brows—a sign of musical talent—his dark eyes would glow like coals of fire, and he would seem an utterly different being to the lad of other times. His home was some way out of Bogedon, on the Down, hard by the windmill, but the long walk never caused him to be late for the church services.

For fear lest, if unoccupied, Mark's parents should think of sending him off to a distance for employment, and his voice be thus lost to the choir, Mr. Ryan himself engaged him as an extra helper in his happy-go-lucky household. To clean the knives and black the boots and run errands were the boy's nominal duties, but his master treated him with such pointed confidence and affection, and made so many demands upon his time, that Mrs. Ryan, a bright merry little woman, jestingly declared that Mark did everything but write the sermons, and bestowed on him the title of 'the minister's man.' For in Scotland the minister's man is often a very important person at the manse.

'It is all very well for you to laugh,' her husband would retort, 'at the idea of my not being able to stir a step without him. You simply grudge me the use of him, my dear, because you yourself are wanting him to act as nursery-maid.'

Mrs. Ryan smiled. 'Well, the dear children are certainly very good with him,' she owned, 'and it is sometimes a comfort to feel that he is keeping Lucius and Denys and Meave happy and out of mischief, and so, with a clear conscience, I can devote myself entirely to Con. Ah! you are thinking that he was taking care of Con too, yesterday; but I really couldn't help it. All the other servants were busy, and I was obliged to tidy out a chest of drawers, and look through the children's clothes.'

Mark Acton liked to take charge of his master's children. If he hadn't liked it, he could hardly have done it so well. There were four of them: Lucius, who was six, and Denys, a year younger, then Meave—the only girl—and Con, whose Irish name was nothing else but Con, and who, being still at the age of two the baby of the family, tyrannized over his mother to a wonderful extent. Mark used often to carry off the three elder children to the fields and have high romps with them, picking also for them flowers, and pointing out birds'-nests, and teaching them incidentally a good deal of natural history and folk-lore. But their happiest times were when they made an expedition to Oakwood, a very beautiful park a little way out of Bogedon, which by the kindness and generosity of the nobleman who owned it, was thrown open to the public. Hundreds of artisans, with their wives and families, used to come out from the smoke of Milborough and other neighbouring towns, and picnic beneath the shadow of those noble trees; and here, too, the little Ryans had merry games of hide-and-seek. Many of the strangers in

the park would pause to watch these children at their play, attracted by their sweet young faces and the music of their ringing laughs. Lucius was a handsome little boy, and Meave, or Mab, whose name was that of 'a great Irish princess, who has since become the queen of the fairies,' was just as fair and slight and lovely as such a name deserved. But in Mark's opinion there was no one in the world to equal Master Denys, with that mischievous expression that was ever lurking in his dark blue eyes. Denys had taken for Mark one of those intense and unaccountable fancies which are not uncommon in children, and Mark's singing had a wonderful fascination for him, even in his most turbulent and rebellious moods. Denys's nurse pronounced him 'temperesome and masterful;' but this wasn't Mark's experience of the child.

Mark, the children's playfellow, was a different being from Mark the chorister; but Mr. Ryan, who knew what music really was to him, used sometimes to wonder how he would bear the time when his voice cracked, and for a while, at any rate, he must cease his singing. Mr. Ryan wished that one or two rich members of his congregation could be stirred up to take sufficient interest in the boy to supply him with the means of obtaining the training which would fit him for an organist's career. But Mark as yet was only twelve, and this idea merely floated vaguely through the curate's brain. Little did he think, one fair June Sunday, that it was the last time that from the choir desk he would ever hear that young and thrilling voice.

Mr. Ryan had arranged that in place of an anthem, three of the choristers should sing the lovely trio from the *Elijah*, 'Lift thine eyes,' and Mark Acton of course was chosen to take the leading treble. He never sang more beautifully, and there were few hearts in the congregation that were not melted by the pathos of the bidding and the promise. 'Lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh help. Thy help cometh even from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth.'

Mr. Ryan, where he was, could see the boy. Mark stood with his head thrown back a little, and a rapt look was on his countenance, as if his eyes did actually behold the heights before, and the armies of the living God advancing to the rescue.

The next Sunday the boy was missing from his accustomed place. Illness had laid its hand upon him, and the prayers of the congregation were desired for him by name. Measles were prevalent just then in the neighbourhood; and when Mark was sickening, he was caught in a violent thunderstorm on his way home one evening, and got wet through to the skin. The chill drove the rash inwards, and for many days his life was in danger. Even when his anxious parents were assured by the doctor that he would be spared to them, strict cautions were laid upon them to keep him still in bed in a dark room. Inflammation had set in in his eyes, and he must on no account expose them to the light.

Lucius and Denys and Meave and Con Ryan went through the ailment in an exemplary manner. They did not wait—like some provoking families—for the first patient to be nearly well before the second child began its illness, and so on through the number, thus painfully prolonging the period of nursing and quarantine, but took it all but simultaneously—at most within three days of one another. The largest bed-room, not a very large one either, was turned into a sort of hospital ward, and held the four little cots of the brothers and sister. A few hours of discomfort was as much as any of them had to undergo. Denys indeed fretted a little at Mark's absence, and alarmed his mother by a private expedition in his nightgown to the down-stairs regions to see if Mark had come back to his work; but even this imprudence failed to make him really ill, and he was the first of the four children to be allowed to go out of doors.

CHAPTER II.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

THE heat of a certain July day was subsiding a little as Mr. Ryan proceeded on his walk towards a row of small cottages on Bogedon Down, one of which was occupied by James Acton, a farm-labourer and Mark's father. He had made his way down shady lanes, where bramble and honeysuckle and bindweed twined tenderly among the privet and hawthorn and green young saplings of which the hedges were composed, and he now emerged from their friendly shelter into more open country. He had been of late particularly busy, and so some days had passed without his coming to inquire for Mark.

The door of Acton's cottage was open, and Minnie, the second child, a girl of ten, was sitting on the doorstep, nursing a baby of some eight months old. If the baby had been a doll, it could not have behaved with greater patience and tact and virtue, for it kept still and quiet on its sister's lap, though Minnie was not making the slightest effort to amuse or interest it, and slow, hot tears were dropping from her eyes on to the little one's print frock. She was too absorbed in her grief to notice the clergyman's approach.

'Minnie! What is the matter with you, child?' he asked, with some anxiety, which certainly was not relieved, as, with a sob, the little girl replied—

'Mark, sir—oh, it's Mark!' and renewed her burst of weeping.

'Is he worse? Has he had a relapse? What does the doctor say? Look up, Minnie, and try and tell me!' said Mr. Ryan, with just a needful touch of authority in his voice; and Minnie, with a gasp, managed to get out the words—

'It's his eyes, sir. The doctor says that he is going to be blind. Here's mother! She will tell you, too!'

Mrs. Acton, a stout, comely-looking woman, had come down from the invalid's room at the sound of voices.

'Good-day, sir! Oh, I'm glad to see you! Has Minnie told you our sad news?'

'Yes, indeed, Mrs. Acton, and greatly shocked and grieved I am. But I trust there is only the danger of blindness, and that, after all, the terrible calamity may be averted. Does Dr. Marsh say positively that Mark will lose his sight?'

'He does indeed, sir. He says the sight of one eye is gone already, and the other one is sure to follow in a while. My poor lad! What will become of him? And he that was such a good lad, and that me and his father looked to to support us in our old age!'

'Sometimes, in their anxiety, doctors exaggerate a danger,' said Mr. Ryan. 'Take heart, Mrs. Acton. We will have further advice, if necessary, and perhaps something may be done. You must not give way like this,' as her tears began to flow—'indeed you must not! For Mark's sake, you must control yourself, or he will notice your distress, and perhaps find out what it is we dread; and that would be the very worst thing in the world for him.'

'But he knows,' said Mrs. Acton. 'Bless you, sir, we couldn't keep it from him. We all feel it far too much for that. And he heard me cry out when the doctor told me this morning, just outside his door; and he wanted to know what was the matter, and so I told him straight. Will you come up to see him now, sir? He don't say much about it. He's never one for talking of himself.'

Mr. Ryan knew there was no use in commenting on the risk and folly of having told poor Mark of the fear for him of blindness, so silently he followed the mother up the steep and creaking stairs. The blind was down in the little bedroom, and a dark shawl too was pinned across the window, but many more thicknesses were requisite to keep out the glorious sunlight which shone through with veiled splendour, and mischievously in full radiance played bo-peep around the corners of that shawl. A bandage steeped in cooling lotion was bound across Mark's forehead so he could scarce have felt the light, even had he not been lying with his back to it in bed. At the sound of his visitor's footsteps his parched feverish lips tried to form themselves into a smile of welcome, but what Mr. Ryan saw of the expression of his face caused him to say hastily to Mrs. Acton—

'Don't you think one person at a time is enough for Mark just now? If you will allow me I will pay my visit to him alone, and then come down and see you afterwards.'

And the moment that Mark heard her reach the kitchen he put the question of which the answer would, he felt, decide the whole fate of his life.

'Sir, Mr. Ryan, is it true?' he asked, with burning eagerness.

Mr. Ryan did not dare to buoy him up with hopes that might prove fallacious. 'My poor boy, I fear so. From what your mother

tells me, Dr. Marsh is much afraid that the sight of your second eye cannot be preserved. We will do all we can, however. And, Mark, though it is a heavy cross that seems likely to be laid on you, you will remember Who it is that fits the back to the burden, and can cheer the darkest days with inward light.'

'Yes,' said Mark. 'Since I heard them talk, I have tried to think of that. But the thought won't stay with me until I'm certain that the doctor knows. You see, sir, when they leave me alone I can just push up the bandage a bit, and with the left eye I can see the sunshine as plain as possible, and even chairs and tables sometimes. The light hurts like a knife running through it, but I've got the sight still; and I don't know why it should go now. Isn't there a chance, sir, just a chance, not of its getting any better, but just staying as it is?'

'Perhaps there is such a possibility, Mark. I pray to God it may be so; and, as I have told you, we will leave nothing undone that can be done to help you. But, in the meantime, you must do your part. In the first place, don't tamper with your bandages. That may destroy what hope there is. And the second thing you have to do is far more difficult, so difficult that if you had not God to help you, it would hardly be worth while to tell you to try and do it. It is to trust Him so entirely with your fate that you can put away from your mind all restlessness and fret and feverish anxiety, and be like a little unreasoning child depending on its earthly parent. Listen to this verse now. It says exactly what I mean.

"O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
I will lie still,
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest."

'Thank you,' said Mark, after a little pause. 'Please sir, if it will not trouble you too much, will you write that down for me?' He spoke unthinkingly, on impulse, and then, as the futility of having *anything* written down for him to read, flashed across him, a swift, sudden tide of colour dyed his face. 'I forgot, sir; but will you do it all the same? Mother or Minnie can read it for me.'

'I will, Mark; though if I say it over once or twice you will know it yourself by heart. I don't forget how quickly you have always learnt your lessons.' And in his rich deep Irish voice Mr. Ryan repeated those restful words again.

'Is Master Denys quite well? *His* eyes are all right?' the boy presently inquired.

'Quite, the rogue,' replied his father. 'He is always asking when you are coming back, and he wanted very much to come with me this afternoon.'

'It would be too far for him to walk?' said Mark.

'It would, I am afraid.'

'Or else might he come, sir?'

'Certainly he might.'

'Could he come next Saturday?' said Mark, trying, in his eagerness, to raise himself in bed. 'I was thinking that perhaps father might go over to your house then, and fetch him here upon his shoulder, and take him back again same way. Master Denys would like that well enough.'

'No doubt he would; but I don't see why your father should have all that trouble, Mark. I will find some other way of sending Denys to see you in a day or two.'

'Thank you, sir.'

After that the boy lay quiet, and Mr. Ryan was just thinking that it might be well to end his visit, when Mark stirred and spoke again.

'If I'm not to see any more, I can't think why I wasn't let to die. It's only my voice that can be any good in the world now, and even if it comes back to me all right when I'm well again, it'll crack in a few years, and I mayn't never be able properly to sing another note. I shall be a burden all my days.'

'No, you won't, Mark—no, you won't,' said Mr. Ryan.

One of the causes of the curate's popularity and influence in Bogedon was his gift of rapid insight into character, which taught him a straight way to people's hearts. He had seen enough of this boy Mark to know him of too strong and high a nature to be utterly crushed down by even such a grievous visitation as this one which threatened him, and his tone of grave conviction brought a drop of comfort to the troubled soul.

'Listen, Mark; I have a story to tell you. Many years ago there was a lad just growing into manhood, with everything that could make that prospect pleasant—health, strength, position, talent, affluence. Bright indeed seemed his future, when one autumn morning he set out for a day's shooting. Then how it happened I don't exactly remember, but there was an accident; a stray shot from some one's gun pierced his eyeball, and in a little while he knew that total blindness was his lot. He felt, as you do, Mark, that practically life was over for him, and nothing could exceed his grief and despondency at such a blasting of his high ambitious hopes. How long he might have remained like this, in morbid wretchedness, he says he cannot tell, had it not been for a piece of advice which, in his hour of need, was given to him by a friend. Other people had striven to cheer and encourage him, but all to no effect. And what do you think that this piece of advice was?'

'What?' said Mark.

'"*Make up your mind to do everything just as if you were not blind.*" It seemed nonsense at first, if not absolute mockery; but the more he thought of it, the more possible it seemed, though of course with certain limitations, and he took fresh heart. I wish I could remember

the list of recreations, such as riding and skating, and fishing and rowing, that he named in a late speech of his as being practicable to the blind—I know blind boys have held athletic sports—but what is more to the purpose is the fact that he has been able to carve out for himself an important career in life. Now, Mark, he is one of the leading men in England, with a name which will be ever associated with the public measures of usefulness which are a monument of his indomitable pluck and energy.'

Mark had listened with great interest.

'He'd have folks about him, though, that would have time to spare to teach him things again. There won't be no one with much leisure for looking after me—if I want it.'

'Aren't there the children, Mark? Mine, I mean, not only Minnie and your own little brother. Can't you trust something to Denys's affection?'

The Ryan children were at play on the little grass-plot in front of their dwelling, while their mother sat watching them and knitting at the open window. There was an eager rush towards the father as soon as his hand was on the garden-gate, and his legs were embraced at whatever height was most convenient to each small pair of out-stretched hands. But Denys was the first to put the question—'Father, is Mark better?' And, shaking off the other children, Mr. Ryan stooped and drew this boy close up to him.

'Yes, he is better. But, Denys boy, you must be always very good to him, for a great sorrow and trouble is coming upon Mark. He is going to be blind.'

CHAPTER III.

CHEAP TRIPPERS.

THERE is a local proverb to the effect that 'it is not every man who is born to be vicar of Bogedon;' and, indeed, if all the vicars there were to live as long as Mr. Massey, very few men in a century would have a chance. He was very old and feeble, and could do scarcely any work; and so, as years went on, and the population of the place increased, Mr. Ryan, in spite of the assistance of a second curate, found more and more to occupy him, until even *his* unusual bodily strength and mental energy were taxed to their utmost.

His wife, too, was as busy as he was. Their family was enriched in course of time, by the addition of two more little girls, Norah and Geraldine, and a younger boy, Donat; and though Mrs. Ryan often felt with a certain old woman that

"She had so many children she didn't know what to do," they grew up a merry, high-spirited, healthy, mischievous crew—who indulged in numberless pranks and jests and enterprises, little

suspected by their innocent and trusting parents. Sad to say, the curate's boys had become a by-word in Bogedon for practical jokes and riotousness; and Miss Meave, with her sweet countenance and golden locks, was no whit behind her brothers in enjoyment of such frolics as they would let her share.

But, as in every flock there is a leader, so had the Ryan family one prime instigator of their naughtiness—Denys, the scapegrace of the set. His father really did feel anxious about him. Meave and he were close allies, and when she was eleven and he twelve, there was almost nothing to which he could not dare her or persuade her. Though Lucius played, in truth, a full part in all mischief, he had more natural caution and discretion, which, together with a taste for study and a grave expression, bore him off with a far better reputation than his next brother could command. Con's disposition was of more tractable a sort than those of his three elders, and as Meave's girlhood and his youth were always chivalrously admitted as extenuating circumstances, Denys was supposed to be more or less responsible for their misdeeds in addition to his own. He knew he was considered particularly naughty, and while nobody at home suspected him of caring, this consciousness of bearing a bad character often rendered him both reckless and resentful. He had one special grievance to distress him. He, the most musical of that musical family, was not permitted to belong to the choir of the parish church. Mr. Ryan said that he really couldn't conduct the services in peace and comfort with Denys there, as likely as not to indulge in mischief beneath his very eyes, yet where it would be quite beyond his power to put a stop to it; nor did he consider that the boy's general conduct was such as to entitle him to be set apart to serve God in a special manner. Now these strictures were not altogether just; for though certainly there was but little to be said for Denys's general conduct, his behaviour in church was worthy the imitation of many a better boy, and he had deep reverence for spiritual things. Both Lucius and Con were choir boys, and from their talk and practising Denys often picked up a good notion of the music for the coming Sunday, but he never made inquiries on the subject; and even Meave, his chum, was not aware how much he felt his exclusion from the choir. No one knew except Mark Acton, and he indeed could fully sympathise.

The bond between Mark and Denys had strengthened with the growing years. As soon as the irrevocable decree of blindness was pronounced, and the oculist called in by Mr. Ryan had declared Mark's case quite hopeless, it was arranged that the poor boy should be sent to an Asylum for the Blind in Milborough, where he could be taught a trade. Here he stayed more than three years, continuing an ordinary course of education, and learning basket-making and music in addition. But the confinement and monotony of the life, and the loss of his native country air, told seriously upon his health

and spirits, and thankful was he when it was decided that he had better return to his home. The Ryan children then took him in charge. Their mother exerted herself to procure orders from her acquaintance for the market-baskets, and work-baskets, and waste-paper baskets, and oots, and fire-screens, which Mark could make; and Lucius and Denys and Meave used to take her commissions down to him, and linger beside him, watching his dexterous fingers twist the osiers into shape. He gave them all lessons in his trade, but Denys was the only one who really learnt to fashion baskets, and as he grew older he spent much of his playtime sitting in the little shed behind the cottage which had been erected for Mark's work, and helping him in earnest in his occupation. And while they worked together there were but few topics of any description that these friends did not touch upon in conversation; and Mark Acton was in truth the ennobling influence of Denys Ryan's life, just as Denys was the sunshine of Mark Acton's. Mark did for Denys that high service which is so often performed by friends in contradistinction to relations—that of believing thoroughly in the better side of him.

There was but one thing in his life at the asylum that Mark missed now-a-days, and that was the music there. His voice had never come back to him after his illness in power and beauty, and he could not do much more with it than sing softly to himself as he sat weaving. In the intervals of rest which he allowed himself, he sometimes played upon a fiddle which he had taught himself to use. But at the asylum one of the musical instructors had taken a great interest in this promising pupil, and taught him to play on the harmonium, and a little on the organ; and high praise of his aptitude for these instruments appeared in the reports of each half year. The delight of his life would have been to carry on this learning until he could make music his sole occupation and profession; but no way of this seemed open to him, and his family greatly discouraged his ambition in that line. Denys Ryan's enterprising and noble offer at the age of eight to lead him about the country as if he, Denys, were a little dog, and to sing ballads while Mark fiddled, had to be firmly, if gratefully, refused. Mark's parents would have thought that their son might as well become a beggar at once. They were very good to him, and he tried for their sakes to be always bright and cheerful, so well succeeding in these efforts that they had no conception of the uncongeniality of his employment, nor of the temptations to gloom and repining against which he had to struggle. Happy for him that with his mental vision, in prayer and meditation, he could lift his 'gaze, above this world's uncertain haze,' whence help never failed to come down to him from the heights. It had at first been hard for him in his blindness to find his way across the Down to church, but his sister Minnie and Denys Ryan soon taught him the path, Denys often running half the distance to meet him.

Denys's education at this period was going on in a very desultory manner. There were two schools in Bogedon at which day-boarders were taken, the more expensive and superior one being that which Lucius attended, his ability and his industry at the other seminary having induced a bachelor uncle to offer him this rise in life. But Denys was not yet supposed to be up to the standard which would make it advisable for his parents and brothers and sisters to feel a tighter pinch of poverty in order that he might enjoy an increase of educational advantages. However, as he was clearly 'getting no good' from some of his companions at the second school, to use a colloquial but expressive phrase, he was withdrawn from it, and his father was nominally preparing him to join Lucius. That is to say, that if he happened to be about, he was liable to be pounced on suddenly, at any moment when his busy father had spare time, to do a little construing, or hand up the theme or verses which ought to have been carefully prepared during some of those hours when he was in reality playing pranks in Bogedon village, or in the adjoining town of Aldham. Denys was idle, but he was quick; and so, through Lucius's help and kindness and *confidentialness* with regard to his own lessons, it was amazingly seldom that he came to grief, as he called it, over his ill-learn't tasks.

Meave meanwhile was going through much the same process of tuition under her mother, and showed infinite tact and judiciousness in her habit of drawing Mrs. Ryan's attention at critical moments from her neglected lessons to some small need of the younger children. Meave disliked study far, far more than did Denys, and had no great depth of intellect; but instead of this she possessed a quick, bright mother-wit, and it was not easy to find out how very small were the literary attainments of either of the pair. Meave was an excellent elder sister, and could handle a baby with little less than her mother's skilfulness.

The Ryans had changed their residence within the last few years, and now lived in a square white house called Sunnyside, upon the outskirts of Bogedon, and in the direction of the Down. A little sloping lawn in front, its smooth turf broken only here and there by tiny flower-beds, went from the chief windows to the sunk road below, the Oakwood Road, and ended in a border that extended also along one side of the lawn. This border was a mass of evergreens and flowering shrubs, laurel, lilac, guelder-rose, laburnum, and pink chestnut, which overhung the footpath, and grew so thickly that the children could totally conceal themselves from view among the foliage, and yet hear and see all that was said and done by passers-by. Now this road, being the direct route from the Bogedon station to Oakwood Park, of which already mention has been made, was throughout the summer thronged with the denizens of Milborough and other lesser, though still large, commercial towns. These excursionists were an unfailing source of entertainment to Lucius and

Denys and Meave and Con, who, however, did not call them excursionists, but more expressively, 'cheap trippers,' a name which suggests a certain gaiety, and lightness, and buoyancy of mien, in combination with economy. 'Cheap trippers!' each one of them resembling Mrs. Gilpin, who 'though on pleasure she was bent, had a frugal mind.'

Whitsuntide, or Whit-week, as it is called in that part of the country, was a grand time for the Ryans. It was holiday season for everyone, not excepting Lucius, though, as an examination was soon coming on which might seriously affect his school career, he spent part of his leisure in preparing for it.

One showery June morning, towards the end of the week, he was busy in a corner of the dining-room, writing out an exercise in an execrable hand, when Denys burst impetuously into the room. This was no uncommon occurrence, and neither Mrs. Ryan, who was working the sewing-machine at the big table, nor fat little Norah, who, under the belief that she was helping mother with a garment, was pluckily bestowing alternate pricks with a huge darning-needle upon her dumpy fingers and a strip of calico, took the trouble to look up at his noisy entrance. His voice, however, was low enough to please the most fastidious taste, as he went close to his brother.

'Come out,' he all but whispered. 'It has stopped raining, and the bushes are *beautifully* wet. Meave and Con are there already.'

Lucius nodded, and instantly shut up his wet ink-laden pen in his copy-book, sacrificing the neatness of it to the convenience of readily finding his implement when next he wanted it—no easy matter in that household, which had most of their possessions in common. He seized a blue cricket cap in passing by the hat-stand in the hall, and the boys went out together down the lawn. There was no carriage drive at Sunnyside. A straight steep path ran down from the front door along one side of the lawn, and ended in a flight of stone steps and a little gate that opened on the Oakwood Road. This path was bounded on the other hand by a hedge which separated Mr. Ryan's garden from the one belonging to the next house, Rose Lawn. This house was empty now, but at one time it had needed all Mr. Ryan's tact and courtesy, and Mrs. Ryan's pretty fascinating manner, to prevent their then neighbours from quarrelling with them about the damage which their children caused to this hedge and garden.

One knows the delightful fresh look of the country after gentle showers of summer rain. The leaves shine with such a glossiness and vivid green, and the raindrops on the branches glow and sparkle with such a diamond play of light that Denys's expression, 'beautifully wet,' seems not inappropriate. And yet was it likely that he would summon Lucius solely to admire the beauties of Nature? Lucius, at any rate, knew better; though, as he made his way into the thicket amid a shower of rain-drops, he remarked with pleasure:

"It is wetter than I thought. Meave, are the people very grand to-day?"

"They are—some of them!" returned his sister in a smothered voice, adding, with an air of conscious virtue, "But we haven't begun yet. We thought it fair to wait for you."

Then each of the children took up a station at equal distances from one another, their hands firmly clasping the trunk of some leafy overhanging tree.

The first sets of people who passed beneath the garden wall upon their road to Oakwood, were mechanics and artisans with their wives and families, many of the fathers carrying a baby or a fragile little child in his arms tenderly. These went by the young Ryans unmolested. But when they were succeeded by the members of the shopkeeper class, who apparently had spent much of the profits of their late sales in providing the women of the family with gorgeous raiment and brilliant head-gear, (reserving however a certain sum for striking, very striking, neckties for the men), it was a different thing altogether. The earliest specimens of these *trippers* were two girls and a young man: one of the damsels was arrayed in bright blue cashmere, and her hat was a mass of artificial roses of every shade of pink and red, while the other managed to look equally remarkable in a purple gown, and yellow necktie, and a brown hat which was almost covered with a blue and big and dirty ostrich feather that had already lost its curl. The weather had been causing them the gravest anxiety as they came along in the train, but now the sun was shining brightly, and they were just congratulating each other and themselves on the more satisfactory and settled look of the sky, when drip, drip, came a sudden and unexpected shower. For Lucius saw them coming, and gave his tree a shake, and that was the signal for Con to stir his a few seconds later, and then Meave and Denys in their order; and the naughty children from their hiding-places could see the expressions of consternation which overspread the faces of the girls at the spots on their best dresses. The three excursionists at once stood still, to the great delight of the mischief makers, who were thus enabled to hear their conversation.

"Dear, dear! My feather will be spoilt!" exclaimed the blue and purple girl, who had rather a pretty face. "Jessie, do just tie my pocket handkerchief over my hat to save it. No, Tom, your umbrella can't do everything, it can't indeed; and you must shelter Jessie in the narrow lanes. Yes, indeed he must. There's no use, Jessie, in denying it, you naughty girl."

"There's no trusting to the weather," observed Tom presently, when, without much aid or show of interest upon his part, the question of his attentions seemed decided. "See how fine and bright it looks out there in the open!"

"Bogedon must be a rainy place, I fancy," returned Jessie, with a final adjustment of the handkerchief on Susan's head. "It was

almost here, I remember, at a corner just like this, that my dress got ruined last Whit-week.'

This unlooked-for tribute to their past success was too much for Meave and Denys. They managed indeed in a measure to suppress their laughter, but in their efforts they shook their trees too violently, and a regular douche of water fell in consequence.

'Get on! get on!' said Tom to his companions. 'Why, half this shower is nothing but the dripping from the trees. I dare say there's a dog moving about among them, for I don't feel a great deal of wind.'

'Good-bye, my dears,' whispered Lucius, looking after them. 'I hope you are quite well, and not suffering from rain, as Meave said once in a letter. Denys, how wasteful you are! Your share of trees will be dry directly, if you go on shaking them like that; and so will yours, Meave!'

'Well, there are other walks in life,' said Denys, cheerfully. 'I must go and see Mark some time to-day.'

(To be continued.)

NEW YEAR'S WORDS.

FROM THE EDITOR.

LONG ago, in the earlier ages of the 'Monthly Packet,' a New Year's address used to come with unfailing briskness, force, and truth, from the pen of Miss Emily Taylor, then known to us only by her initial T. She has long passed to her rest, and since those days nothing of the kind has been attempted. But the 'Packet' and the Editor are growing old together, and she feels moved to say a few words to that generation who count not so many years as the 'Packet' itself; and perhaps if they deign to look at it at all, consider it as a survival of the narrow views of their mothers and aunts. Possibly I may be convicted of repeating some of what has been said before in 'Womankind.' If so, critics must excuse it, for the sake of those who look (sometimes) at the present, but never at the past in literature. Like trout, they feed on ephemera, and it is well if they do not sometimes find a fatal hook therein concealed.

Whether it is of any use to speak is another thing, and I do so, well knowing the disadvantages of a retired life, and especially of old maidenhood, in speaking to the race that has come to its prime, and looks back with good-humoured contempt on that which has gone before it. But right is right, and wrong is wrong for ever, and though many may pass over these lucubrations with a yawn or a smile, yet there may be a mark that the arrow may find in some one who may consider before going along in the general drift.

For there is a drift now, as there always is. The tone of the world and of society is more and more for liberty and freedom from restraint. Authority is less exerted and less respected, and the limits of what can be done with propriety are greatly extended. To go back is hardly possible. The girlhood which kept up study and accomplishment at home, never went beyond a guarded circle without an escort, and was shielded from all ruder contact or knowledge of evil, is a thing of the past. It may be sneered at as a useless thing, useless, perhaps, as a lily. But a lily, as æsthetic people teach, has a purifying influence. Were not these creatures, whom men respected, protected, and worshipped, better for them than those whose presence imposes no restraint, gives no sense of guardianship, but on the contrary, lowers the estimate of womanhood? In a different sense from that in which it was said of Queen Elizabeth, the endeavour to be more than a man results in being less than a woman.

I know the way in which you will smile at this as utterly trite and

contemptible; but remember, I am not wishing to bring back helplessness and inefficiency. The young lady who professed to be only able to eat one pea for luncheon is not the model I would set up; but rather that oft-quoted model of Wordsworth's:

‘A perfect woman, nobly plann’d
To warn, to comfort, or command.’

A perfect woman, observe; not an imperfect female man, any more than a weak, sentimental creature, fit for nothing but to be petted.

The pity is that fashion, imitation, and high spirits are leading girls to spoil that noble womanhood. There is less check than there used to be on the sports of their girlhood. Activity and alertness get confounded with boisterousness, and slang is no longer a thing to be ashamed of; nay, the elders who object are mere objects of derision.

Now slang is, first and foremost, defiance of good taste. Its charm is said to be in its expressiveness; but how can this be when one of its great characteristics is its monotony, everything pleasant is jolly, everything unpleasant is beastly? Where is the force or the expression in these two adjectives? Perhaps, however, they are obsolete by this time, in favour of scrumptious, or something equally to the purpose.

One effect of this misuse of words is observed alike by examiners, editors, and critics, namely, that it produces an incapacity of writing good English when it is wanted. The vernacular of speech and letter writing is so different from the real language that the ear and eye are untrained to the perception of a good style. It is a more serious objection that the habit of talking slang, and adopting questionable words, breaks down the sense and habit of refinement, one of the most essential attributes of the ‘perfect woman.’ Refinement is, in fact, an outwork of modesty; ultra refinement or affectation is entirely a different thing. It is self-conscious and aggressive; but real refinement is simply the rejection of all that savours of evil, especially that of coarseness and self-indulgence of all kinds. Refinement does not shrink from wholesome exercise or exertion; but it does turn aside from sharing in men’s games or making ladies exhibit themselves therein publicly. No one would wish to hinder girls from sharing their brother’s cricket at home, nor is there much harm in a girls’ school cricket match, except for what it leads to, namely, a ladies’ cricket match at a party, or even one including gentlemen. Now it is physically impossible that a woman can play cricket in earnest on equal terms with men, and to play before them, or with them, is making herself ridiculous in their eyes. They may laugh with her and flatter her for their own amusement, their genuine opinion is a different thing.

There is no doubt that the code of propriety relaxes and varies. In the beginning of the century no lady would have skated, and very few hunted, though, as Miss Edgeworth shows us, there always were a few dashing unsexed women, who played on the borders of

masculine habits, and even were known to fight duels. These were, however, merely wondered at, and furnished food for scandal. The infection of daring had not set in. The average young lady did not want to be a semi-man in sports, talk, and dress, and would have shrunk from seeking men on their own ground, joining them in their smoking-room, or going about with them unchaperoned. The average girl I say, namely the mere follower of custom. There will be always some who rise above and some who fall below the level; but just now the line of the average girl is to say that as she means no harm, she can take no harm, and talk, read, or venture as she may, her innocence is sufficient shield.

But is it no harm to rub off the delicate instincts of modesty, and to accustom the mind to surroundings of a coarse description for the mere pleasure of a sense of naughtiness, of high spirits, and self-indulgence, or perhaps for the sake of shocking or astonishing some one?

Nothing is more true than that innocence is a triple shield. But then it must be unconscious innocence walking involuntarily through evil surroundings. Conscious innocence, taken as a shield in a voluntary expedition through the same, loses its gloss, becomes soiled, and even ceases to defend.

Let me entreat then, any young maiden who will listen to me, to beware of outraging her intuitions of modesty, or transgressing her elder's injunctions of decorum and discretion. She may have to endure raillery, and be called old maidish or unsociable, and she will have to guard against her own high spirits at times; but to keep her tongue from giddy, stupid vulgarity, to turn away her eyes from tales of vice and records of scandal, to abstain from questionable *tête-à-têtes*, to guard herself by quiet reticence when unguarded by the presence of her protectors, all this is the only means of preserving self-respect, and that dignity of perfect blameless purity which is the real glory and power of womanhood.

It is the pure in heart who shall see God. This does not mean those who, though they may be guarded from outward sin, find gratification in the contemplation of evil, whether in sensational novels, or the records of sad truths in public papers; or who chatter on dangerous subjects for mere excitement's sake.

Another word about talk let me address to those who are not simply trifling with these matters, but are really engaged in the conflict. It is very essential to keep due reticence up, and not let their experiences be matters of gossip and discussion. The tendency to talk charitable shop is always to be repressed in mixed companies, and most especially when it is concerned with the business work, or with 'interesting cases.' There is no saying more needful to be remembered than that about washing one's dirty linen before company, and really excellent women do sometimes forget this in their eagerness.

There is much good and admirable work in hand all over the

country at present, and women have a large hand in it; but at the same time it may be feared that in the craving for some exciting form of usefulness and the favourite forms of devotion, many of the quieter, more constant tasks are neglected as dull or obsolete—or 'goody'—one of the words which one is tempted to believe, must have been invented by the devil himself.

In the distant days when I was a child, I remember hearing it argued that the plea that all days were hallowed alike might end in hallowing none. And I have often been reminded of it in the present day. There has been a great outcry against Sabbatarianism, a desire to undo the Puritan notion of the Sunday, and introduce the Continental habits. How this may answer with those who have to work all the week I know not; but I am certain that the relaxation has done immense harm to our young people in the upper classes. They have been encouraged to forget that Sunday is still the Lord's Day. There is to be no dulness, so the toys are the same, the books are no graver. There are to be no lessons, so they are taught no catechism, texts or hymns; and having plenty of other amusements, they scorn the Bible pictures which have been beloved for generations before them, and which taught so much. I could point to an old Family Bible, with grand Dutch engravings as illustrations, the sight of which was a pleasure looked forward to by children of the second generation on visits to their parents' home. The quiet sanctity, and opportunity for religious instruction, has been sacrificed to the fear of dulness.

And with the growing girls, there is no longer the habit of dedicating the day. It would be 'goody' to put aside anything agreeable, so novels are freely read; and there is no attempt at studying the Bible, with all the admirable helps—the Prayer-book, church history, sermons, devout lives—all that helps to build up faith and practice. It has all been left behind with the confirmation class, when the mind was still a child's. No wonder there is so little serious thought, so little substance wherewith to meet the shocks to the faith which are multiplied day by day.

The early Celebration has been made the great point, and rightly so. But how about the rest of the day? Are we not bound, after such a reception, not to act in any way unsuited either to devotion or Christian charity? Is the latter consulted by the young ladies who lie down on their beds to rest and manage their time of dressing for luncheon so as to cut off their maids from matins, as well as themselves. Or, again, some attend a choral Celebration later without matins. Other go to matins where the music is good, and go away before the sermon.

'One hour we find in seven long days
Before our God to sit and gaze.'

Even that hour is grudging to Him now.

Surely when the morning has been thus hallowed, the entire day should share the consecration. Might not the brothers learn more reverence if they saw it in their sisters? Boys at some public schools seem to have discarded kneeling, Prayer-books, and attention at Church. Can their homes do nothing to mend the shocking tone of public opinion among them that has led to this habit among those who will be our future clergy and laity? We are drifting fast away from that sound old family religion that was once the strength of England. Oh, girls! oh, mothers! will you not strive to stem the fatal current? The afternoon is too often like a week day. If visitors do not come in to tea, there is the novel; sometimes evensong, with the interest of a late walk and ornate service.

This is not Sabbatarianism certainly; but is it keeping the day unto the Lord? The girls are not wholly responsible, but where mothers can influence the family practice, surely they should bethink themselves whether it is not a fatal thing to fritter it all away. There is much foolish maundering about Sunday dulness. Look at *real* biographies, not imaginary stories, and see the tender halo that surrounds the memory of the quiet consecrated Sunday of training in holy things. Consider the danger of letting boys and girls grow up utterly uninstructed in Scripture, untaught in the principles of their faith, open to any plausible attraction of Romanism, or scoff of Agnosticism, because there is no foundation or positive knowledge of the doctrines they profess. Try to win the quiet Sunday back, or if that be impossible, at least give a space of quiet instruction study later on some sacred subject. There is a general cry of national deterioration, and though never a Puritan, I do believe the lawlessness with regard to Sunday is one great cause.

Another devotional habit, too much dropped by the young, is attendance at family prayers. Come-out girls and holiday-boys, both seem to be thought to have a dispensation from them, and are apt to regard them as a dull sort of roll-call of the servants conducted by the head of the house. (Alas! alas! sometimes even he leaves it to the mother.) Now what *can* be the effect on the servants of seeing this example on the part of the young people? And more than this, family prayers are not for the servants' sake. They are to unite the household and call down blessing, protection, and guidance on the collective family, whose 'two or three' are gathered together. Can it be a trifle to disregard them, or shuffle in almost grudgingly because 'father is so particular.' There is not the slightest excuse for complaining of dulness in the brief responsive forms now in general use. Do not only regard habitual lazy absence merely as an act of disrespect to the heads of the family, but as disrespectful to God.

To return, however, from the devotional to practical, remembering that devotion cannot thrive without exertion, nor exertion succeed without devotion.

It is granted at all hands that Sunday, though not exactly the

Sabbath, is the Lord's Day. Then make it His day, by giving Him not merely the shortest time possible in church (unless there is some excitement to make it endurable), but let some part be spent in doing something for Him. If you cannot tell what to do, clergy or workers will find it for you. It may be an hour spent in reading to an invalid (gentle or simple), it may be preparing a servant in your own house for Confirmation or Communion, it may be helping with a G F S class, with lads, or in the Sunday School.

Do you know that in many places, it is a serious difficulty that Sunday Schools are in grievous lack of teachers? In former times, the clergy had much less call for exertion on Sundays, and could thus teach without such exhaustion. The masters and mistresses, moreover, were not under such severe pressure in the week, and could thus give assistance, whereas it is now almost cruel to throw Sunday labour upon them. Yet there is little aid accorded in many parishes in the task which must be voluntary. The young ladies will not give the time to an arduous task which needs perseverance, and the farmers' or tradesmen's daughters follow their lead. All is thrown on the clergyman's family and the over-worked officials of the school.

Nonsense used to be talked about Sunday Schools being a necessary evil, and we are reaping the fruits of that nonsense just when they are becoming more needed than ever. Where School Boards prevail, Sunday is the only time for instilling Church doctrine—in some cases, any religious principle at all.

And to do good, these schools must be made more attractive than can well be the case when the teacher is over-worked and jaded, feeling deprived of the right of rest. Letters appear from time to time from masters or mistresses, complaining of having Sunday School and organ entirely on their hands. Yet in most of such cases it is because there is no one else in the parish to be had or depended on.

And perhaps there are half-a-dozen young ladies dawdling over breakfast, or wandering in the garden, or even asleep after the exertion of the early service! They think themselves 'not goody'—only so good that they will sing at a penny reading, or act in a drama for the amusement and refinement of the poor! Or they would like to rush into the slums, and bring home the lost, or to do anything grand they are not allowed to do. Only just *not* that hum-drum stuffy work of teaching uninteresting children.

The matter has become not only more important, but more difficult than when the children were densely ignorant, more over-awed by young ladies, and had more to expect from them. Their secular lessons are so superior that they cannot be put off with vague unprepared religious teaching; and 'teacher' is not as a matter of course respected. Small classes are needed if possible, as being so much more easily kept in order, and as fostering the personal influence which is so important a part of the matter. The more we are

threatened with education being taken from the Church, the more we are bound to tighten our grasp on Sunday instruction, and to make it really valuable and systematic.

Look at the suggestions in the story called 'Worth While' in our Christmas number, and consider whether it is not better to do quiet preventive work in a Sunday School than more exciting work when the mischief has been done. While as for interest, the greater intelligence of the children renders teaching them far pleasanter in itself, to any one who will work with spirit and win their respect.

Recollect that the only opportunity the children may have of religious training ought not to be thrown away, because your attending to them would be 'tiresome,' 'goody,' and 'such a tie.'

England is said to be losing her grand national character. If her women will be true women they may save it, by their action on themselves, their brothers, husbands and sons, or on all those who come within their influence. But this must be by being womanly women, not jolly girls.

There is my 'screed.' You may be thankful to me for not making it longer; but alas! those who need counsel most are just those who won't read it. If they did they would laugh at it and scorn it as 'Monthly Packet' religion—old-world and goody. The new world does need change perhaps, times go on; but of this be sure, that no state or kingdom is sound where the women are not devout, modest, gentle, and charitable; and that no brilliance, activity, or philanthropy will atone for the lack of these qualities. Do not—oh do not, I implore you, throw them away, merely for the sake of being like other people; but be brave in your resistance to that fatal current which is carrying English womanhood away with it, on the impulses of levity, fashion, and daring, into a whirlpool of shame and destruction.

I have written primarily to girls, but mothers will read this, as well as daughters, and to them I say with earnest entreaty: Do your best to stem the tide of insubordination, recklessness, and indiscretion, which is spoiling our maidenhood, once our glory.

Keep your children well in hand, nourish them in reverence and loyalty, so as to guard them from their own eagerness, or giddiness, or imitation, whichever it may be. Never mind their straining at the rein, and being pitied. Keep up your own dignity, and the respect due to you, and still more to their father. Without honour there cannot be loyalty, and loyalty at home trains in reverence towards God. The time will come when you will be thanked for the restraints that may be chafed against in the present. To indulge children and young people, and lower yourself on a footing of republican equality, is not the way to obtain such love as is worth the having.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXVI.

1643.

THE COURT AT OXFORD.

OXFORD became the royal headquarters, Charles himself taking up his abode in the grand old college at Christ Church. He chose the place chiefly from its congeniality to his tastes, for it was not a defensible city, and his nobles and troopers were strangely crowded among the clergy and scholars in the old buildings whose chapel bells rang out to unwonted hearers, and whose smoothly turfed quadrangles were trodden by war-horses. The king found consolation and comfort in the Cathedral services which he daily attended, and sometimes relaxed from his cares over a curious book or a scholarly conversation.

Meanwhile there was another attempt at coming to terms. Five commissioners were sent, but without power to conclude anything without consent of Parliament. They had fourteen stipulations to make, Charles had five, but they never got beyond the first on either side. Charles required the reinstatement of the bishops, the Parliament insisted that he should give up the military power. And as neither would yield, the conferences broke up again; as some of the Cavaliers thought, because the king was waiting for his wife to consult her, and let her appear to mediate, but this is improbable. Each side really wished to avoid a civil war, but their principles were too adverse, their hatreds too bitter, for there to be any real agreement till it was known which side was the stronger.

Queen Henrietta having sent Goring before her with supplies, set forth on the 2nd of February, 1643, to rejoin her husband, sailing from Scheveling in an English man-of-war called the *Princess-royal*, and taking with her eleven transports filled with stores for the royal army, all convoyed by the great Dutch Admiral Van Tromp. He could not, however, secure her from a terrible storm, which frightened all her ladies so much that she could only console them by declaring Queens of England were never drowned. She kept her spirits up through all, and laughed over every occurrence, especially at the confessions which the penitents, in momentary dread of death, poured at the top of their voices into the ears of the sick and frightened priests. After a fortnight's tossing she was driven back to the Dutch

coast, with the loss of two of her transports. She sailed again after refitting, and safely reached Burlington Bay on the 20th of February. That very night, the house where she slept was cannonaded by the Roundhead Admiral Batten, who thought that as she had been voted guilty of high treason, he might forget her rights of womanhood. She was forced to hurry out, half-dressed, to take shelter in a ditch, the bullets falling about her, so that one of her servants was killed; yet so undaunted was her spirit, that on seeing that her old dog Mitte had not followed her, she flew back into the house, and carried it off in her arms. Batten's ships, being smaller than Van Tromp's, had entered the bay, but could not stay there when the tide began to ebb, and Van Tromp pursued them in their retreat, and protected the landing of the stores.

Meantime Henrietta was received at Boynton Hall by Sir William Strickland's family, though the baronet himself was of the opposite party. When she moved on, the queen 'borrowed' all the family plate, leaving her own portrait as a pledge that she would restore the value when, as she hoped, that would be possible. It need not be said that this never came to pass, but the picture still remains to the Strickland family. Henrietta had had many medals, and rings, and other tokens made in Holland, to give as pledges to persons who yielded their plate as jewels for the king's service, and many of these are still extant, when probably that which they represented would have disappeared as completely as it has done in the Royal cause.

She was still a good way from being able to join her husband, but she put forth her most winning side, and gained many friends in Yorkshire. One of these was the captain of the ship which had fired upon her at Burlington. He was made prisoner, and she saw him going to execution. 'Ah!' she said, 'I have forgiven him all that, and as he did not kill me, he shall not be put to death on my account.' She insisted on his being set at liberty, and he became ardent in her cause.

After some delay, Charles Cavendish, Earl of Newcastle, sent 2,000 Cavaliers, headed by the Marquess of Montrose, to escort her to York. Her spirits were high, and she wrote many letters to her husband, calling herself the Majesty generalissima, and describing how she rode at the head of her little troop, which gathered men at every stage; how she talked to the men, and ate in their sight, rousing all the chivalry of the gay young Cavaliers, who had not seen the bloody field of Edgehill, and fancied that a sort of summer tournament was before them.

But at York she had to stop, for the armies of Essex and Sir Thomas Fairfax lay between her and her husband, and the midland counties were for the most part inimical. However, she improved the time of her delay by planning with Hamilton and Montrose a Highland rising in behalf of the king, and by gaining over Sir Hugh

Cholmondeley to deliver Scarborough up to her. Even Sir John Hotham showed himself willing to resign Hull into her hands.

There was another attempt at negotiation ending in a failure, followed by a desperate quarrel between one of the commissioners, the Earl of Northumberland, and Harry Marten, one of the members of the House of Commons, with a keen wit and provoking tongue. He intercepted and opened Northumberland's letters to his wife, and maintained his right to do so, on which the Earl struck him with a cane, and the matter was hushed up with difficulty.

The loyal city of Lichfield was besieged by Lord Brook, who was a brave and highly-cultivated man, but a bitter fanatic and a republican in principle. The place was defended by Lord Chesterfield without much animation, and the city gates were burst open without much difficulty, but the Close, a fortification in itself, enclosing the beautiful Cathedral, with its triple spires, was still defended. Brook hated it as a temple of popery and superstition, and preached and prayed to his soldiers before leading them to the assault of St. Chad's cathedral, on, curiously enough, St. Chad's day, the 2nd of March. He was heard to call on God to give him a sign from heaven, and immediately after, as he stood by one of the guns, he lifted his visor to view the point of attack, and at that moment was shot dead, through the eye, by a deaf and dumb gentleman named Dyot, on the tower of the Cathedral, with a bullet of lead from the roof.

'But thanks to heaven and good St. Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had.'

Sir John Gell succeeded to the command instantly, and the soldiers degenerated from the strict devotion that had held them in check into their native rudeness and licence. They held up the unfortunate children of Lichfield as shields against the defenders, and in three days more the Close surrendered, though there were still plenty of provisions, and Lord Northampton was on his way to bring relief.

Finding Lichfield was past being aided, the Earl endeavoured to intercept Gell, who was marching on Stafford; and on the 19th of March a fight took place on Hopton Heath, a brilliant victory to the Cavaliers, but purchased dearly by the death of the Earl, and severe wounds to his son and Sir John Byron.

It is impossible to give an account of all the episodes of the war, which was carried on by many different leaders on either side. As a general outline, the north-western counties were loyal, the eastern Parliamentary. Devonshire was inclined to the Roundhead party, but the Cornishmen, under Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenville, most gallant leaders, gained considerable victories over them at Braddock Downs, and again close to Plymouth.

The Marquess of Worcester, a Roman Catholic, a resolute and chivalrous old man, put Raglan Castle in a perfect state of defence, assisted by his son, Lord Herbert, a wonderful engineer, who had anticipated many modern inventions. He led a large number of

Welshmen, wherewith he hoped to take Gloucester, but he was attacked and routed by Sir William Waller, who further captured Hereford, Monmouth, and Chepstow. Lord Worcester's daughter, Blanche, who had married Lord Arundel of Wardour, with only fifty servants held out her husband's Castle of Wardour for six days against 1,300 men under Sir Edward Hungerford, until his artillery had so entirely ruined her defences that she was forced to surrender. Honourable terms were granted the brave lady, but not observed, for though no injury was done to the persons of the defenders, the wanton mischief was shameful. The Castle was plundered, the deer let loose, the trees cut down, the fish-ponds dried up. Probably this was because the family were Romanists.

Waller was a great favourite with his party, who called him William the Conqueror, and contrasted him with the Earl of Essex, who fought with a sad and doubting heart, and was always reluctant to press the king too hard, so that he would not lay siege to Oxford. There was talk of letting Hampden supersede him, and his army being out of favour with the City, was left without pay or provisions in spite of his entreaties, so that a tenth of them were disabled by sickness. They were poor material at the best, and always gave way before a charge of the royal cavalry. Hampden was talking this over with Cromwell.

'How can it be otherwise?' said the latter. 'Your horsemen are for the most part old and worn-out servants, tapsters or people of that sort; theirs are the sons of gentlemen and the younger sons of noblemen. Do you think that fellows of such low extraction as yours are possessed of that spirit which will enable them to cope with gentlemen full of honour and resolution. You must have men animated by a spirit which will lead them as far as gentlemen would go, otherwise I am sure you will always be beaten.'

'You are right,' said Hampden; 'but this cannot be.'

'I can do something towards it,' said Oliver, 'and I will do it. I will levy men who have the fear of God before their eyes, and will bring some conscience to what they do, and I promise you they shall not be beaten.' Thereupon he set forth through the Eastern counties, where Puritanism was the strongest; and among the freehold farmers who had so eagerly sat listening to lectures on market-days, and had so warmly resented Bishop Wren's endeavour to silence them, he raised a body of stern, earnest, religious men, who believed themselves about to fight in the cause of truth. He told them plainly that to profess to fight for the king and parliament was self-deception. 'If I met the king in battle,' he said, 'I would as soon shoot him as any other man; and if your conscience will not allow you to do the same, you had better serve elsewhere.' Their enthusiasm was maintained by constant preaching and religious exercises, and they were willingly kept in a state of complete discipline. By the time the new campaign had fairly begun, these Ironsides, as they were soon called

amounted to a thousand, and soon became a new power in the war. All the true-hearted moderate men on either side hated the men, and loathed the idea of being dragged to shed each others' blood, 'fighting in a cock-pit' as Sir Benjamin Rudyerd put it. Another attempt was made by the king at an accommodation, and the Lords received it with civility, but the Commons imprisoned the messenger, and proceeded to impeach the queen of high treason.

The poet, Edmund Waller, his brother-in-law Tomkins, and some others, were trying secretly to do what they called standing in the gap. They were in correspondence with Falkland and the others of the king's party, who had gone to considerable lengths before breaking with the Roundheads, and they hoped to bring over all the reasonable and conscience-stricken men among the Lords, Commons and citizens to overpower and secure the persons of the small clique who were hounding them into rebellion. Their rising was to take place on the 31st of May, but on the 30th a note of warning was put into Pym's hand at the beginning of a sermon in St. Margaret's, Westminster, arrests were immediately made, and the city was inflamed by denunciations of a 'horrid plot.'

The trial was by court-martial, and six persons were put to death. Tomkins and Challoner were executed, and Waller only saved his life by abject submission: he paid a heavy fine and was exiled.

Meanwhile Prince Rupert had re-taken Lichfield, and the wrath of the Cavaliers was greatly stirred by the barbarous devastation within the beautiful Cathedral. But he could not proceed to bring the queen from the north while Essex was so near Oxford, and had even taken Reading, which was viewed as its outpost. Fights and skirmishes were continually taking place between Rupert's foraging parties and the Roundhead troops throughout Berkshire and Buckinghamshire, and in one of these, at Chalgrove Field, on the 18th of June, John Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, and rode away, drooping over his horse's neck. He turned towards Pyrtton, whence he had married the wife of his youth, but the enemy were in the way, and he could only reach the house of one Ezekiel Browne at Thame.

On the news, Charles sent Dr. Giles, a country neighbour, to see him, and offer surgeons from Oxford. Dr. Giles observed that Mr. Hampden must look on him as a bird of ill-omen, for twice he had been present when evil tidings arrived. He went, however, but Hampden had expired, after six days' suffering and receiving the Holy Communion after the English ritual. His last words were, 'O Lord, save my country, O Lord, be merciful to'—and there his breath failed. A locket worn by him is preserved, bearing the words:

'Not against the King I fight,
But *for* the King and country's right.'

How long would he have been able to have kept up the delusion

which Cromwell was already repudiating? He was a great loss, being by far the best man still remaining on the Puritan side, esteemed by all parties and with some personal influence over Cromwell. Though he died with his heart rent by the sight of civil war, it was in time to preserve him from more terrible perplexities in which his kinsman would soon have involved him.

With his death, disasters set in upon the Parliamentarians and successes on the Royalists. Essex vainly sent message after message from Thame, to entreat for necessities for his army, while the cavaliers sang of him :

‘Farewell, my Lord of Essex, with hey !
Farewell, my Lord of Essex, with ho !
He sleeps till eleven,
And leaves the cause to six or seven,
But ’tis no matter, their hope’s in heaven.’

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Lord Fairfax and his son were routed at Atherton Hill. Lord Willoughby was driven back by the Marquess of Newcastle in Lincolnshire, and the eastern counties were laid open to the Royalists ; while in the south-west Waller was defeated again at Landsdown Hill by Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenville, who had been joined by the Marquess of Hertford, a grave and excellent man, related to the king through his descent from Lady Katherine Grey, and the hero of poor Arabella Stewart’s disastrous elopement. But Hopton was severely wounded, and the gallant Sir Bevil Grenville, the very flower of Cornish gentlemen, lay dead on the plain. The western army was, however, victorious. The discipline maintained by these gentlemen was excellent, and Waller’s men, as well as all the country round, were in awe of them, ‘ They think nothing of scaling ramparts twenty feet high,’ said a gentleman to the Mayor of Dorchester, and Dorchester surrendered at the first summons. So did almost all the chief towns of the west, and the chief gleam of Roundhead success was a battle won by Cromwell at Gainsborough.

And on the other hand, Henrietta was advancing from Newcastle, and had reached Newark, while Rupert came northwards to meet her. It was at Stratford-on-Avon that the queen and prince met on the 11th of July, as it is said in Shakespeare’s own house, the best in the town, where they were welcomed by the poet’s grand-daughter, Mrs. Nash. The spot would have been more regarded by the king, who was a great lover of Shakespeare.

On the 13th Charles himself met his wife on the battle-field of Edge Hill, though it is said that she had refused to see him till he had given promotion to some of the persons to whom she had promised it. However, it was a very happy meeting, and the royal cause seemed to be everywhere prosperous. As the royal pair returned to Oxford, they heard of another victory gained by Lord Wilmot, over Waller at Roundway Down, near Devizes, where Hazlerigg’s red-

coated soldiers, called the 'Lobsters,' were totally routed. Waller had in his advance called on the constables of the towns and villages to be ready to receive his prisoners, instead of which he left 900 prisoners in Hopton's hands, and 600 dead on the field; and he returned to Gloucester with the mere fragment of an army, while angry letters passed between him and Essex, accusing each other of neglect, slackness, and carelessness.

The Queen was lodged at Merton College, in the little low chambers looking into the beautiful quadrangle. We may judge how the ladies fared, by the account given by Anne Harrison, a girl of sixteen, daughter of a loyal knight whose estate had been sequestered. She and her sister Margaret had only such clothes as their servants could carry in their cloak-bags, and very little money. Their meals were scanty, and their lodgings two rooms over a baker's shop, with one bad bed in a garret. No one was much better off, and while the king and his cultured gentlemen and learned divines rested from their cares by discussing the classics and history in the libraries, or wandering in Christ Church Meadows or Magdalen Grove, the Queen fancied she was doing good by meddlesome interpositions, chiefly through her old friends, Lords Digby and Jermyn.

A medal was struck at Oxford, showing the king and queen united, and trampling on the serpent, Python; and their court was full of life and spirit, quartered as it was amid the old collegiate buildings, where ladies and gentlemen, many of them driven from their homes, jested over their makeshifts and privations.

Henrietta's presence had brought more vindictiveness, intrigue, and the other worse elements into the royal counsels. Charles loved his people, longed for peace, and would yield anything but the Church and the army. Henrietta, who had been persecuted by them from the first, only wished to conquer them, and make the English crown as despotic as the French. Moreover, her friends were not of the grave, thoughtful, honourable nobles who took up arms with grief and pain, after weighing sadly between loyalty and patriotism; they were gay or ambitious intriguers, who only wanted personal distinction, and whom she forced upon the king against his better judgment. They could fight, that was undeniable, but they were violent and licentious, and their debaucheries gave an ill name to the Cavalier cause. Of these were Wilmot, Goring and Lunsford; and Henrietta, who saw their lively grace and deference, and did not see their reckless fierceness, infinitely preferred them to the earnest and religious men who mourned over the distractions of their country.

Rupert and his brother Maurice set forth to besiege Bristol, which was full of rich merchants, and reckoned as the second city in England. The Governor was Nathanael Fiennes, and under him, on Prior's Hill, served Robert Blake, the future Admiral, though still a landsman, who had taken up arms after a scholar's life at Oxford. There was a general assault from Clifton, and though it was repulsed, Fiennes's

heart failed him. He was not a soldier, and he thought of the miseries to which a siege would expose the citizens: so that he surrendered all too easily for his cause, and received permission to march out freely with his garrison. There was, however, a quarrel in which a cavalier was shot, and this led to an attack on the outgoing troops by the wilder Cavaliers; but the princes rode in, struck their refractory men with their swords and forced them back, withholding them from plunder, and making many apologies to Colonel Fiennes. Blake held out Prior's Hill for another day, but he could not help surrendering when he learnt the capitulation of his superior. Fiennes was tried by court-martial and received sentence of death, but Essex interfered to save him, feeling for a man thrust by circumstances into the life of a soldier.

Matters were so prosperous with the royal cause, that Charles thought of concentrating all his forces upon London, and wrote to the Marquess of Newcastle to march southwards.

It is said that Newcastle, a vain man, pleased to play the foremost part in the north, was unwilling to become a mere underling, wait in ante-chambers, and be scouted by the Queen's clique. If so, he suffered for his want of public spirit. His answer was, however, that he could not leave the northern counties till Hull was secured. Sir Thomas Fairfax had been ordered by Parliament to take the command of the place, and the intrigues of the two Hothams having been discovered, they were brought to London where they were finally beheaded without much pity from either party.

A year of warfare had made a considerable change in people's minds, especially in London, where all but the strongest Parliamentarians were heartily sick of war; and even they began to despair of victory without further aid, and had sent to Scotland to endeavour to secure assistance from thence. The peacemaking Earl of Northumberland drew up another set of proposals for a treaty with the king, and the Lords agreed with him. The proposals were sent to the Commons, where by a majority of ninety-four to sixty-five it was decided to take them into consideration, instead of waiting for the answer from the Scots. The Ultra party and the Lord Mayor, Pennington, were furious, and raised the London mob, who howled at the Lords and threatened the Commons; nevertheless, eighty-one to seventy-nine voted for an endeavour to make peace; and on the 9th of August, 5,000 women wearing white ribbons made their way to Westminster, crying 'Peace, peace!' Some reached the doors of the House of Commons, and screamed to have the traitors who prevented peace delivered up to them.

They were pushed back to the foot of the stairs, and a few shots were fired to frighten them. 'It is only powder,' they cried, and began to pelt the guards with stones. Then there was a real discharge of musketry, and horsemen charged them. Presently all were dispersed, except eight who were wounded and two killed, one of

them a poor old ballad-singer. This completed the truth of the saying that Parliament had done all of which the king had been accused. The Earls of Bedford, Holland, and Clare (father to Denzil Hollis) with three more nobles went over to the king at Oxford, Northumberland himself retired to Petworth, and the rebel cause seemed to be falling to pieces.

The king had gone to besiege Gloucester, a very Puritanical city, which was resolved to hold out against him; and the want of supplies for the army led to plundering, which set the country against the Cavaliers, and bitterly grieved good men like the Earl of Caernarvon.

Essex mustered his army on Hounslow Heath, and made a masterly march to the relief of Gloucester, taking Cirencester on his way. Having reinforced the garrison, he intended to return to London without a battle, but the king and all his forces lay in his way at Newbury. In a skirmish on the evening they came in sight of each other; a French gentleman, the Marquis de Vieuville, was mortally wounded, and all he said to those who came to his aid was, '*Vous voyez ici un grand Marquis mourant.*'

The battle, called the first battle of Newbury, was fought the next day, the 20th of September, 1643. Each side fought desperately and doggedly, but there was no generalship: no one could claim the victory, no one was defeated. It was all cruel bloodshed, and of such blood! There Falkland fell. Sad and dispirited he had always been since the opening of the war, but he had shown most daring courage, especially in the breaches before Gloucester. On the morning of the battle he was specially cheerful, taking pains to procure a clean shirt, and dressing himself with unusual care, saying to his friends that he should be out of his misery before night. He fell by a musket-shot in the first charge, in his 34th year.

It was remembered how, when attending the king in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the '*Sortes Virgilianæ*' had been tried; a divination by opening a copy of Virgil at haphazard, and taking the first lines that met the eye as a prediction. The king had come upon Dido's dying curse on Æneas:—

'Videat indigna suorum
Funera; nec quum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optatâ luce fruatur,
Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ.'

'Let him see the unworthy deaths of his people, nor when he has yielded terms of unfair peace, let him enjoy the desired light, but let him fall before his day, unburied in the midst of the sand.'

Falkland, to encourage his master, had turned up another page, but he read:—

'Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis,
Et prædulce decus primo certamine posset
Primitiæ juvenis miseræ, bellique propinqui,
Dura rudimenta, et nulli exandita Deorum,
Vota precesque meæ.'

It was the lament over the slain youth, Pallas, by his father Evander.

(‘I was not unaware how much fresh glory in war, and the delightful honour of excelling in strife, would effect on thee. Mournful first-fruits of youth, sad commencements of approaching war. And my vows and prayers have been heard by none of the Gods!’)

Falkland’s childless widow survived him for many years, and was a woman of great piety and excellence.

Another death on that day was that of the graceful, highly-cultivated, and brave Robert Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon, whose portrait in the great family group of the Herbert family at Wilton is the very ideal of a Cavalier. He had been travelling abroad when the war began, but had returned from a strong sense of duty, and done his best to prevent plunder and outrage. As he lay dying, one of his friends asked him if he had any message to the king? ‘No,’ he said, ‘in an hour like this, I have no prayer save to the King of Heaven.’

The young Earl of Sunderland, only three-and-twenty, likewise died there; and each shattered army drew off to the same quarters it had occupied the night before. Rupert bestirred himself in getting together every available horse and trooper, and when Essex in the morning slowly began to move towards Hounslow, was able to charge him and cut off his stragglers; but, in point of fact, nothing had been obtained by either party.

However, the Houses of Parliament thought themselves saved by Essex. They gave him public thanks. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen waited on him in Essex House in their scarlet robes, calling him the protector of themselves and their children. The banners taken at Newbury were publicly shown, especially one which bore the device of the inside of the House of Commons, with two felons’ heads set up outside, and the motto *Ut extra, sic intra*, according to the odd fashion of the time, when caricatures found place on medals and banners.

Essex, however, begged leave to resign his command and retire to the continent, but allowed himself to be persuaded to remain, on condition that Waller, who had left him unsupported, was placed under his command. This was done, and Waller submitted to the change.

In this September, 1643, however, the advantage was decidedly on the royal side, excepting in the terrible losses of the best and most conscientious and moderate men — Lindsey, Verney, Falkland, Carnarvon; and on the other side Hampden had died, and there were much fewer remaining on either side of the gentle-minded men who had drifted into war in perplexity and sorrow, and would have made almost any sacrifice to bring back peace. The war was falling into the hands of mere soldiers, fierce fanatics on the one hand and roystering troopers on the other.

Another benefit that the king had gained by breaking with the Parliament was the being able to throw over the Lords Justices, and treat with Irish affairs on his own account. He made Sir Henry Tichborne Lord Justice instead of Parsons, and gave Ormond the command of the army with the title of Marquess, with full authority to dispose of commissions in the army. About the same time, Owen O'Neill, a soldier trained in foreign armies, arrived, and showed himself a gallant and merciful leader. He was shocked at the atrocities that had been permitted by Sir Phelim O'Neill, and declared that if any more took place, he should give up the cause.

The Earl of Leven and his Scots advanced into Tyrone against him, and wrote to him that it was surprising that a captain of his high reputation should take up the cause of such a rabble as the Irish. To which Owen replied, that he had as good a right to defend his countrymen as Leslie had to advance into England against his king. After this Leslie retreated, and soon after retired to Scotland, telling Monro, to whom he resigned the command, that as soon as O'Neill had collected his forces that they should have a sound drubbing. Instead of which, the Scots received no supplies and were nearly starved.

In May the Irish held a synod at Kilkenny, and there in imitation of the Scots drew up a Roman Catholic League and Covenant; and appointed a council of twenty-four, with Lord Mount-Garret for their president. They put the law in force, and sent commissioners to carry their petitions to the king, to express their loyalty, and offer to make common cause with him if he would secure to them the free exercise of their religion.

The king saw good hopes here, and sent orders to Ormond to come to terms with the confederates; but Ormond, being himself an Irishman, had his own hatreds, and did not want to make peace with the Lords of the Pale; and on the other hand the native Irish party, with a Papal envoy named Scaramp to back them, did not want peace of any sort, and indeed only wished to get rid of all English, whether Romanist or Protestant. However, a truce was made for twelve months, and the Lords of the Pale actually offered the royal army £15,000 in money, and the value of the same sum in provisions. The Earl of Antrim came to Oxford and there met the Marquess of Montrose, and they agreed to endeavour to make a diversion in Scotland in the king's favour; and at the same time Ormond, who had been made Lord Deputy instead of Leicester, sent off ten regiments to land in Flintshire and at Bristol for the assistance of the king.

This raised a dreadful clamour. In the eyes of the English, anyone who came from Ireland must needs be a wild savage kern, a papist, and a murderer! Even gentlemen in the Marquess of Newcastle's army resigned their commissions, Sir Edward Dering went back to the Parliamentary cause, and so did Lord Holland, who had not been as warmly welcomed at Oxford as he expected. The

Irish contingent really consisted of Ormond's English and Strafford's English-born soldiers, mostly well-disciplined; and though some of those of the Lords of the Pale were among them, by no means inclined to barbarity; but the English peasantry expected them to massacre everybody like the 'mere Irish rebels,' and fled before them in terror; while any who were made prisoners were hung without enquiry whether they were English or Irish, Papist or Protestant.

At last Sir Thomas Fairfax defeated a body of them under Sir John Byron at Nantwich, and they afterwards melted away or were incorporated with the rest of the English army. But the very name of Irish reinforcements had greatly embittered the minds of the people against the king.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXII.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION.

Aunt Anne. This is what Palmer says, 'It has been very anciently the custom for the priest or the people to confess their sins in the Liturgy, either aloud or in silence. In the Liturgies of Rome and Milan, in early times, the priest made a long confession of his sins in silence, after the catechumens had been dismissed and the linen cloth laid; and at the same time the people also may have probably made a similar confession and prayer in secret. In the Ancient Western Missal, published by Illyricus, there is an apology or confession of the priest, and a prayer of the people for him, immediately after the Elements are placed on the table, and offered.

Susan. That is in the same order as our own service.

A. It is, and so the same book says. It is in the Liturgy of Jerusalem; but in the old Roman and Milanese, and after them the Sarum Missal, the Confession was the opening of the Liturgy; but Edward's first book put it after the Consecration; his second removed it to its present place.

S. So as to come close upon the 'draw near with faith.' It seems as if it were intended thus to supply what St. Paul gives as the requisites: 'Your hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and your bodies washed with pure water.' Or does that refer to baptism only?

A. 'Your bodies washed with pure water' primarily refers to baptism; but 'your hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience' seems to be generally understood to refer to the immediate and repeated preparation by repentance, confession, and absolution. You remember it was in immediate preparation for the First Eucharist that our Lord washed His disciples' feet.

S. And answered St. Peter's request to be entirely washed, 'He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet' (John xiii. 10).

A. That is a reference to the Jewish ritual. A priest, when admitted to the Order, was thoroughly washed (Ex. xl. 12) in the brazen laver, but for subsequent ministrations, he was only required to wash his feet and hands. So the Christian is once washed in the laver of regeneration, and then continually washes away the soils of his way through the world, by repentance and absolution.

S. Those you say are expressed in the word sprinkled. I suppose it is sprinkled with the Blood of the Great Sacrifice.

A. 'The Blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel' (Heb. xii. 24). Sprinkling with blood was always the token and means of restoration of an Israelite from any ceremonial disability.

S. I see, therefore, sprinkling seems to be especially the purifying by our Blessed Lord's Blood, the Fountain open for all sin and uncleanness (Zech. xiii. 1). 'For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh: how much more shall the Blood of Christ, who offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?' (Heb. ix. 13, 14). And we are to regard this Confession and Absolution as the purifying with the atoning Blood, to enable us to draw near.

A. So I believe. Here is the old English form of Confession (from Dr. Evan Daniel's Book).

S. English?

A. Yes, in English. The priest said, 'Also ye shall kneel down upon your knees, saying after me, "I cry God mercy, and our Lady, Saint Mary, and all the holy company of Heaven, and my ghostly father, of all the trespass of sin that I have done in thought, word, and deed, from the time I was born unto this time"'—then mentioning the seven deadly sins. In King Edward's first book, this was altered to our present form with 'this rubric. 'Then shall a general Confession be made in the name of all those that are minded to receive the Holy Communion, either by one of them, or else by one of the ministers, or by the priest himself, all kneeling humbly on their knees.'

S. That seems as if any one of the communicants might utter it, without the others joining aloud.

A. Even so; and in the Conferences of 1662, the Puritans objected, and insisted that the priest should say it. In fact, they wanted him to say it alone, with their usual objection to anything being uttered by the congregation; but instead of this, Bishop Cosin made the rubric what it is at present. He also withstood another Puritan desire that a mention of original sin should be introduced. He and his fellow-bishops replied that it was not well to use expressions which might lead people to suppose that original sin was not washed away at baptism.

S. Nothing can be more simple and easy to be understood than the words of the Confession.

A. Yes. Whether the framers of the Prayer-book devised it, or imitated it from one in a Liturgy of Charlemagne's time, which it much resembles, nothing can be more perfectly adapted to our needs—or better expressed what our feelings should be—when, instead of saying, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful one, O Lord,' we come near to ask forgiveness.

S. If we thoroughly followed it, we should indeed have the grace of true repentance. Is the Absolution an old form?

A. The introduction is from Hermann's proposed Cologne Liturgy; but the actual Absolution is a literal translation from the old English use of Sarum.

S. You mean that it was used in England; or was it in English like the Confession?

A. No; it was Latin. *Misereatur vestri Omnipotens Deus, et dimittat vobis omnia peccata vestra, liberet vos ab omni malo, conservet et confirmet in bono, et ad vitam perducatur æternam.*

S. It is almost literal, and the potential mood is thoroughly marked by the Latin.

A. Observe the difference of form in the three Absolutions.

S. To the mixed congregation attending Matins and Evensong, it is a statement that our Lord does pardon and absolve all who repent and believe. Here the persons spoken to, are in a manner more select, I suppose; and there is a presumption that they have prepared their hearts to seek the Lord, so that it is more personally spoken to them. May the Lord pardon *you*; but it is only in the third form, when individual sins have been actually named and confessed, that the Absolution is in a manner positive.

A. Just so; we will come to that in due time. The difference here from the older ritual is that the Absolution came much earlier in the service. The ancient forms, similar to it, had the benediction with which this concludes. After a Confession, in the Liturgy of Cæsarea, the deacon proclaimed, 'Incline your heads to the Lord,' and the Bishop gave them a blessing, in substance much like this Absolution of ours. You quoted just now, perhaps unconsciously, words that some of our books of devotion suggest, as a prayer for ourselves and others.

S. You mean Hezekiah's prayer, when the ignorant, imperfectly prepared Israelites came to his great Passover.

A. Exactly so. They may well be our prayer for ourselves and all present; for though Hezekiah meant legal uncleanness, we mean spiritual holiness, such as is needed to draw nigh to the mercy-seat of the Most Holy.

S. So to encourage us follow the four 'Comfortable Words,' which

'Tell
Of a world lost, yet loved so well,
That He by Whom the Angels live,
His only Son for us would give.

And doubt we yet, Thou call'st again,
A lower still, a sweeter strain,
A voice from Mercy's inmost shrine,
The very breath of Love Divine.

Whispering, it says to each apart,
Come unto Me, thou trembling heart;
And we must hope, so sweet the tone,
The precious words are all our own.

Hear them, kind Saviour, hear Thy Spouse,
Low at Thy feet renew her vows;
Thine own dear promise she would plea
For us, her true, though fallen seed.

She pleads by all Thy mercies told,
Thy chosen witnesses of old;
Love's heralds sent to man forgiven
One from the Cross, and one from Heaven.

This, of true penitents, the chief,
To the lost spirit brings relief,
Lifting on high the adored Name,
Sinners to save, Christ Jesus came

That, dearest of Thy bosom friends,
Into the wavering heart descends,
"What, fallen again? Yet cheerful rise,
Thine Intercessor never dies."

A. Yes; those verses cannot but be repeated here, well known as they are, as the most perfect exposition of the spirit of these 'Comfortable Words,' which are a beautiful peculiarity of our Anglican rite, enhancing the message of Absolution.

S. They are not quite the same as in the New Testament; I suppose they come from the Great Bible, like the Offertory Sentences.

A. No; they are not in precisely the same wording there. It seems as if they had been translated individually for the purpose of being incorporated with the Liturgy of 1549.

S. The first text seems to be an answer to the burden of our sins being intolerable.

A. And the others, the voices of St. Paul and St. John, show how entire His redemption is for those sins. I want you especially to examine the last text.

S. Is there any special difficulty in it?

A. The simple drift of it is perfectly direct; but how do you interpret the words—

S. Advocate? Surely One Who pleads for us:

'Our One High Priest, our Advocate,
Our Intercessor gone on High.'

A. Yes; but do you know that the word in Greek is *Parakletos*?

S. I thought that the Paraclete meant the Third Person of the Holy Trinity.

A. It is the original word used when our Lord said, 'I shall give you another Comforter' (John xiv. 16).

S. Another—besides Himself—the Consolation of Israel.

A. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth's notes here explain *Parakletos* to be wonderfully full of meaning—'One Who consoles and comforts by counsel and aid; and sometimes One Who mediates or interprets, and presents petitions to another.' You see St. John takes up the

word our Lord gave him, and speaks of Him as the Comforter or Advocate out of sight, taking up our cause and pleading it above—even as the High Priest offered atonement, and pleaded for the people out of sight.

S. Within the veil.

A. And now we come to another point; for, besides being the Pleading High Priest—

S. He is the Sacrifice, the propitiation for our sins.

A. Now let us attend to the word propitiation.

S. That is Latin, is it not?—bringing near, from *propè*, near.

A. True; but it is used as an equivalent to the Greek *Ilasmos*, an appeasing or conciliating of God; *Ilasterion*, the place or means of appeasing; and again is used in the Septuagint to translate the Hebrew 'Capporeth,' the mercy-seat, and this comes from *caphar*, to cover, in the sense of to forgive.

S. Blessed is the man whose unrighteousness is forgiven, and whose sin is covered (Psa. xxxii. 1).

A. I will read you, Wordsworth's note on Exod. xxv. 17: 'The Capporeth, or mercy-seat, which covered the Ark, represented the grace of God in Christ, Who covers our sins by His propitiation, which He has made for the sins of the whole world, and for Whose sake God covers our iniquities, and no man imputes them to us, and in Whom He rests and is well pleased. Therefore God's Throne, sprinkled on the great Day of Atonement with blood, typical of that Blood which our great High Priest brought with Him into the true Holy of Holies, even into Heaven itself at His ascension, is now become a throne of grace, to which we may come boldly in time of need.'

S. So that St. John's thought would be 'Our Advocate and Comforter is the true High Priest, Who is gone to cover our sins by His own sacrifice, and bring us near to God.'

A. Opening to us a new and living way, through 'the veil that is His Flesh,' torn and broken for us—visible outwardly, but with an inward and spiritual side.

S. How wonderfully full of meaning! It will be something to try to think of next time I listen to those words.

A. This may help you—

'That which He offered at the Paschal Feast,
That which He offered on the fruitful Tree,
The Once Slain Victim, Sacrifice, and Priest,
Father, we offer here in mystery.

: Behold the Merits which we could not win,
Behold His griefs Who bare the whole world's sin,
Behold, Lord God, the Face of Thine own Christ,
Shown forth to Thee in Thy dread Eucharist.'

ANCIENT POPULATIONS ON THE DANUBE.

HISTORY has very little trustworthy information to give us concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of the lands bordering the Danube; but, at the time when these attracted the especial attention of the Romans, their populations appear to have been chiefly Thracian and Keltic, and roughly speaking the whole extent of country lying between the Hæmus (Balkans) and Black Sea on the south, and the Dniestr on the north, was occupied by these two races, the Thracians* preponderating.

There was a mixed population of Thracians and Kelts in the province of Illyria† finally subjugated by Augustus; and there were Thracians and Kelts in Pannonia, a territory so named both by Greeks and Romans, bounded on the north and east by the Danube, on the south by an imaginary line a few miles south of the Save, and on the west by the Noric Alps or Kahlenberg.

At one time the possessions of the Keltic Boii, who have left their name to Bohemia, had extended from the Lake of Constance and the springs of the Danube along both sides of the river nearly as far as Vienna; but their power had waned, and now, in the days of Augustus Cæsar, they were settled chiefly in the north-west corner of Pannonia.

East and north of the Danube as far as the Dniestr, lay the kingdom of Dacia, which was peopled by Thracians.

Some years before the Christian era, the whole of Illyria was subdued by the Romans, who, in the year 29 B.C. also brought under their sway the Thracian population inhabiting the lands between the Danube, Black Sea, Mount Hæmus and the river Drina, which correspond generally with the modern territories of Servia and Bulgaria, but were then known by the name of Mœsia. A few years later the conquest of Pannonia, which had been begun by Augustus, was completed by Tiberius, and the newly-annexed provinces were speedily colonised after the usual Roman fashion. Fortified camps were erected to hold the conquered tribes in check, colonies were founded and flourishing towns sprang up, which, under other names, were destined to take a prominent place in history many centuries after the victorious race to which they owed their origin had passed away. Among the most important of these was Singidunum, built at

* The Kelts were the first, and the Thracians the second branch of the great Aryan stock to make their appearance in Europe.

† Illyria contained parts of the modern Carniola, Croatia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, the Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Albania. The Albanians are said to be the only modern representatives of the ancient Thracians.

the confluence of the Danube and Save, and destined to be hereafter famous as *Belgrade*, the 'key of Hungary,' for the possession of which Turks and Hungarians fought so long and so desperately. Vindobona or *Vienna*, Taurunum, the modern *Semlin*, Aquintum* or old *Buda*, Arrabona or *Raab*, Contra Aquintum or *Pest*, besides many others whose names are less commonly familiar, were all founded by the Romans. The Dacians, however, on the eastern bank of the Danube, viewed the advance of the conquerors with anything but equanimity; they incessantly attacked the forts with which Augustus had lined the banks of the river, defeated the Romans in several campaigns, and even forced them at one time to pay a yearly tribute. But in the end, they too were obliged to bow before the Mistress of the world; and, after a long and severe struggle, Trajan's legions completely broke the power of Decebalus, the last Dacian king. Dacia became a Roman province, and the conquerors fortified its western frontier, intersected it with roads, planted it with military stations, and applied themselves vigorously to the development of its abundant mineral resources. Great numbers of colonists poured into it from Italy, and soon mixed with the Dacians on friendly terms, intermarried with them, and adopted their habits, language and even name. Their descendants are the Wallachians† of the present day, Roumanians, as they are now proud to call themselves in memory of their Roman ancestors; and, in spite of the many changes which have swept over this part of Europe, they still occupy a portion at least of the kingdom of their forefathers.

Dacia continued to be nominally subject to the Romans until about the year A.D. 270, when Aurelian, finding it impossible to defend the further side of the Danube against the repeated attacks of the barbarians, withdrew his legions, and summoned the population to Mœsia. Considerable numbers obeyed the call, and were established in the new province, named after the emperor, Dacia Aureliani; while those of their brethren who remained behind relapsed into utter barbarism, under the yoke of the savage hordes which poured into Dacia as soon as the imperial legions were withdrawn. Foremost among the invaders were the Markomanni or Bordermen, a powerful confederation of Teutonic and Slav tribes, who were leagued together simply for the purpose of making war upon their neighbours. As early as A.D. 35 they had driven the Boii from their settlements on the Upper Danube, and had ever since been advancing nearer and nearer to Italy herself. Marcus Aurelius had done battle with them for eight weary years, and Commodus had purchased a disgraceful peace from them; but henceforth the Roman Empire was to know no respite from the barbarians, for the tide of conquest had turned, the flood-gates had been opened, and one mighty wave flowed over her

* *Aque quinque*, the five springs.

† Called Wallachians from the German *Wälsch*, signifying Italian or foreign. The race is however a very mixed one.

after another. Following in the wake of the Markomanni came the Ostrogoths and Visigoths, from the shores of the Baltic; and by the year 213, they had established themselves firmly in the lands of Dacia, and were still extending their conquests on all sides. In the fourth century, Hermanrich, the great King of the Ostrogoths, was ruling over all the various tribes and races which occupied the broad tract of land stretching from the Black Sea to the Baltic, and from the Don to the Lower Danube, while Athanarich, King of the Visigoths, reigned as his vassal from the Dniepr to the Upper Danube. By this time the Goths were no longer the utter barbarians they had been. They had made some progress in civilisation, and they had become Christians (though of the heretical Arian sect), and their Bishop Ulphilas had given them an alphabet and a translation of the Bible, fragments of which, transcribed in the fifth and sixth centuries, are still preserved. But just when it seemed that the Goths were in a fair way to become a settled and civilised people, there came a mighty impulse from the plains of Northern Asia, which not only drove them further onwards into the very heart of the empire, but revived their ancient spirit of savagery.

The nomad races of Scythia (under which name the ancients comprehended the whole of the north of Europe and Asia) had long been in a restless, seething condition, like a hive of bees preparing to swarm; and one of them, known to Europe as the Huns; after centuries of wandering had reached the banks of the Volga, driving before them or absorbing all the various tribes whom they encountered on the way. These Huns have left no account of themselves; they raised no enduring monuments, achieved no lasting work, and there is nothing by which we may determine with any accuracy their original place of abode; for even the few names which alone remain to us of their language, have been altered in the process of transmission. Roman and Byzantine authors mention the lands whence the invaders came immediately to Europe, and describe their manners, habits, and mode of warfare; but they knew nothing and wisely said nothing as to their origin and ancient place of abode. In fact, at the time when the Huns appeared, Northern Asia was a *terra incognita*, and when it became more accessible and better known, the Huns had long since passed away. By some writers they are identified with the Hiong-nu mentioned in the Chinese annals, a race who, after enjoying a period of great power and glory, during which the Great Wall of China had been built to stop their further incursions, had at length been vanquished by the Celestial Empire (A.D. 93), and split up by internal dissension into three divisions, one of which, the most valiant, took its way westward in search of a new home, wandered into the great Tatar desert, crossed the Imaus or Altai mountains, and in a couple of centuries had entirely disappeared from the ken of the Chinese historians. But, whatever the precise origin of the Huns, they were undeniably one of the nomad races inhabiting the

great plateau of Asia. They had no settled dwellings, were almost entirely ignorant of the art of agriculture, wandered from place to place with their flocks and herds, lived chiefly on milk and flesh, and, like most of the Turanian* races, were wonderfully expert horsemen. They were trained to the endurance of great fatigue and privation, and, when armed with bow, lance and sword, and mounted on their small swift horses, they would fall suddenly on the enemy and overrun a wide extent of country in an incredibly short space of time. A savage, terrible people they certainly were, but there is no reason to believe that they were actually the fiendish-looking monsters which the horror and hatred of their contemporaries represented them to be.

Whether identical with the Hiong-nu or not, these Huns appeared in the middle of the fourth century on the banks of the Volga, which a few years later they crossed under the leadership of their chief Balambér, or Balamir. Their transient residence on the further side of the river was commemorated by the name of "Great Hungary," by which this region was known even so late as the 13th century. On the banks of the Tanaïs or Don, they encountered another race of Asiatic nomads, the Alani, a tall, fair, blue-eyed people, who had carried on a bold harassing warfare against the Romans on the banks of the Danube during the second century, and had then, many of them, joined the Goths, whose language and manners they had so completely adopted as to be sometimes mistaken for a branch of that nation. Brave as they were, the Huns defeated them, however, slew their king, and incorporated them with themselves, after which the whole swarm moved on against the Ostrogoths, whose King Hermanrich, being now more than a hundred years old and suffering from a severe wound, killed himself in despair. After a battle in which the Huns were victorious, the Ostrogoths, having been weakened by the desertion of many of the nations which they had subdued, submitted hopelessly to the conquerors, only a few of them retaining sufficient courage to flee to the river Dniestr, on the opposite side of which stood Athanarich with his Visigoths, prepared to dispute the passage with the enemy. But the Huns discovered an undefended part of the river, and falling upon Athanarich in the rear, speedily defeated him. He, with a few faithful followers, fled to the defiles of the Carpathian mountains, but the great mass of the nation hurried panic-stricken to the Danube, to implore the protection of the Emperor Valens. By his orders they were transported across the river, and such of the Ostrogoths as had escaped soon followed them, likewise insisting on being allowed to pass over.

And now in the heart of the empire there were some 200,000 armed men and above a million of people, enemies of the Romans both by race and sentiment. They required most judicious treatment; but the corrupt Roman governors first allowed themselves to

* Turanian, from a root signifying 'to be swift,' or 'roam about.'

be bribed into permitting the Goths to retain their arms, and then had the folly to provoke them to fury by ill-treatment and treachery. Naturally, they rose in revolt; and calling their late foes the Huns and Alani to their aid, marched upon Constantinople, and slew Valens in battle at Hadrianople, some two years after his hospitable reception of them. They were unable to make any impression upon the fortified cities, it is true, but they continued their devastation of the open country until, in 382, the Emperor Theodosius having succeeded in making peace with them, gave them settlements in Mœsia and Dacia Aureliani, along the south of the Danube, where they retained their own laws and customs, and lived for the next sixteen years under their own chiefs.

Meantime the Huns had settled on the left bank of the Danube and also occupied some of the neighbouring parts of Pannonia, whence, in the feeble state of the empire, it was hopeless to attempt to dislodge them. Indeed, so low had the Romans already fallen, that they paid the Huns a yearly tribute of 15 lbs. of gold, calling it a 'present,' by way of hiding their shame. For nearly a whole generation the Huns made no attempt to advance further into the empire, and large numbers of them even entered the service both of the Romans and their vanquished enemies, the Goths. But, no sooner was Theodosius dead (395), than hostilities recommenced between the Goths and Romans which ended in open war. Alaric, the chosen King of the Goths, led his people through Macedonia, Greece and Illyria into Italy, committing fearful ravages wherever he went, until at last he took and plundered Rome (A.D. 409).

This movement of the Goths seemed to be the signal for the Huns to be seized again with their old spirit of restlessness and lust of conquest. Hitherto their leaders had been but the chiefs of single tribes or divisions, but now the whole nation was united under the headship of Rua or Rugilas, who led them to the conquest of Pannonia, and after plundering sundry other Roman provinces, obliged the empire to pay him a yearly tribute of 350 lbs. of gold. On Rua's death (433) his nephews Attila and Bléda succeeded him.

At this time the lands about the Danube far to north and east, as well as the great plains of Northern Asia, were filled by a confused mass of Teutonic, Slavonian, and Altaic* tribes, which surged hither and thither with as much restlessness as the waves of the sea. They pressed close one upon another, sometimes uniting their forces and at others waging fierce warfare among themselves; but all were unconsciously waiting for some master-mind who should be able to control them and weld them into one powerful whole. When, therefore, Attila arose, with his dreams of universal empire, he found here the very raw material he needed, and, being what he was, was able to shape it to his own ends.

* So named from the Altai Mountains, and divided linguistically into three great groups, Finnish, Ugrian, Turkish or Tatar.

The Huns worshipped the god of war, under the symbol of an iron scimitar; and the story goes that a herdsman, having noticed a wound in the foot of one of his heifers, followed her blood-stained track in the hope of discovering what it was that had caused the injury.

This proved to be the point of an old rusty sword, which, on being dug up, was found to be covered with strange characters; and the Hun soothsayers averred that it had been thrown down from heaven by the war-god himself, and conveyed a right to the sovereignty of the whole world. It was presented to Attila, who at once accepted it as a token of his call to enter upon a career of conquest. If the usual rites of Scythia were observed on this momentous occasion, a lofty altar or pile of faggots would be erected, with the mystic sword raised aloft on its summit, and every year this altar would be consecrated anew by the out-pouring of the blood of sheep and horses, and maybe of every hundredth captive as well. Whether Attila actually sacrificed human beings or not, is a matter of some uncertainty; but it is evident that he soon acquired a semi-sacred character in the eyes of the barbarous chiefs around, who looked upon him with awe as a mighty magician. The more peaceful sentiments of his brother Bléda or Buda, who is said to have given his name to the city of Buda, were considered dangerously heretical, and he was speedily murdered; not from any innate love of bloodshed, nor from motives of ambition, but simply, it would seem, from the fear that he might interfere with the mission which Attila believed or pretended to believe himself to have received. The numerous Altaic tribes of Asia and the Teutonic and Slav tribes of Europe had now found their master; and, when he had either conquered them or received them as allies, Attila led his vast hordes against the eastern and western empire by turns, crushed the armies sent against him, destroyed the towns, desolated the country, and advanced up to the walls of Constantinople and Rome, where he was in each case bought off by the promise of an enormous yearly tribute. His chief royal residence stood somewhere between the Danube and the Theiss, but the exact locality is not known, though Buda, Jászberény, and several other places lay claim to the honour. To this Hun capital, wherever it was, came the ambassadors of both Emperors, humbling themselves to the dust before the mighty conqueror, and endeavouring by flattery and magnificent presents to soothe his wrath. Fortunately for posterity, Priscus, the Byzantine historian, was commissioned to undertake one of these humiliating expeditions, and he has left an interesting description of his experiences in the court of Attila.

It should be mentioned, however, that in A.D. 442, Nissa, a town in Servia, and Singidunum (Belgrade) had been taken by the Huns; the Romans had been defeated in Mœsia on the banks of the Vid, a tributary of the Danube, then again at Gallipoli, and Attila had advanced southwards to Thermopylæ, whereupon Theodosius II. had

asked for mercy and the tribute had been raised to 2000 lbs. of gold, the Emperor trying to save appearances by appointing Attila 'Generalissimo of the Eastern Empire,' which converted the tribute into a present or even into pay due for his valuable services. Powerless to vanquish his mighty foe in fair and open fight, the eastern Caesar now stooped to most unworthy means in order to compass his destruction. An attempt was made to corrupt one of Attila's envoys at Constantinople and to induce him to join in a plot for the assassination of his master. The man, Edekon by name, pretended to give his consent, accepted the proffered bribe, and informed Attila of the conspiracy against him; so that when Priscus accompanied the envoys on their return home the great Hun king was already aware of the treachery of his Imperial master.

Attila's palace was surrounded by the dwellings of his chiefs and the tents and huts of his soldiers. It was built of polished woods of various kinds, tastefully arranged with regard to their colouring, the walls being of snow-white hornbeam lined with brightly veined man-grove, the flat roof of dark walnut, and the pillars, some of which were round and others twisted, of rose-coloured cedar. The doors were of yellow wood adorned with carvings representing sacrifices or battle scenes, and the whole building was surrounded by square, polished pillars, likewise of wood. There was about it none of the superabundant ornament for which the Chinese and Hindu styles of architecture are remarkable, but the carvings were tasteful, and the general effect of the palace, simple as it was, indicated a good deal of natural taste on the part of the 'barbarians.*' It is in fact maintained by some that the Huns were for their age very far advanced in matters of art, and had already adopted certain alphabetical characters to express the sounds of their language.

On arriving at the royal residence the foreign envoys were received first by the women, who gave them a hospitable welcome and embraced them with much cordiality. They were then ushered into the presence of Attila's wife, Czerka or Réka, who was surrounded by her court of female attendants, all busily engaged in embroidering sword-belts for their husbands, brothers and lovers. For rude and even savage as the Hun warriors were, they seemed by no means to have despised such vanities, and the trappings of their horses and even their own dress gleamed with gold and pearls and precious stones. None of these decorations, however, were to be observed upon Attila, who was clad as simply as his ancestors who roamed over the plains of Asia. There was no gold on his armour, the trappings of

* 'Attila had a respect for art,' says Baron József Mór, 'and the following anecdote is related of him by the Italian chroniclers. When at Milan, his attention was called to a picture in which some Scythian princes were represented prostrate at the feet of a Roman emperor. Instead of destroying it, Attila commanded a pendant to be painted, in which the Roman emperors were represented piling up their tribute of gold at the feet of the Scythian king.'

his horse were perfectly plain, and his throne was a simple oaken chair without ornament of any kind.

As to the great chief's personal appearance, Priscus describes him as not above the middle height, with a broad chest, large head, small, obliquely-set eyes, a flat nose, scanty beard, and a dark, yellowish-brown complexion. The portrait is not a charming one, by any means; but it must be remembered that it was drawn by an enemy; and, as De Guignes observes,* 'Attila was a barbarian only to his foes. Haughty and proud whenever he had any dealings with them, he was quite meek and mild when surrounded only by his subjects. He despised wealth and show, and left them to his wives and officers. At Rome or Constantinople he would have been looked upon as a hero; but his adversaries saw him at home, and depicted him as a veritable monster.'

In truth there does seem to have been a sort of savage grandeur about Attila, and in more than one instance his demeanour contrasted favourably with that of the heads of the civilised world.

He received the envoys with stern and frigid dignity, but he uttered no word of reproach touching the mean plot which had been laid against him, and invited them to a banquet in the evening.

On his way to the banqueting hall, Attila was preceded by a choir of maidens, singing national songs, and presently the wife of his chief favourite came out with her women to welcome him and present the accustomed offering of meat and wine, after tasting which, and saluting the woman, he passed on. When the hall was reached, the guests first pledged the king in a draught of wine, and then took their places at the tables, which were spread with white linen and glittered with gold and silver plate.

Attila alone drank from a wooden cup and ate from a square wooden trencher, and, of the dishes brought to table, touched nothing but the meat. In the course of the banquet, he filled his cup with wine and drank it off to the health of Prince Berich, one of the guests present, and then pledged in succession all those whom he liked best, emptying a cup in honour of each, a mark of regard which the assembly received with loud shouts and clinking of goblets. The banquet over, two young Scythian lads approached Attila's table and sang heroic songs in honour of the brave deeds and glorious victories of the Hun nation, which were listened to with silent but profound emotion. To the singers succeeded jugglers, whose odd looks, foolish talk, wonderful agility, and grotesque dresses provoked much laughter. They were foreigners, be it observed; for had one of their own nation ventured to demean himself by thus playing the fool, the Huns would not improbably have stoned him. Attila meantime appeared quite unmoved; his face preserved its rigid, melancholy expression, and not a muscle relaxed until his youngest child, Csaba, entered the room, when the grim king actually

* La Hongrie. Böldényi.

smiled and patted his rosy face, for it had been predicted that Csaba should maintain the honour of the Hun empire.

On the following day Attila dismissed the envoys of Theodosius with presents of gold and silver and splendid horses, and still not a word did he say of the treachery of their Imperial master. But their return to Constantinople was closely followed by the arrival of Attila's own envoys, who, on being admitted into the Emperor's presence, threw at his feet the purse with which he had tried to corrupt Edekon, and reproached him publicly with plotting to assassinate their King, adding that, by this attempt, the son of Arcadius had rendered himself unworthy of his ancestors, but that Attila despised and pardoned him! Theodosius did not long survive this humiliating scene; but Attila's attention was diverted for the present to the West.

Even before he had assumed the command of all the Hun tribes, the renown of the young warrior, Attila, had reached the ears of the Roman ladies, by whom he was no doubt frequently discussed; and Honoria, sister of Valentinian III., then a girl of sixteen or seventeen, being irritated by her brother's refusal to give her in marriage, actually conceived the romantic idea of wedding the young Hun. She contrived secretly to convey to Attila a request that he would come to Italy, at the same time sending him her ring as a token of her regard and her wish to marry him. At first the King of the Huns took no notice of this wild proposal, but in later years it suited him to recur to it, and at this present time he had made a demand to the Emperor for the hand of his sister and a slice of the Imperial dominions as her dowry. Valentinian replied that his sister was now married, and that in any case she had no right to any portion of the Empire. Attila, of course, did not choose to be satisfied with this answer; and, as one of the sons of the Frank prince Clodion just then asked his aid against the Romans, he turned his arms westward.

After penetrating as far as Orleans on the one hand, and almost up to the gates of Rome on the other, he consented to withdraw from Italy,* in consideration of a large annual tribute promised by S. Leo, in the name of the Emperor, and returned home to occupy himself with

* A picturesque legend relating to this period of Attila's life forms the subject of an altar-piece by Raphael, which hangs in the Vatican. One night during the march to Rome, Attila lay sleepless in his tent, when suddenly a peculiar, starry light shone out around him, and two figures, with aureoles about their heads, descended from the sky and advanced towards him. These were the Apostles, Peter and Paul, who said to the King, 'We are the ambassadors of God.'

'So am I!' answered he boldly.

'We were sent to make the nations happy.'

'And I to punish them!'

'We are come to summon thee back to the place whence thou wast sent,' said they, and that moment they vanished, and the heavenly light disappeared.

Attila sent for his magicians to explain the meaning of the vision, and when they had consulted the sacred fire, they warned him that Alaric had not survived the taking of Rome.—Jókai Mór.

the internal organisation of his vast empire. Two years later the mighty conqueror, whom the terrified nations had surnamed the 'Scourge of God,' fell by the treacherous hand of a woman, the Burgundian princess Ildikó or Hildegunde, whom he had just married (A.D. 454). He was buried somewhere in the bed of the river Tisza (Theiss) with all the pomp he had abjured during his life, being enclosed in three coffins, one of gold, one of silver, and one of iron. His warriors are said to have torn their cheeks with their daggers, that they might mourn their departed chief with tears of blood, and the workmen who dug his grave were put to death, lest they should ever disclose his resting-place.

Thus ended the great Hun empire; for, though Attila could destroy, he either was unable or had not the time to lay any lasting foundations, and when the hand which held it together was withdrawn, the vast but loosely built edifice fell to pieces at once. His sons contended for the leadership, and the Gepidæ, Ostrogoths, and other subject races, rose against them; Ellak, the eldest, and 30,000 Huns fell in battle, and Dengesik and Irnak fled with the remainder to the shores of the Black Sea. Dengesik lost his life in 469 in battle with the Romans, and Irnak, with the remnant of the nation, founded a kingdom on the shores of the Black Sea and Sea of Azov, which, however, never attained to much importance. The Huns subsequently re-appear in history as the Kuturguren and Uturguren, hostile tribes, who fought with one another and frequently attacked the Empire, until subdued by the Avars, when they were entirely merged among other nations.

Meanwhile, the conquerors divided among them the lands from which they had driven the Huns, and ancient Dacia and Pannonia were occupied by various Teutonic tribes, among whom the Ostrogoths and Gepidæ were at present of most importance, though the Longobardi were now for the first time approaching the Danube in the west. The Ostrogoths in Pannonia rose to considerable importance under their King Theodoric, who first turned his attention eastward, and after defeating the Imperial armies, obliged the Emperor Zeno to cede extensive territories to him, as well as to appoint him consul and Patrician, and to adopt him as his son. At his own request he was afterwards commissioned by the Emperor to go and deliver Italy from the hands of Odoacer, King of the Heruli, who had extinguished the title and office of Emperor of the West, in the person of Romulus Augustulus, and, not daring to assume the purple himself, had ruled for fourteen years nominally as the Vicar of the re-united Empire. Theodoric, though professing allegiance to the Emperor, really aimed at establishing a national monarchy in Italy, and his people cheerfully rose up and followed him to their new home.

After the departure of the Ostrogoths, the Gepidæ spread themselves over part of Pannonia, and flourished peaceably for about a hundred years, when they came into collision with the Longobardi,

who had been gradually advancing through the depopulated districts along the left bank of the Upper Danube, until they had reached the wide plains between the Danube and Theiss, which have proved so irresistibly attractive to many wanderers before and since. In 548, Justinian ceded to them a considerable portion of what had been Gothic Pannonia, and the smouldering jealousy of the Gepidæ broke out into a flame. Alboin, King of the Longobardi, called the Avar Khan, Baján, to his aid, promising him the tenth of his cattle, half the booty they might win, and all the lands occupied by the Gepidæ. The allies were victorious, and in 567 the greater part of the people east of the Danube submitted to these fresh hordes of Asiatic barbarians. But, in the very year after this success the Longobardi were invited into Italy to attack the Exarch of Ravenna, who had been placed there to govern the province in the Emperor's name, after the destruction of the Ostrogothic kingdom; and, as Theodoric had done before him, Alboin obeyed the call with alacrity. He left his territories to the Avars, with the prudent stipulation that they should be restored in the event of his being unable or indisposed to remain in Italy. He and his people then set fire to their dwellings, and passing over the Alps, settled permanently in that part of Italy which still bears from them the name of Lombardy, and finding themselves well pleased with their new quarters, never returned to claim their property in Pannonia.

SELINA GAYE.

THE CONFESSORS OF LYONS.

BY MADAME GUZOT DE WITT.

FRATERCULUS,' said young Domitia to her brother Ponticus, 'have you seen the new slave mother bought yesterday?'

Ponticus made a sign of assent. He seemed thoughtful and disinclined to continue the conversation, but Domitia resumed, 'I do not know why mother is always buying Christian slaves. I do not think it right that they should be in bondage, when they are our sisters in faith, according to what we are taught.'

Ponticus awoke from his reverie. 'Oh! did you not know that our holy Bishop Pothinus begged mother to take Blandina into her family, rather as a daughter than as a slave. She is not of servile birth, but her father sold her in the market in a rage at her having become a Christian, and refusing to renounce her faith. I heard the Bishop telling mother that she had been beaten, dragged about by the hair, and almost starved, without failing in respect and obedience, saving in what concerned her love for our Blessed Lord. When our mother heard what the Bishop told, she said, "Blandina will honour my house by entering it. To-morrow I will send a man to the market to purchase her, without letting it be known that it is for a Christian, or her father may not choose to sell her."'

Domitia shrugged her shoulders. 'It is all the worse if she is a saint,' she said, 'we have people already who refuse to obey, now this order, now that, on pretext of conscience sake. When I have not done the task of spinning or weaving that mother has set me, and I desire one of the slaves of the old religion to finish it for me, not one disobeys me! but the Christians, the sisters, shake their heads gravely and say, "The Mistress gave the work to Domina Domitia. It would be deceit to help her to complete it." They hinder me enough already.'

Ponticus had fallen back into his reverie. 'I do not know what struck me in the aspect of this new slave,' he said to himself, 'she is small, slight and sickly looking, but there is a sweetness in her eyes that goes to my heart, and makes me feel that I should be strengthened by nothing but looking at her. I should like to be beside this poor girl. Sold by her own father into slavery, she knows the worth of the Master for whose sake she has endured so much.'

Domitia and Ponticus were the children of Sylvia, a Christian matron well known in the Church of Lyons for her piety and charity.

To her Bishop Pothinus naturally applied for the relief of the physical wants of the poor of his flock, and he had not hesitated to ask her to receive Blandina, whose sufferings and fervent faith had been brought to his knowledge by one of the neighbours of the cruel parents, who overwhelmed her with ill usage, without drawing forth a single complaint from the young neophyte. Bishop Pothinus had admitted her as a catechumen, and hastened on the further rites before she entered the service of Sylvia, so that Blandina possessed full Christian privileges when she was enrolled among the numerous household of Posthumus Cæcilianus.

There she began a modest, yet earnest mission, which extended to the heathen as well as the Christian slaves of the rich plebeian. Cæcilianus and his wife were both of Christian origin. Their parents had admitted them into the Church by baptism on the day following their birth, and Sylvia's mother had sealed her faith by martyrdom in the distant regions of her Eastern birthplace. She seemed to have bequeathed something of her simple, yet fervent faith to her daughter, and Sylvia sometimes wondered by what sin or error she had impeded the work of Divine grace in her own daughter.

Domitia had been baptised, she had been carefully instructed, at first by her mother, and then by the pious Bishop then possessed by the church of Lyons, but the sacred doctrine had not penetrated her heart, although she professed it outwardly, and manifested great contempt for the unhappy Christians who gave way under torture and denied their Saviour. Many times had Sylvia thought, when she heard her daughter condemn those who failed in constancy, 'She does not know what she is saying, and that what faith she possesses, having cost her nothing, is far less precious to her than to the unhappy brethren whom she condemns so severely. Neither has Ponticus suffered, but his love is stronger, and thus he has more pity and earnestness.'

Sylvia was mistaken in supposing that Ponticus had not suffered anything for his faith. She did not know of the struggles that he had gone through before he had attained the toga virilis. Though bred up in a Christian household, he had been sent to the Schools of Science and Rhetoric, chiefly under Greek professors, where he had been infected by the doubt and indifferentism that breathed through all the eloquent instructions of the masters. When Cæcilianus learned the tendency of their lectures, he had kept his son at home, trying to find other tuition instead of that which was corrupting the pagan youth of Lyons; but Ponticus's mind if not his heart had already imbibed the poison, and all the prayers and strong faith of Sylvia were requisite to recall her son. The thought of his crucified Saviour had first resumed its power over the affectionate heart of Ponticus, and it was through love that he first began to win back faith. He had not been mistaken in reading in the new slave's eyes that same love stronger than death, and the boy was not ashamed to

seek from the handmaiden instruction which overcame the heathen lessons of the Greek rhetoricians.

Blandina was no scholar; her parents though free were poor, and their daughter was uneducated, but the Spirit of Wisdom and of Might dwelt within her, and she daily received that guidance from the Comforter which transcends all human knowledge. Ponticus was amazed to hear her speak with a simple eloquence which transformed into a chapel the workroom of his mother's slaves. However, it was not there that he listened to her, for Sylvia did not permit him to disturb her maidens at work, but she sometimes sent for the girl to assist in some delicate task, and then took the opportunity of conversing on the subjects that filled the hearts of both. She was delighted to find that the steadfastness and simplicity of her son's faith was recalled by contact with that of the slave.

'Yes, matercula,' said Ponticus, 'I know better what the joy is worth that I had lost for a time, as Blandina learnt its price in suffering.'

The Lyonese Christians often met in the house of Cæcilianus, who was rich and respected, though his faith did not equal that of his wife and son. Among the young Romans of illustrious family who lived in a manner worthy of their profession, Sylvia had remarked Vettius Epagathus for his piety and charity, and she rejoiced to hear from her husband that he sought Domitia in marriage, though she suspected that beauty might have blinded his eyes. 'She is not worthy of him,' thought the mother. 'She will be a hindrance to him rather than a help,' but she trusted that her daughter would improve with such a husband; and it was with a thankful heart that she began to prepare the bridal garments. Domitia was touched by the affection shown to her and became more zealous in all the observances in which her betrothed never failed.

The Church of Lyons needed strength from all the means of grace, for the enemy was threatening it with all its terrors, and a violent attack might every day be expected. The Imperial magistrates were preparing to put in force all the edicts against the Christians.

Gradually these found themselves driven from all public places, such as the baths and forum. The yoke began to weigh heavily, and to try their faith and constancy. Cæcilianus was impatient of the constraint.

'We shall soon not be able to appear in the streets,' he cried, in his wrath at having been received with a shower of stones, when he was going out to plead his cause in a law-suit which a dishonest creditor had brought against him.

'Life is not worth having for such as have the misfortune to be Christians,' sighed Vettius Epagathus at the same time.

'You mean the honour to be Christians,' replied Sylvia.

'We can always die for Christ, father,' said the young man; but Cæcilianus drew back—'I am in no such haste for martyrdom,' he

muttered, and Domitia looked at him with sympathy mixed with contempt. She entered into his feelings, but said to herself that for honour's sake, she could never speak thus.

The fury of the populace against the Christians continually increased. From insults the mob had proceeded to stones, as in the case of Cæcilianus. The deacon, Sanctus, freshly arrived from Vienne, on a message to Bishop Pothinus, was accused of stealing by a tradesman who had seen him near his booth, and was dragged through the mud to prison by the crowd. The sumptuous abode of Attalus of Pergamos had long been an object of envy to some of the senators, who resolved to denounce him as a Christian and guilty of all the crimes suggested by this term. 'When these reports had once got abroad among the people, the persons who had once been kind and moderate, broke out in reproaches,' wrote the faithful of Lyons to the Churches in Asia, with whom they had always kept up a close connection as the cradle of their faith, whence had come the venerable Bishop Pothinus, the pupil of Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, one of the happy churches to which no reproach was addressed by their Lord, through the beloved disciple St. John.

'The time is come of which the Lord spake when He said that whoso killeth you will think that he doeth God service.'

The storm was so lowering that Sylvia thought it no time for marrying or giving in marriage, although she longed to support her daughter's wavering faith by the firmness of Epagathus. Then she learnt that Sanctus Saturus, a catechumen, and Attalus were detained in prison till the governor should return from a visit to Vienne. The news was brought to her by Blandina, as she was kneeling in prayer in a secret chamber, and, in spite of her own dismay, she could not help remarking the joy that beamed throughout the whole person of the little handmaid. 'Slaves are summoned to the tribunal,' she said: 'I do not know whether it is for examination on their master's conduct, perhaps it is to accuse them. It is not the Christians who are summoned, and indeed it is not generally known which slaves are Christians.'

'Whose slaves have been summoned?' asked Sylvia.

'Those of Attalus and Saturus,' replied Blandina with a sigh, as if she were breathing a secret prayer:—'They may summon me also.'

'If they should, what would you say, poor child?' asked Sylvia.

'I should say I am a Christian,' answered Blandina simply, but with an indescribable tone of joy and trust, which warmed her mistress's heart.

'I hope I should say so too,' she sighed, adding in her heart, 'Lord, have mercy upon me.'

At that moment Cæcilianus returned home, pale and his cheeks stained with blood.

'Have you been hurt?' asked Sylvia, going to meet him.

He gave a sign in the negative, and presently said, 'God's grace has prevailed for us against the Evil One. While sustaining those weak like myself, it has upheld like pillars brave and valiant men against all attacks. They have suffered every outrage from the hatred of the people and the tyranny of the authorities. They have been reviled, stripped of everything, beaten, overwhelmed with stones and mud—everything the multitude could do to show their abhorrence. When the governor at length came back from Vienne, and took his seat on the tribunal, he immediately broke forth into abuse of them, accusing them of shameful and abominable crimes, on the testimony, he said, of several of our slaves. Then Epagathus stood forth (Domitia started up in alarm) and requested permission to defend his brethren against unjust accusations. He was so handsome and young-looking that the crowd gazed in admiration. I could see from the corner where I kept out of sight that they were nudging each other, and whispering "Vettius Epagathus! the son of a patrician: he leads the life of an ancient philosopher, and has freed all his slaves."'

'He began, "There is nothing irreligious nor impious among us, but we honour the Emperor whom ye condemn by thus slandering us." The judge turned on him those little yellow eyes bordered with red, "Are you a Christian?" he asked. "Yes," he answered, and he was placed among the martyrs.'

Domitia had taken some steps towards the door, when her mother, in a voice thick with tears, asked, 'Where are you going daughter?'

'I am going to say that I am a Christian and to be placed among the martyrs like Epagathus.' She answered in so resolute a voice that her mother blamed herself for having doubted her fidelity and faith, but Cæcilianus held out his arm, 'I will not let you go out,' he said, 'Our Lord commanded, if they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another. This very night I shall remove to our villa near Vienne and wait there in concealment till the storm is over. I will not expose you to torture, insult and death. If we are summoned to the tribunal we must appear, but I will not permit you to go thither otherwise.' Domitia bent her head in submission. 'You are my father and my master,' she said. Sylvia too bowed, but in deep humiliation, 'Our Lord, who knows all things, she thought, 'knows that I am not worthy to be a confessor,' and the tears flowed down her cheeks. 'He is sparing me the sin of denying Him.'

Blandina looked at her master, whom she usually feared. 'Perhaps I shall be summoned,' she said, 'like the slaves of Attalus.'

Cæcilianus scarcely attended to her. 'If you are summoned you will have to appear,' he said, 'I do not intend to take you with me.'

Blandina fell back modestly, but her heart burned within her. Her master's words had brought before her the tribunal of the Pagan Prætor and all the pomp of Roman equity, as she had often seen it when crossing the Forum; and the noble countenances of her brethren,

the Christians, bearing testimony to the Master Whom, like them, she served and loved. Ah! would that Divine Master who could read her heart, think fit to accord her that highest honour of declaring herself a Christian in the midst of sufferings, and to bear her in His arms and sweeten the road to Eternal life with His Presence.

If so, what martyrdom would she not meet with joy! 'The Lord knows,' she said to herself and was at rest.

Cæcilianus had given orders for a precipitate journey to the villa at Vienne, but at the last moment both his children refused to accompany him. Domitia could not bear to go, Vettius Epagathus was in bonds which might extend to her if the Governor learnt the projected union, and Ponticus declared that he would not flee from the chance of martyrdom. 'I will not seek it presumptuously,' he said, 'but I cannot hide while my brethren are bravely confessing.'

The ancient Roman discipline had become slightly relaxed in matters of conscience in Christian families, and parents respected their children's scruples.

Indeed, Cæcilianus and his wife had not set off, when a summons arrived for Domitia, as the betrothed of Epagathus, and the young man, on the floor of his dungeon, was pouring forth his prayers on behalf of her for whom he feared.

Alas! he had not ceased to pray for Domitia, when the fatal tidings reached the dungeon that several of the freshly arrested had lapsed. 'They were in no condition to endure the strife,' said one of the jailors, who was secretly attached to the faith, though devoid of resolution to confess it. He looked at Epagathus as he spoke, not venturing to give the blow which would be above all things terrible. But the young Christian had each kind of courage. 'Was Domitia among those who appeared at the tribunal?' he asked, in a voice as gentle as if he were speaking to his betrothed. 'She was,' replied the jailor without raising his eyes.

'Did she confess the Name that you—like us—adore in secret, Festus?' proceeded the young man, his eyes radiant with love for that thrice holy name.

Festus stammered, 'Twice she did so—when the Prætor bade her cast incense on the Altar, when he threatened to throw her to the beasts beside you and the rest.'

'And?—' enquired Epagathus.

'And she did cast incense,' said the jailor hastily, 'as did Salara, Aurelian, Probus, and five or six more.'

The prisoners had all fallen on their knees without looking at Vettius, who hid his face, crimson alike with shame and grief. Each prayed in silence for pardon for the unhappy fallen ones, asking for them present repentance and future strength, and that the other brethren still hidden, might have grace to confess their faith. Except Epigathius himself, no one was surprised at Domitia's failure, for no great hopes had been entertained of her. 'If a strong one was

to be arrested, they should have taken the slave instead of the mistress,' said the Bishop. 'Blandina knows in Whom she believes, and has already endured much for His love's sake.'

Pothinus himself was about to be summoned to witness to the Master, whose yoke he had borne for more than sixty years, ever since he had heard the call of the blessed Polycarp. The Church had rejoiced that her Bishop had not been summoned at first, not understanding that the Governor did not wish to strengthen the resistance of the faithful by the example of their pastor; but now that all were in a dungeon which their prayer and praise transformed into a chapel, they beheld two jailors bringing in the venerable old man, who could scarcely walk even with their support. Festus was one of them, and his countenance, and the respect with which he treated the prisoner, might have betrayed his faith to his comrade.

'Here I am, my children,' said the Bishop, 'the shepherd has come to the sheep of his flock, who have set him the example of faithfulness and patience.'

The captives fell at the old man's feet, kissing his hands and begging for his benediction. He had been dragged before the tribunal by the soldiers, who had come to arrest him in his house, and had found him praying with Blandina. She had come to ask his directions as to her longing for martyrdom, and he had bidden her await the will of God. She was praying that her submission might be accepted and not her life, when the soldiers burst in, and secured both Bishop and slave. Both had been dragged before the tribunal, and the Governor had asked Pothinus what was the Christ whom he pretended to worship. "'If thou art worthy, thou wilt know," was my answer,' said the Bishop to the confessors who thronged round him, thanking God with having been permitted not only to know the Lord, but to suffer for Him. 'They fell on me with their fists and clubs,' continued the Bishop, whose feeble panting voice, hair stained with blood, and torn and disordered dress, showed the treatment his old age had suffered. 'I do not know what they have done with Blandina, they dragged her away after the first examination, when she only answered, "I am a Christian, no wrong is done among us." I see why she was denounced in spite of her humble station, for foremost in the crowd I saw the cruel parents who sold her.'

The confessors were deeply moved by their Bishop's recital, and the tokens of the ill-usage he had undergone. Vettius Epagathus kept a little apart, under a strong personal feeling of shame for the fall of his betrothed. Pothinus called him, stretching out a hand with special affection, understanding that he had received a far deeper wound than any the Roman lictors could inflict.

Then, as if the Bishop had recovered fresh strength in the presence of his beloved brethren, holy words flowed from his lips in memory of the martyr who had thus tuned his youth in the faith once delivered to the saints.

The prisoners listened, and their souls were strengthened and sustained. But they could scarcely bear the effects of the injuries inflicted on them, as well as of the foul air of the dungeon and the disgusting food allowed them; and more than one murmured, 'I would fain it were ended, and I were with Christ.'

Suddenly the jailor Festus entered, his eyes shining through tears, his voice raised, his hands outstretched, like a man transfigured by what he had witnessed.

'I have seen her!' he cried. 'I saw that Blandina, who was arrested at the same time as our venerable father. I saw her, who seemed too weak to bear the burthen of life. There for three hours the executioners have been trying to invent fresh tortures to force her to deny her faith; but she seems not to feel blows, fire, or wounds. Her crushed and pierced frame seems already to belong to the grave, while she only repeats, "I am a Christian, and no evil is wrought amongst us." Ah, I fear nothing more! They may arrest me, if they care to torture my poor carcase. He who supports Blandina can support me, if, like her, I maintain that I am a Christian.'

The prisoners were giving thanks for the grace given to Festus through Blandina's devotion, when the executioners, furious at having obtained nothing from the fragile young maiden, hurried into the dungeon in quest of fresh victims.

'Let us see if these will be as obstinate as that wretched girl,' they cried, and dragged away the deacon Sanotus, together with Vettius Epagathus, who, being accustomed to a life of ease and wealth, would, they thought, be less able to hold out than a miserable slave.

As he came before the tribunal, he started at the sight of Sylvia, with her hands bound, and her eyes seeking for some one. She, too, started on seeing Vettius, and he understood by the movement of her lips that she was asking for Domitia. He hung his head, and Sylvia understood the meaning of his dumb shame.

'My poor child!' thought Sylvia. 'Shall I be equally weak?' and her heart arose in a humble prayer that she might be faithful. The prayer was heard; for, worn out with torture, she was carried to the cell in a dying state, and was there received with due honour by the Christians who had not yet been put to the proof.

Sanotus advanced with a firm step, and beside him, Epagathus. Every one knew who he was, and the executioners who tortured him knew his name and rank perfectly well; but they hoped to extort something unsuitable in the midst of his torments. Instead, however, of uttering his name or nation, he only replied to all questions, '*Ego sum Christianus.*'

To him this was name, country, rank, and being; and whilst no other words could be wrenched from him, the governor and his executioners became more and more furious. They applied to his most sensitive parts red hot plates of iron; but though his body was

burnt, he, with unshaken constancy, persisted in his confession of faith, as though living waters from the bosom of Christ were refreshing him. He was thrown back into his cell, his steadfastness still unwearied, and his brethren had gathered round to give him the last rites of the dying, when the executioners returned to try the effect of fresh torments, thinking that the anguish coming on the wounds would overcome his patience, and also that the sight of one already half dead yet tortured afresh would terrify his companions. Contrary to all expectations, alike of the Christians and the tormentors, the martyr rose and stood upright in the midst of the renewed torture, and he recovered the use of his limbs, which looked fair and beautiful with life and strength, as did his face, now far more calm and youthful than when he had first stood before the tribunal. 'It seems as if the tyrants had healed instead of wounding him,' said the brethren hidden among the throng that pressed into the amphitheatre; and they thanked God, and were encouraged by the sight. The persecutors' rage redoubled as the Christians' constancy increased. The prisons were too small, and great numbers of the brethren were thrown into foul dens, where they were continually tortured, without the excitement of the amphitheatre, without the consolation of fraternal sympathy, without a breath of the pure air that sometimes restored a momentary strength to the victims, without an instant's rest for the racked limbs, while the pestiferous air put an end to the life of some who had never even entered the amphitheatre. But the Master, for whose love they endured, beheld their pains and their faithfulness, even in the bowels of the earth, whither no human eye could pierce; and He did not leave them to their own weakness, any more than He had left Sanctus or Epagathus.

Often when the prisoners had given up all expectation of again seeing a brother, they were amazed to see him return, exhausted but triumphant, and ready to encourage the rest by the example of his undaunted courage.

The only hope that the persecutors now entertained of overcoming the constancy of the Christians, was by confronting their firmest before the eyes of the Pagans with the weakest and most unworthy of them who had denied their faith. The aged Pothinus had sunk in the prison, to the joy of the executioners, who attributed much of the firmness of his flock to him. 'We will throw them all pell-mell into the dungeon,' they said, 'the weakness of some will break down the strength of the others.' So they took care that Domitia should be in the same cell with Vettius Epagathus.

Thus a singular and unexampled dispensation took place. All who had lapsed at the first arrest were thrown into the same prisons and exposed to the same sufferings as the rest, so that they gained nothing by their apostacy. Those who had truly professed themselves Christians were imprisoned without being accused of any other crime, while these others were treated as murderers, and thus suffered

doubly. The former rested in the love of Christ; the latter were a prey to the reproach of their conscience. It was easy to tell them apart. The first were joyous, their countenances gentle and dignified, and wearing their chains like bridal ornaments; the others went about sad and abject, despised by their gaolers themselves. Thus the spectators were strongly confirmed in the faith, and became ready to confess it without delay.

Thus it was with Cæcilianus, who had been long hidden in his villa near Vienne, after Sylvia had been arrested. Unable to bear his remorse and anxiety, he had returned to Lyons, to obtain tidings of his wife, son and daughter, without betraying himself. Immediately on his arrival, he learnt the apostacy of Domitia, and the brave confession of his wife. He was allowed to visit them by the connivance of Festus, who delayed his own confession of faith in order to minister to his brethren. Sylvia's last sigh was spent in invoking blessings and strength for her beloved husband; but Vettius Epagathus was no longer there. The Father and the Saviour to Whom he had shown such fidelity, had summoned him into eternal peace, and he had expired in the dungeon before the eyes of Domitia, who knelt at his feet, not daring to touch his wounds, which seemed to her memorials of those of the Lord. So, too, she wept beside her mother, and each of these martyrs had with dying voice held out to her the hope of mercy.

Silently Domitia went over her whole life, recalling the odious presumption with which she had been filled, and especially hating her pride when she compared it with her mother's modest humility, and doubt of the power of ending her life by bearing witness to her faith; compared also with the wonderful constancy of Blandina, whom Domitia had always disliked because of the preference shewn for her by Sylvia and Ponticus.

'And now,' said Domitia to herself with bitter tears, 'now that the secrets of hearts are revealed by this terrible tribunal, it is plain what Domitia and Blandina were each worth. Our Lord knew already, but He alone knew, and He alone has strength to hold me up among all those around me.'

She was right. Since Sylvia and Vettius had died, few of the Christians would speak to her, except her father, who had now joined the prisoners. Blandina was not there, she was alone without a hand to staunch her wounds, without a word of fraternal sympathy, probably without the treasure of the Christians, the Holy Eucharist, which had been sent by a priest still at liberty, hidden under the clothes of Festus; who thus looked on himself as a messenger commissioned from Heaven.

'Our sister Blandina cannot partake with us of the Bread of Angels,' said Saturus to him, and he could only shake his head, for he had not access to Blandina's cell. For the first time Domitia spoke, 'Blandina receives the Body and Blood of the Master from His

own pierced hand.' There was a general sign of assent. All thought 'she had been called to the wedding feast, and had risen quickly to obey,' and their prayers supported the poor slave who had become the standard bearer of their troop of the Glorious Army.

For some days the fury of the persecutors seemed to have relaxed, but it acquired fresh force from a letter of the Emperor's. For a long time the Roman governor had thought that the philosophic toleration of Marcus Aurelius extended to the Christians, the dregs of humanity, and he had written to Rome about one of the confessors, Attalus, who was a Roman Citizen, and awaited the answer, and the answer was expected. Different kinds of deaths were to be inflicted on the obscure, unknown martyrs, to satisfy the hatred of the people, so that they would offer to God crowns composed of varying flowers. It was just that those who had borne the assault should receive the palm. The catechumen Maturus, the deacon Sanctus and Blandina were brought into the amphitheatre to be thrown to the beasts. Maturus and Sanctus suffered fresh torments like champions who have often conquered before and are girt for the final struggle. They were scourged, and dragged about by the beasts, amid the shouts of the people, but Sanctus only uttered, like Vettius Epagathus, '*Ego sum Christianus*,' until at last they were slain.

Blandina in her turn was bound to a stake, where she seemed as it were hanging on the cross, still praying aloud, so that the Christians beheld in her a faint type of her Master. Domitia was there, for the weaker Christians had been brought by the executioners that the spectacle might terrify them. She felt as if she beheld heaven opened above the girl, who evidently gazed on him who is invisible. No beast had approached her, she waited in vain, only a panther came prowling round the stake, and then, as if terrified, laid herself growling at the maiden's feet. The keeper was angry, and unfastened Blandina from her cross. 'Another day!' he said. 'If the beasts will not, here is one who will not fail,' and he touched the sword at his side. Blandina replied with an ineffable smile, 'When God pleases, and as God pleases;' patient in waiting as heroic in suffering. As she walked away with difficulty her eyes met those of Domitia, 'Pray for me,' whispered the once haughty mistress. 'Courage, sister!' answered the slave.

Domitia wept long when she returned to the prison, but not with fear but hope of pardon.

The Emperor's answer came at last. The orders were that those who confessed their faith should die by the sword, those who denied it be set free, but the cruelty of the mob would not be so easily appeased. They clamoured for the death of Attalus, as a well known person. He was paraded round the arena, preceded by a tablet bearing the inscription '*Hic est Attalus Christianus*.' It was the great market-day, and an immense crowd pressed into the amphitheatre. All who had survived were brought before the tribunal, and there was great joy in the Church, for many reappeared who had been

mourned as dead. They were again brought before the governor. It had not been intended to bring Blandina, who was regarded as perfectly inflexible, but as all the Christians were sent for, it was not possible to keep back the most illustrious.

Domitia again sought her slave's eye, when she, too, was brought before the tribunal, among those who had denied their Master, as she saw Blandina carried in on a chair, being unable to walk, and at once hope and courage revived in her heart. But who was the lad beside the slave, as if exulting in the honour of partaking her sufferings. It was no other than Ponticus, pale and thin, but with a joyous brow. Blandina whispered to him, and he looked at his sister with no anger, but only with pity and hope. Cæcilianus had started forward, in spite of his jailors, to reach his daughter, and bowed as he recognised Ponticus. 'All together,' he murmured, and seemed to revive.

Domitia was before the tribunal. 'Swear by the fortune of the Emperor,' said the governor, thus offering the lapsed Christian the least guilty of the tests.

But Domitia raised her head. 'Our Lord saith, "Swear not at all,"' she answered firmly.

'Offer incense to the gods then,' added the governor, but with a blow of her delicate hand, Domitia overthrew the little altar with its fire. The governor made a sign. The executioner lifted his sword, and grazed the neck only accustomed to the touch of jewels. The maiden fell. All gazed in wonder. She was dead. Terror and the touch of the sword had done the work. Blandina and Ponticus gave silent thanks. 'She had not strength for torture,' they thought, 'God, in His mercy, accepts her repentance.'

All the Roman citizens, after bearing faithful witness, were beheaded, Cæcilianus among them, but Attalus was claimed by the rage of the people. He was fastened to an iron chair, heated red hot, whence he never ceased to address the people. 'This is what you do,' said he, 'you accuse us of devouring men! It is you who consume them!'

Blandina was loudly called for, and came with Ponticus by her side, brother and sister in faith and hope. Once again the censer was offered them, but they did not deign to refuse in words, merely by gesture. Further tortures followed, without pity for the boy's age or the maiden's sex, but through all Ponticus' eyes sought the glance in which he had found inspiration from the first, until, worn out by pain, he fell on the sand and yielded up his spirit. Then Blandina raised her eyes to heaven, as one feeling that her task was ended, and ready to depart.

She was enveloped in a net and placed before a bull, who tossed her on his horns, but she was evidently past all sensation.

For the first time some compassion seemed to prevail among the spectators, some shame at such prolonged cruelty, but suddenly voices arose from many of the seats:

'I am a Christian!' cried those whom fear had hindered from avowing themselves, among them Festus. 'They need me no more,' he said, and spoke out.

Blandina seemed to recover a last spark of consciousness. She raised herself for a moment, and lifting her bleeding head, cried aloud, 'Thou hearest them, O Lord,' and expired.

'Never did woman endure so long,' said the Roman governor. 'What is this God for Whom they so willingly sacrifice their lives, and what is the treasure for which they pay so dearly?'

CHURCH WORK AMONG THE JEWS.

WITH SPECIAL RELATION TO THE MISSION OF THE REV. W. ROSENTHAL IN
EAST LONDON.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, VICAR OF ST. PAUL'S, HAGGERSTON.

My deep interest in that department of evangelizing work which of late has prospered so remarkably, and on which God has so plainly set the seal of His blessing during the ministry of the Rev. W. Rosenthal here, is of early date.

And, as one of the objects of this paper is to stir up in some who read it a sense of duty and a conviction of privilege in relation to this part of the Church's work, it may be of some use to state how this interest began and grew.

My father, the first Vicar of this Parish of St. Paul's, Haggerston, was one of the comparatively few students of Hebrew in his time at Oxford. He never lost his early love of the language, and for fifty years the reading of the Hebrew Bible, especially the Psalter, was a part of his daily devotions. From this love of the language began and grew a love for the people, the miracle of whose continued and separate existence in exile is so strong a proof of the divinely authentic character of those writings which contain the early history of the race.

I well remember how, in the earliest years of my boyhood, he used to make regular visits from the country parish in which we then lived, to the neighbouring town, to argue with, and to endeavour to bring to the Messiah, a family of Jews with whom he had accidentally become acquainted.

But neither in that case, nor in the case of others with whom, later on, he made the same attempt in London, was he permitted to be successful. He was the means of carrying on the instruction and deepening the spiritual life of certain converts who had been won to Christ by the agency of clergymen of their own race; but, as far as I know, he himself—for all that his interest was so deep and his prayers so many—was not the means of the conversion and baptism of a single Jew. I mention this fact for two special reasons. First, because it gives me the opportunity of stating my conviction that as a rule it is the will of God, that availing work of this kind is only to be done by those who are of Jewish blood themselves. I have known of a great number of cases of conversion from Judaism, but I am not

aware of a single one which has been in the first place through other agency than that of one who was himself a convert from Judaism.

Secondly, I wish to point out how, nevertheless, care and prayer, love and devotion, did not, in my father's case, as they never do in any case, fail before God; for though, directly, no souls of the children of Abraham were given to him, and though he did not live to see a single Jewish Baptism in his church, yet, indirectly, all that love and devotion had its sure result in what has taken place in the last six years in special connection with his parish and at the Font of his church. It would be unreasonable as well as unfaithful not to believe that Mr. Rosenthal's wonderful work has had its centre here under the will of God as a result of the 'heart's desire and prayer for Israel,' of the first Vicar of this Church. At the Font, at which he never saw a Hebrew convert received into the new Covenant, Mr. Rosenthal has baptized one hundred and five adults, besides many of their children; and every one of the former has been confirmed, and has first communicated at our Altar; and two of them are under immediate preparation for Holy orders (one at Burgh-le-Marsh and the other at St. Augustine's, Canterbury); and two more are doing noble work as lay missionaries among their Hebrew brethren in London; whilst a number of the others, outcasts for Christ's sake from home and relatives, and former employment, are giving their testimony to the Faith in Continental countries and in America.

Thus God has vindicated His faithfulness as a Hearer of Prayer in the results of that work which He gave Mr. Rosenthal to do, and which he has done as laboriously as successfully.

But it cannot be greatly wondered at that, in my boyhood, not knowing what was to come, while I revered my father's deep and devout interest in relation to the conversion of the Jews, I had very little hope of much result in that direction.

But about the time that I was looking forward to holy orders and was at home during a long vacation, I heard a sermon preached by a friend of my father's, at his request, on the text, '*The gifts and the calling of God are without repentance*' (Rom. xi. 29), which made a profound impression on me, deepened by a subsequent close study of that (I think) often neglected chapter. In it I saw that St. Paul makes specially five statements: Firstly, that though for their idolatry some of the Jews, in the times of the kings, were cast off, yet not all; there was a remnant. Secondly, that though the Jews after the First Advent were, as a race, cast off, yet through their fall the Gentiles were taken into the covenant of salvation. Thirdly, that though the Jews as a body are now cast off, yet they shall at last be gathered in again, for they are not cast off in God's final purpose, for, '*The gifts and calling of God are without repentance;*' '*God is not a man, that He should lie; or the son of man, that He should repent*' of His promises. Again, that as from their falling aside ensued the riches of the world, so, and by much more, shall the

world be enriched by their complete recovery. Again, that the Gentiles are to, and ought to, have a part in the work of this recovery.

Hence, surely it is to be inferred that all earnest Gentile Christians—if not able to take into their own lips the ecstatic hyperbole of the Apostle, speaking as ‘an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin,’ when he says, in Rom. ix., that ‘*he could wish himself accursed from Christ*’ for their salvation—should certainly be able to join in the devout longing expressed in the chap. x. 1: ‘*My heart’s desire and prayer for Israel is, that they might be saved.*’

But with these convictions strongly impressed upon me, I was unable, for a long time after my ministry began, to feel hopeful or satisfied that, in any direction that I was aware of, the Church was doing her work effectively for the gathering in of the Jews. The Low Church party had for a long time, much to its honour, largely supported a society of their own, and I so greatly respect their earnestness in the matter, that I cannot find it in my heart to say more than this, that their work among the Jews only needed, so far as I may venture to judge, to have been characterized by more definite Catholic teaching, by the putting forth of “the truth as it is in Jesus” on clearer Church lines, to have been very much more successful.

Nevertheless, let High Churchmen say now humbly ‘They did what they could when we were apathetic or despondent.’

It is only within the last ten years that a movement, in which the present Bishop of Truro, when Vicar of St. Peter’s, Eaton Square, had a chief part, was started amongst High Churchmen in fulfilment of a duty in relation to the Jews which is more especially incumbent on those who believe that the Church of Christ, with its Apostolic Ministry and its gifts of Sacramental Grace, is simply the Church of the Tabernacle and of the Temple carried on and fulfilled. And it is only since Mr. Rosenthal has, in connection with this movement, worked among the Jews, from his mission centre in this parish, that I have been able to recognise, not only the fulfilment of a long-cherished ideal as to the way in which the Gospel of Christ ought to be set before them, but to see such fruits of such teaching as have filled my heart and the hearts of my people with thankfulness to God.

All the more are we bound to feel how heavy a responsibility rests upon us to do what we can to urge our brethren to practical zealous interest in this department of Church work in the Lord’s name and for the Lord’s sake.

In relation to what I have said as to this work being on distinctively Church lines, I will simply add the words of an appeal, which I made in a Church paper after the mission of last year.

‘I earnestly ask my brother Churchmen to consider this subject with more prayer and care than seems to have been given to it.

Mr. Rosenthal's own peculiar work, and the work of the "Parochial Mission to the Jew's Society," of which he is the chief Missioner, are dwarfed and hindered by want of funds, for so few come to the help of the Lord, among High Churchmen especially, in a mission field where the noblest and most blessed of all harvests is awaiting to be reaped. It is much to the shame of us, High Churchmen, that so it is, and that the Low Churchmen have shown themselves so much more earnest and active in the matter. It is doubly a shame to us, because we have the advantage of being able, conscientiously, to show the intelligent Jew that there is a Priesthood of unbroken succession from Messiah Himself, and that we have an altar of which they have no right to eat which serve the Tabernacle. There are some few smaller parishes which do their best in support of this work, but I am not aware that there is one of the great parishes with the simple noble exception of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, that gives it any real encouragement. The difficulties are very great; but surely to those who believe they ought to be a spur and an incitement and a plea. To any one who wishes it a printed statement and history of Mr. Rosenthal's work will, I am sure, be gladly sent by him if he is communicated with at 195, Graham Road, Hackney.'

I will only add that the following Hymn has been lately written on this subject in special relation to the text, to which particular allusion has been made above. It was used at a meeting for which it was prepared, and appeared afterwards in a Church paper, but it may be new to most of the readers of this Magazine.

HYMN OF INTERCESSION FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS. .

'The gifts and calling of God are without repentance.'

ROMANS xi. 29.

(TUNE: Dalkeith, or Troyte No. 1.)

'Unchanging God, hear from eternal Heaven:
We plead Thy gifts of grace, for ever given,
Thy call, without repentance, calling still,
The sure election of Thy sovereign will.

Out of our faith in Thee, Who canst not lie,
Out of our heart's desire, goes up our cry,
From hope's sweet vision of the things to be,
From love to those who still are loved by Thee.

Bring Thy beloved back, Thine Israel,
Thine own elect who from Thy favour fell,
But not from Thine election!—Oh, forgive,
Speak but the word, and, lo! the dead will live.

Father of mercies! these the long-astay,
These in soul-blindness now the far-away,
These are not aliens, but Thy sons of yore—
Oh, by Thy Fatherhood, restore, restore!

Light of the world, Emmanuel, King Divine
Yet Human, Virgin-born, of David's line,
These are Thy brethren, fallen in the night,
Oh, bid them rise and gather to Thy light.

Spirit of grace, Who, by Messiah's Cross,
Didst make the alien rich, through Israel's loss,
Much more, through Israel's fulness, let Thy breath
Quicken with life the whole wide world of death.

Breathe on Thy Church, that it may greet the day,
Stir up her will to toil, and teach, and pray,
Till Zionward again Salvation come,
And all her outcast children are at home.

Triune Jehovah, Thine the Grace, the Power,
Thine all the work, its past, its future hour;
O un-repenting God, Thy gifts fulfil,
And crown the Calling of Thy changeless will. Amen.'

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Spider. Have you seen this beautiful book of the National Society, a real prize to any one who loves the deep side of art—*The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*, illustrated from early Italian painters?

Arachne. I hope some one, or rather many, will take the intense delight in it that I had when very young in fine engravings, though, indeed, those I used to look at were of a period before pre-Raphaelism was discovered, and scarcely included even Leonardo da Vinci. These earlier painters have, as Mr. Palgrave says in his beautiful preface, the vision—though less of an anatomical knowledge and execution.

S. No wonder they are more divine, considering how Fra Angelico painted. These chromo-lithographs, I suppose, give one as nearly an idea of the picture as anything can.

A. Nothing really does that. I have not seen many of the great pictures of the world; but those I have seen, though I knew them well in prints and copies, and had even copied prints of some myself, in the pencil-work that was then the fashion, were an absolute revelation to me—all the more, no doubt, from previous study; but infinitely surpassing all I had gathered from the poor imitations.

S. Then will it be so with these? How beautiful some of them are, especially Angelico's and Luini's.

A. No doubt they cannot come up to the glories of their originals; but they train the eye and thought towards these—as I suppose all beautiful things do towards the all-surpassing things beyond.

S. And they can be all the more widely spread, since the illustrations can be had separately in packets of cards.

A. Have you any more to show me after your shopping raid?

S. Here is a nice red book of *Action Songs for Infant Schools*, by Miss Rooper (Griffith and Farren); and for the little ones at home, a delicious book of *Animal Stories*, illustrated by Harrison Weir (Sampson Low).

A. The little ones are well off this year. There is Mr. Skeffington's *Please Tell me a Tale*, and a capital story called *At Granny's (Masters)*; besides Miss Hullah's very amusing *Lion Battalion*—that is what names her book, and is a very funny story of a quaint little German boy; but the second, 'The Fireman's Little Maid' is the beauty. That, indeed, is not only for little ones. It much delighted the mothers at a meeting to which I read it.

S. And there is a very nice child's book of Miss Selby Lowndes called *New Honours* (Warne), about some children, who find themselves lords and ladies, and at first think it all a joke. Mrs. Molesworth's story this year is called *Us*, and is about being stolen by gipsies. Have you seen anything good for the boys?

A. If they care about conjuring, *Dick the Conjuror* (Warne), by Professor Hoffman, will delight them, and it is a good, sound, spirited book. There are two of their own special sort, by Ballantyne, both published by Nesbit, *The Island Queen* and *The Rover of the Andes*; also a whole heap of schoolboy stories—not particularly natural, I say—the best of which is *Oughts and Crosses* (Shaw). I doubt whether schoolboy books ever approve themselves much to school-boys. Tom Hughes's and Ascot Hope's are delightful to the sisters at home and the little boys who aspire to school; but the boys who are in the midst of it want more of the life beyond—and there are some grand realities for them in Mrs. Valentine's *On Honour's Roll* (Warne), brave deeds of the present century. Some boys, too, will like the realities of another kind in Miss Gayes's *The World's Lumber Room* (Cassell), telling the wonderful manufactures from refuse of all kinds.

S. Miss Stebbing's *Among the Carbonari* (Hatchard), they will like.

A. Another pretty book, which the lending library and mothers will like, is *Afloat* (Shaw); and one of the nicest novelettes I have seen this year is *Nigel Lennox of Glen Irvine* (Hodder and Stoughton). One more useful book for those who wish to promote temperance with those useful things, coffee stalls and barrows, is *Coffee and Stall Management* (Gill), written from real experience.

S. And here, alas! is *Aunt Judy's* last volume, with that charming story "That Child," quite worthy of the former ones! Mrs. Carey Brock's *Church Echoes* (Seeley) is an excellent book of teachings and practical illustrations of the *Prayer-book*, going as far as the end of the Litany. The story part is very interesting, and the lessons excellent, and I hope it will be widely read. Miss Pitcairn's *A Golden Thread* (Skeffington) is just the book to teach the youngest Sunday classes, from a mixture of teaching, question and story. *Children at Church*, by Caroline Croome, is the best thing I have seen for teaching very young children the meaning of the services.

A. Nor must we forget *Our Little Ann* (Walter Smith), another of the peculiarly delightful books of the author of *Miss Toosey*.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for January.

1. Quote passages of English Poetry, in which any of the famous cities, mountains, rivers, or islands of Greece are celebrated. Write brief geographical notes on the names thus introduced.

2. What is known of the origin of the Hellenes, and from what source is our knowledge derived? Give some account of their eponymous ancestor and his descendants (explaining the term 'eponymous').

3. Relate the legend of the Return of the Heraclidæ, and give a list of the Dorian States.

4. Who were the Rhapsodists? What services were rendered by Pisistratus to the Homeric Poems?

Answers should be sent, by February 1st, to 'Clio,' under cover to the Publisher of the 'Monthly Packet.' Each set (of four answers) should be written on one side of the paper only, signed with a *nom de plume*, and not greatly exceed four pages of foolscap.

A Prize will be given, at the end of the year, for the best series of answers on Grecian History.

Books recommended, from which a selection may be made for Study and Reference:—Smith, *Students' Greece*, 7s. 6d.; Smith, *Classical Antiquities*, 7s. 6d.; Fyffe's *Greece* (Primer) 1s.; Gladstone's *Homer* (Primer) 1s.; Laurie's *English Language* (Primer) 1s.; Freeman's *History of Greece*; Max Müller, *Lectures on the Science of Language*, 2 vols.; Grote's *Greece*, 12 vols.; Thirlwall's *Greece*, 7 vols.

SPIDER QUESTION.

The Queen's regnant in the Spanish Peninsula.

Notices to Correspondents.

WE are sorry to say that an accident has befallen some of our letters—one in especial, asking for the return of Enid's Ugly Duckling. It would have been returned long ago, if the address had been written *on* the MS. We take this opportunity of saying, that unless addresses are sent, not with, but *on* the MS., we cannot be responsible for returning them.

We take this opportunity of giving extracts from two letters on Drummond's 'Natural Law.'

It appears to me that Drummond has given a marvellous opportunity to Churchmen to show that just as he proves that the teaching of Modern Scientific Agnosticism falls short at the precise point where revelation takes up the tale, and that it falls short by reason of its own inherent defects; that it *cannot* go beyond that point because it has no data, and no starting-point; so we may prove that Drummond's teaching falls short and stops also at a further point, the point where Sacramental Doctrine takes up the tale, and that he stops there because of the impossibility of going further inherent in his system of Theology. He sees the identity of the law of biogenesis in both worlds, natural and spiritual, and teaches it with a force hitherto unequalled; but owing to his having never learnt the full teaching of Scripture and the Catholic Church on the subject of our Sacramental union with Christ, he limits, or seems to limit, salvation to the spirit of man alone, which alone of the three parts of man's nature has, in his view, the necessary 'correspondence with the Eternal Environment.' Body and soul appearing to him to be without that correspondence, and therefore to have no part in the life beyond the grave, nor apparently in the life eternal here. Though there is in the book no explicit denial of the resurrection of the body, or the communion of saints, there is at least an implied absence of belief in them in any real sense; and this, not because his method of argument is wrong or his logic unsound, but because his knowledge of the laws of the spiritual kingdom is imperfect, and he thus leaves out an important factor in the case.

Having read with much interest the Article which appeared in the October number of your magazine upon Professor Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World,' may I be allowed to point out an important particular in which the writer of that article appears to me to misapprehend the author's meaning, viz., as

regards the expression, 'Law of Nature.' Does not, I would submit, Professor Drummond evidently use the term as it is now, I believe, invariably used by scientific men, which term has been formulated for us by Professor Huxley* thus: A Law of Nature is the assertion that a certain effect will always follow a certain cause, or that certain events always take place in the same order.

Now, in the chapter on Biogenesis, the Law of Nature, the assertion of cause and effect, which the Professor exhibits as governing the spiritual world, is: that life can only come from life, i.e. is incapable of generating itself. All spiritual life, and all goodness therefore (the evidence of spiritual life), comes from the life Divine. Consciousness of the moment in which it was granted, or the life lying dormant, and perhaps never generating, does not affect the argument. So again in the chapter on Degeneration, the assertion is that a plant or creature, altered by the introduction of fresh factors, will, upon those factors ceasing to operate, revert to the original type; degenerate, as it is technically called, since it will lose faculties it had gained.

The accident, therefore, of the first type being superior or inferior to the cultivated form, does not affect the argument. In the spiritual world, who can question that a reversion to the 'natural man' would be degeneration in every sense of the word.

So again as regards Nature removing organs that are disused, the writer of the article asks, 'Who can decide when the religious faculty in any soul is absolutely extinct?' None indeed; but here the assertion surely is: that in the spiritual, as in the natural world, a faculty which is *never* used, *will* cease to exist—that there will come a time when it cannot be used.

So throughout the book it will, I think, be found that the laws brought forward as governing the spiritual as the natural world upon the acceptance of the scientific use of the term, Law of Nature, to apply, as far as we may judge, to both kingdoms.

Apologising for intruding these remarks upon you, for which my excuse must be the importance of the question raised, and all the desirability that a work so widely read should not be misconstrued in so important a particular.

Can any one tell A. E. the name of the man (probably Ancient Greek), who had his teeth so completely joined together, that they formed but one tooth in the upper jaw, and one in the lower?

'Alas! how easily things go wrong.' Miss M. Shipley, 3 Westbourne Villas, Acton, W., has a new copy of this song in D, published by Joseph Williams at 4s. She will send it post-free for 12 stamps if S. S. Cuthbert will give the full address.

'Alas! how easily things go wrong,' is one of 'Six songs composed and dedicated to Mrs. Osgood,' by F. Cowen, price 6s., published by Joseph Williams. It is also published separately at, I believe, 2s. Perhaps this is not the setting L. M. F. wishes to get; but she will find it very pretty.

E. M. E.

Anonymous Querist.—Mary Hamilton was hanged for murdering a child.

S. D. Pelliccia's 'Polity of the Christian Church' says the shortness of the hair of the clergy was simply the survival of the old Roman custom for all men, worn by the clergy in distinction to the long hair of the barbarians, and varied by tradition in the Roman fashion, known as St. Peter's, the Greek as St. Paul's, the Celtic as St. John's. Neither he nor Pugin refers it to the Crown of Thorns. The analogy was probably an after-thought. Both quote from Mabillon.

B. would be very glad if any of the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' could tell her where she may find the rest of the hymn, of which the last verse is,

'To that brightest of all meetings,
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last
To Thy cross, through Death and Judgment,
Holding fast,'

and also who is the author.

Those who wish to answer the Spider Questions should send 1s. of stamps yearly, and adopt a *nom de plume*. Answers to be written on one side only of the paper, and sent (before the 27th of the month in which the questions are asked) to 'Arachne,' care of the Editor of the 'Monthly Packet,' 34, King Street, Covent Garden.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

I close this year's reports with thanks to many of the members for the very good specimens and papers that have been sent to me, and for the regularity with which they have been sent. But I must also say that the year has been marked by great irregularity, both on the part of the President and of many of the members. The President's irregularity was caused by a combination of circumstances over which he had no control; but for the irregularity of some of the members I can give no satisfactory account. I have received numerous complaints that the monthly parcels have in some cases not been sent at all, and in other cases have been detained most unreasonably. I must ask all the members to copy and keep carefully the new list that will be sent with the first parcel of the year, and in no case to keep the parcel more than a day, and if absent from home, to leave directions for its being properly forwarded. The whole well-being of such a society as ours depends on the members working together, and strictly conforming to rules. If any members do not receive the parcel in good time, they should write to the member next in order above them. I append a list of subjects for the year 1886, and I shall be

glad to receive as soon as possible the names and subscriptions of those who wish to continue as members, and the names of any others who are desirous of joining the society as vacancies occur.

VERTUMNUS II.

BITTON VICARAGE, *December 12, 1885.*

List of Subjects.

January.—Pinus and Taxus (leaves only).

February.—Ranunculus.

March.—Oxalis—Mercurialis.

April.—Arum—Silene.

May.—Lychnis—Convolvulus.

June.—Euphorbia—Geranium.

July.—Linum—Dianthus.

August.—Humulus—Lythrum.

September.—Urtica—Spargonium.

October.—Prunella—Galeopsis.

November.—Rumex.

December.—During the year it would be a good practice for the members to note any rare plants they find, and to send the list, with the localities at the end of the year, instead of a special subject for the month.

The Monthly Packet.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

'Sae now he's o'er the floods sae gray,
And Lord Maxwell has ta'en his good-night.'
LORD MAXWELL'S 'Good-night.'

MADAME LA COMTESSE DE BOURKE was by no means a helpless fine lady. She had several times accompanied her husband on his expeditions, and had only not gone with him to Madrid because he did not expect to be long absent, and she sorely rued the separation.

She was very busy in her own room, superintending the packing, and assisting in it, when her own clever fingers were more effective than those of her maids. She was in her *robe de chambre*, a dark blue wrapper, embroidered with white, and put on more neatly than was always the case with French ladies in *déshabille*. The hoop, long stiff stays, rich brocade robe, and fabric of powdered hair were equally unsuitable to ease or exertion, and consequently were seldom assumed till late in the day, when the toilette was often made in public.

So Madame de Bourke's hair was simply rolled out of her way, and she appeared in her true colours, as a little brisk, bonny woman, with no actual beauty, but very expressive light grey eyes, furnished with intensely long black lashes, and a sweet mobile lively countenance.

Estelle was trying to amuse little Jacques, and prevent him from trotting between the boxes, putting all sorts of undesirable goods into them; and Ulysse had collected his toys, and was pleading earnestly that a headless wooden horse and a kite, twice as tall as himself, of Lanty's manufacture, might go with them.

He was told that another *cerf-volant* should be made for him at the journey's end; but was only partially consoled, and his mother was fain to compound for a box of woolly lambs. Estelle winked away a tear

when her doll was rejected, a wooden, highly painted lady, bedizened in brocade, and so dear to her soul that it was hard to be told that she was too old for such toys, and that the Swedes would be shocked to see the Ambassador's daughter embracing a doll. She had, however, to preserve her character of a reasonable child, and tried to derive consolation from the permission to bestow 'Mademoiselle' upon the *concierge's* little sick daughter, who would be sure to cherish her duly.

'But, oh mamma, I pray you to let me take my book!'

'Assuredly, my child. Let us see! What? Télémaque? Not "Prince Percinot and Princess Gracieuse?"'

'I am tired of them, mamma.'

'Nor Madame d'Aulnoy's Fairy tales?'

'O no, thank you, mamma; I love nothing so well as Télémaque.'

'Thou art a droll child!' said her mother.

'Ah, but we are going to be like Télémaque.'

'Heaven forbid!' said the poor lady.

'Yes, dear mamma, I am glad you are going with us instead of staying at home to weave and unweave webs. If Penelope had been like *you*, she would have gone!'

'Take care, is not Jacques acting Penelope?' said Madame de Bourke, unable to help smiling at her little daughter's glib mythology, while going to the rescue of the embroidery silks, in which her youngest son was entangling himself.

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a message was brought that the Countess of Nithsdale begged the favour of a few minutes' conversation in private with Madame. The Scottish title fared better on the lips of La Jeunesse than it would have done on those of his predecessor. There was considerable intimacy among all the Jacobite exiles in and about Paris; and Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale, though living a very quiet and secluded life, was held in highest estimation among all who recollected the act of wifely heroism by which she had rescued her husband from the block.

Madame de Bourke bade the maids carry off the little Jacques, and Ulysse followed; but Estelle, who had often listened with rapt attention to the story of the escape, and longed to feast her eyes on the heroine, remained in her corner, usefully employed in disentangling the embroilment of silks, and with the illustrations to her beloved Télémaque as a resource in case the conversation should be tedious. Children who have hundreds of picture books to rustle through can little guess how their predecessors could once dream over one.

Estelle made her low reverence unnoticed, and watched with eager eyes as the slight figure entered, clad in the stately costume that was regarded as proper respect to her hostess; but the long loose *sacque* of blue silk was faded, the *feuille-morte* velvet petticoat frayed, the lace on the neck and sleeves washed and mended; there were no jewels on

the sleeves, though the long gloves fitted exquisitely, no gems in the buckles of the high-heeled shoes, and the only ornament in the carefully rolled and powdered hair, a white rose. Her face was thin and worn, with pleasant brown eyes. Estelle could not think her as beautiful as Calypso inconsolable for Ulysses, or Antiope receiving the boar's head. 'I know she is better than either,' thought the little maid; 'but I wish she was more like Minerva.'

The Countesses met with the lowest of courtseys, and apologies on the one side for intrusion, on the other for *déshabille*, concluded with an embrace really affectionate, though consideration for powder made it necessarily somewhat theatrical in appearance.

These were the stiffest of days, just before formality had become unbearable, and the reaction of simplicity had set in, and Estelle had undone two desperate knots in the green and yellow silks before the preliminary compliments were over, and Lady Nithsdale arrived at the point.

'Madame is about to rejoin *Monsieur son Mari*.'

'I am about to have that happiness.'

'That is the reason I have been bold enough to derange her.'

'Do not mention it. It is always a delight to see *Madame la Comtesse*.'

'Ah! what will Madame say when she hears that it is to ask a great favour of her.'

'Madame may reckon on me for whatever she would command.'

'If you can grant it—oh! Madame,' cried the Scottish Countess, beginning to drop her formality in her eagerness, 'we shall be for ever beholden to you, and you will make a wounded heart to sing, besides perhaps saving a noble young spirit.'

'Madame makes me impatient to hear what she would have of me,' said the French Countess, becoming a little on her guard, as the wife of a diplomatist, recollecting, too, that peace with George I. might mean war with the Jacobites.

'I know not whether a young kinsman of my Lord's has ever been presented to Madame. His name is Arthur Maxwell Hope; but we call him usually by his Christian name.'

'A tall, dark, handsome youth, almost like a Spaniard, or a picture by Vandyke? It seems to me that I have seen him with M. le Comte.' (Madame de Bourke could not venture on such a word as Nithsdale.)

'Madame is right. The mother of the boy is a Maxwell, a cousin not far removed from my Lord, but he could not hinder her from being given in marriage as second wife to Sir David Hope, already an old man. He was good to her, but when he died, the sons by the first wife were harsh and unkind to her, and to her son, of whom they had always been jealous. The eldest was a creature of my Lord Stair, and altogether a Whig; indeed, he now holds an office at the Court of the Elector of Hanover, and has been created one of *his* peers.' (The scorn with which the gentle Winifred uttered those words was worth

seeing, and the other noble lady gave a little derisive laugh.) 'These half-brothers declared that Lady Hope was nurturing the young Arthur in Toryism and disaffection, and they made it a plea for separating him from her, and sending him to an old minister, who kept a school, and who was very severe and even cruel to the poor boy. But I am wearying Madame.'

'Oh no, I listen with the deepest interest.'

'Finally, when the King was expected in Scotland, and men's minds were full of anger and bitterness, as well as hope and spirit, the boy—he was then only fourteen years of age—boasted of his grandfather's having fought at Killiecrankie, and used language which the tutor pronounced treasonable. He was punished and confined to his room; but in the night he made his escape and joined the royal army. My husband was grieved to see him, told him he had no right to political opinions, and tried to send him home in time to make his peace before all was lost. Alas! no. The little fellow did, indeed, pass out safely from Preston, but only to join my Lord Mar. He was among the gentlemen who embarked at Banff; and when my Lord, by Heaven's mercy, had escaped from the Tower of London, and we arrived at Paris, almost the first person we saw was little Arthur, whom we thought to have been safe at home. We have kept him with us, and I contrived to let his mother know that he is living, for she had mourned him as among the slain.'

'Poor mother.'

'You may well pity her, Madame. She writes to me that if Arthur had returned at once from Preston, as my Lord advised, all would have been passed over as a schoolboy frolic; and, indeed, he has never been attainted; but there is nothing that his eldest brother, Lord Burnside as they call him, dreads so much as that it should be known that one of his family was engaged in the campaign, or that he is keeping such ill company as we are. Therefore, at her request, we have never called him Hope, but let him go by our name of Maxwell, which is his by baptism; and now she tells me that if he could make his way to Scotland, not as if coming from Paris or Bar-le-Duc, but merely as if travelling on the Continent, his brother would consent to his return.'

'Would she be willing that he should live under the usurper?'

'Madame, to tell you the truth,' said Lady Nithsdale, 'the Lady Hope is not one to heed the question of usurpers, so long as her son is safe and a good lad. Nay, for my part, we all lived peaceably and happily enough under Queen Anne; and by all I hear, so they still do at home under the Elector of Hanover.'

'The Regent has acknowledged him,' put in the French lady.

'Well,' said the poor exile, 'I know my Lord felt that it was his duty to obey the summons of his lawful sovereign, and that, as he said when he took up arms, one can only do one's duty and take the consequences; but oh! when I look at the misery and desolation that has come of it, when I think of the wives not so happy as I am, when

I see my dear Lord wearing out his life in banishment, and think of our dear home and our poor people, I am tempted to wonder whether it were indeed a duty, or whether there were any right to call on brave men without a more steadfast purpose not to abandon them !'

'It would have been very different if the Duke of Berwick had led the way,' observed Madame de Bourke. 'Then my husband would have gone, but being French subjects, honour stayed both him and the Duke as long as the Regent made no move.' The good lady, of course, thought that the Marshal Duke and her own Count must secure victory ; but Lady Nithsdale was intent on her own branch of the subject, and did not pursue 'what might have been.'

'After all,' she said, 'poor Arthur, at fourteen, could have no true political convictions. He merely fled because he was harshly treated, heard his grandfather branded as a traitor, and had an enthusiasm for my husband, who had been kind to him. It was a mere boy's escapade, and if he had returned home when my Lord bade him, it would only have been remembered as such. He knows it now, and I frankly tell you, Madame, that what he has seen of our exiled court has not increased his ardour in the cause.'

'Alas, no,' said Madame de Bourke. 'If the Chevalier de St. George were other than he is, it would be easier to act in his behalf.'

'And you agree with me, Madame,' continued the visitor, 'that nothing can be worse or more hopeless for a youth than the life to which we are constrained here, with our whole shadow of hope in intrigue ; and for our men, no occupation worthy of their sex. We women are not so ill off, with our children and domestic affairs ; but it breaks my heart to see brave gentlemen's lives thus wasted. We have done our best for Arthur. He has studied with one of our good clergy, and my Lord himself has taught him to fence ; but we cannot treat him any longer as a boy, and I know not what is to be his future, unless we can return him to his own country.'

'Our army,' suggested Madame de Bourke.

'Ah ! but he is Protestant.'

'A heretic !' exclaimed the lady, drawing herself up. 'But——'

'Oh, do not refuse me on that account. He is a good lad, and has lived enough among Catholics to keep his opinions in the background. But you understand that it is another reason for wishing to convey him, if not to Scotland, to some land like Sweden or Prussia, where his faith would not be a bar to his promotion.'

'What is it you would have me do ?' said Madame de Bourke, more coldly.

'If Madame would permit him to be included in her passport, as about to join the Ambassador's suite, and thus conduct him to Sweden ; Lady Hope would find means to communicate with him from thence, the poor young man would be saved from a ruined career, and the heart of the widow and mother would bless you for ever.'

Madame de Bourke was touched, but she was a prudent woman, and paused to ask whether the youth had shown any tendency to run into temptation, from which Lady Nithsdale wished to remove him.

'Oh, no,' she answered; 'he was a perfectly good docile lad, though high-spirited, submissive to the Earl, and a kind playfellow to her little girls; it was his very excellence that made it so unfortunate that he should thus be stranded in early youth in consequence of one boyish folly.'

The Countess began to yield. She thought he might go as a Secretary to her Lord, and she owned that if he was a brave young man, he would be an addition to her little escort, which only numbered two men besides her brother-in-law, the Abbé, who was of almost as little account as his young nephew. 'But I should warn you, Madame,' added Madame de Bourke, 'that it may be a very dangerous journey. I own to you, though I would not tell my poor mother, that my heart fails me when I think of it, and were it not for the express commands of their father, I would not risk my poor children on it.'

'I do not think you will find Sweden otherwise than a cheerful and pleasant abode,' said Lady Nithsdale.

'Ah! if we were only in Sweden, or with my husband, all would be well!' replied the other lady; 'but we have to pass through the mountains, and the Catalans are always ill-affected to us French.'

'Nay; but you are a party of women, and belong to an Ambassador!' was the answer.

'What do those robbers care for that? We are all the better prey for them! I have heard histories of Spanish cruelty and lawlessness that would make you shudder! You cannot guess at the dreadful presentiments that have haunted me ever since I had my husband's letter.'

'There is danger everywhere, dear friend,' said Lady Nithsdale kindly; 'but God finds a way for us through all.'

'Ah! you have experienced it,' said Madame de Bourke. 'Let us proceed to the affairs. I only thought I should tell you the truth.'

Lady Nithsdale answered for the courage of her protégé, and it was further determined that he should be presented to her that evening by the Earl at the farewell reception which Madame de Varennes was to hold on her daughter's behalf, when it could be determined in what capacity he should be named in the passport.

Estelle, who had been listening with all her ears, and trying to find a character in Fénelon's romance to be represented by Arthur Hope, now further heard it explained that the party were to go southward to meet her father at one of the Mediterranean ports, as the English Government were so suspicious of Jacobites that he did not venture on taking the direct route by sea, but meant to travel through Germany. Madame de Bourke expected to meet her brother at Avignon, and to obtain his advice as to her further route.

Estelle heard this with great satisfaction. 'We shall go to the Mediterranean Sea and be in danger,' she said to herself, unfolding the map at the beginning of her *Télémaque*; 'that is quite right! Perhaps we shall see Calypso's island.'

She begged hard to be allowed to sit up that evening to see the hero of the escape from the Tower of London, as well as the travelling companion destined for her, and she prevailed, for mamma pronounced that she had been very sage and reasonable all day, and the grand-mamma, who was so soon to part with her, could refuse her nothing. So she was full dressed, with hair curled, and permitted to stand by the tall high-backed chair where the old lady sat to receive her visitors.

The Marquise de Varennes was a small withered woman, with keen eyes, and a sort of sparkle of manner, and power of setting people at ease that made her the more charming the older she grew. An experienced eye could detect that she retained the costume of the prime of Louis XIV., when headdresses were less high than that which her daughter was obliged to wear. For the two last mortal hours of that busy day had poor Madame de Bourke been compelled to sit under the hands of the hairdresser, who was building up, with paste and powder and the like, an original conception of his, namely, a northern landscape, with snow-laden trees, drifts of snow, diamond icicles, and even a cottage beside an ice-bound stream. She could ill-spare the time, and longed to be excused; but the artist had begged so hard to be allowed to carry out his brilliant and unique idea, this last time of attending on Madame l'Ambassadrice, that there was no resisting him, and perhaps her strange forebodings made her less willing to inflict a disappointment on the poor man. It would have been strange to contrast the fabric of vanity building up outside her head, with the melancholy bodings within it, as she sat motionless under the hairdresser's fingers; but at the end she roused herself to smile gratefully, and give the admiration that was felt to be due to the monstrosity that crowned her. Forbearance and Christian patience may be exercised even on a *toilette à la Louis XV.* Long practice enabled her to walk about, seat herself, rise and curtsy without detriment to the edifice, or bestowing the powder either on her neighbours, or on the richly-flowered white brocade she wore; while she received the compliments, one after another, of ladies in even more gorgeous array, and gentlemen in velvet coats, adorned with gold lace, cravats of exquisite fabric, and diamond shoe buckles.

Phelim Burke, otherwise l'Abbé de St. Eudoe, stood near her. He was a thin yellow and freckled youth, with sandy hair and typical Irish features, but without their drollery, and his face was what might have been expected in a half-starved, half-clad gossoon in a cabin, rather than surmounting a silken soutane in a Parisian salon; but he had a pleasant smile when kindly addressed by his friends.

Presently Lady Nithsdale drew near, accompanied by a tall, grave gentleman, and bringing with them a still taller youth, with the

stiffest of backs and the longest of legs, who, when presented, made a bow apparently from the end of his spine, like Estelle's lamented Dutch-jointed doll when made to sit down. Moreover, he was more shabbily dressed than any other gentleman present, with a general out-grown look about his coat, and darns in his silk stockings; and though they were by the hand of a Countess, that did not add to their elegance. And as he stood as stiff as a ramrod or as a sentinel, Estelle's good breeding was all called into play, and her mother's heart quailed as she said to herself, 'A great raw Scot! What can be done with him?'

Lord Nithsdale spoke for him, thinking he had better go as Secretary, and showing some handwriting of good quality. 'Did he know any languages?' 'French, English, Latin, and some Greek.' 'And, Madame,' added Lord Nithsdale, 'not only is his French much better than mine, as you would hear if the boy durst open his mouth, but our broad Scotch is so like Swedish that he will almost be an interpreter there.'

However hopeless Madame de Bourke felt, she smiled and professed herself rejoiced to hear it, and it was further decided that Arthur Maxwell Hope, aged eighteen, Scot by birth, should be mentioned among those of the Ambassador's household for whom she demanded passports. Her position rendered this no matter of difficulty, and it was wiser to give the full truth to the home authorities; but as it was desirable that it should not be reported to the English Government that Lord Burnside's brother was in the suite of the Jacobite Count de Bourke, he was only to be known to the public by his first name, which was not much harder to French lips than Maxwell or Hope.

'Tall, and black, and awkward,' said Estelle, describing him to her brother. 'I shall not like him, I shall call him Phalante instead of Arthur.'

'Arthur,' said Ulysse; 'King Arthur was turned into a crow!'

'Well, this Arthur is like a crow—a great black skinny crow with torn feathers.'

(To be continued.)

ASTRAY.

FELICIA'S JOURNAL.

Nov. 20.

I HAVE been much too busy to think of writing in my grumbling old journal, but to-night I have a little time. After all my father was wrong and Mr. King right. There has been a terrible epidemic, and Frida and I have been helping to do what we can. My father was furious at first at the bare idea of Frida and myself having anything to do with the fever; but when Mrs. Lyndhurst began to take children into her house, and when Mr. Forester came to him almost in despair about the sick people, he gave in. Frida simply told him that she could nurse, and, therefore, she must; and I have noticed once or twice that when she is determined he always gives in. After this first step was taken, my father was as anxious as Mr. Forester himself about the wants of the people (no one is really more kind-hearted at the bottom than he is), and the way he organised relief and visiting was quite wonderful. Military discipline was shown to advantage, and sometimes my father does surprise me so much by doing things I should never dream of his undertaking. Frida nursed one of the Ellis' children in Hogg's Buildings, and she gained such an influence over the whole family that she had no trouble in getting her orders obeyed. I suppose I was less patient; but it took me some time to get accustomed to the foolish things the poor people will do. Some of them seemed so painfully lacking in common sense. The worst of all this was that we were constantly meeting Mr. King, for he threw himself into the work with professional enthusiasm, Rufus Blackstone being away, and the poor old Doctor quite bewildered and glad to accept even Mr. King's help. The poor people call him *our* Doctor, to distinguish him from *the* Doctor, and certainly, whatever his motives may have been, no one could have done more than he has. I am obliged to confess, all the same, that I dread and dislike meeting him, which can't be helped at times.

Dec. 6th.—The fever has been terrible. Rufus Blackstone came back, but there was work enough for all the three doctors, and for the nurses they procured. The Mission-room has been turned into a dispensary and soup-kitchen, and Frida's pale paintings look so nice; the people often gaze up at them, and it seems to comfort them a little. Frida is working as hard as ever; it does not seem to hurt her, though my father gets anxious about her, more I think than about me.

He says he shall never forgive himself if she falls ill. Rachel King is doing wonders, and Frida is happy when she can get a talk with her. Rufus Blackstone is laid up with a fall; I hear Mr. King has been attending him. Now and then Mr. King and I meet, but we keep strictly to professional matters, and there is no time for more than just hearing his directions.

24th.—Mr. King has the fever badly, and Frida goes about with a look of anxiety in her eyes, and her mouth kept resolutely calm. We have got so much into the habit of not mentioning him to each other now that I simply cannot begin, though I would give anything to be sure that the happiness of her life does not depend upon his life or death. Mr. Marsh came up yesterday and told us about him, talking of him with so much anxiety that my father showed no disposition to say anything that could hurt his feelings; indeed, there was a softened sound of regret in his grunt. Frida was out, and I walked with Mr. Marsh to the garden gate. As I stood there, he said, 'Perhaps, Miss Heath, you might like to send him a message. What you said about his having murdered your brother has weighed upon his mind—he was talking about it in a confused way last night. And though I don't wonder at your having the idea you have, you know the St. Peter's man Rutherford talked to gave quite a different version of the facts.'

I thought of Owen's last words to me about him, but I could not give in then. 'I believe in my own version, Mr. Marsh, not in gossip Mr. Rutherford may have picked up. I am sorry Mr. King is ill; but I don't think such a message as I could give would make him any better.'

'If you knew what he has gone through,' he said; and there was a tone of such earnest pleading in his voice that I felt disposed to soften, and had to call up all my courage to say, 'I am afraid I can't,' and walked off indoors.

Later on in the day Mrs. Lyndhurst asked me to come up to talk over some one to take charge of the little ones she still has on hand, as she was going to the Priory.

She actually did not mention Mr. King, for which I was grateful to her; I was afraid she might take the same line as Mr. Marsh had done, but just as I was saying good-bye, who should come up to the door but old Twisledon, who asked her if she could tell him how 'our Doctor was getting along.'

'I am afraid he is very, very ill,' was her answer, and she looked quite sad.

The old man answered: 'Well, ma'am, I hope the Lord won't think fit to take he, for there's many as 'ull miss him, and I can speak from my own experience, seeing I've summered and wintered him, and found him allus the same, as kind and good a gentleman as ever I've seen, and though he has his enemies, like the rest on us, as throws what he done once at his head, why I say they ought to be ashamed of them—'

selves, seeing as they ought to leave judging for the Almighty, and the Bible says as there's no one good enough to throw stones at his neighbour.'

The old man put it all so quaintly that Mrs. Lyndhurst smiled, but somehow I felt terribly convicted, just as if Twisledon had seen into my heart.

Mrs. Lyndhurst said something about Mr. King having done his best for his fellow-creatures, to which the old man answered—

'Aye, aye, ma'am, there was a good granite foundation—ignous rock as has come out o' the fire—and we poor folks soon found that out, it don't want no book learning to know what kind o' stuff a man's made of.' With that he walked off, and Mrs. Lyndhurst nodded her good-bye and thanks to me. When I had gone a little way towards home an impulse seized me, and I ran back and found Mrs. Lyndhurst in her greenhouse picking a few flowers.

'Shall you see Rachel King?' I said.

'Yes; I am taking these flowers to her for the sick-room.'

'Then will you tell her from me that—I mean if she will tell her brother that Owen begged me to let him know some day that he cared for him and believed in him to the end. He will understand.'

This was the hardest thing I ever did in my life. I ran away directly—and half repented on the way home. However—yes, I feel that Owen would be pleased, and that in time perhaps I may forgive Burton King this. I should like Frida to know this, but I cannot tell her. Yes; if he is really repentant, I am sorry I hurt him more, and yet why do I say *really*? These words keep ringing in my ears, 'Who art thou that judgest another?'

FRANK MARSH'S JOURNAL.

Nov. 17.

How little I thought this time last year of how my life would be changed before the trees were brown again! Sometimes I think it will all pass away like a dream and leave me to my books and myself. When I saw that one bright face pass my window, and when I ridiculed all the Emeryites for speculating whether they ought to call on Miss King; I did not believe in new friendships, or in the casual acquaintanceships of later years making any difference in one's life. But the last twelve months has stretched out one's feelings considerably.

I don't know why I am moralising, except that I find it has the effect of a mental pipe upon me, and will help me to go to sleep after this day of anxiety, into which we have slipped by such slowly growing degrees. Last year, if typhoid fever had broken out in Emery, I should simply have gone up to London, and waited till it was over. And now, I have been in the thick of the fight, and have actually grown enthusiastic on the subject of sanitary reform, stirred up by Burton King's crazy desire to look after his fellow-creatures.

Besides, I could not leave him to fight the battle alone. Lady Lyndhurst writes that Lylie is glad that her brother should have a friend. She will at least know that it is a disinterested friendship. And Burton and his sister have been very kind to me. I find that they would have willingly consented to give me their child. Burton even told me that my proposal had cured for ever the feeling that he had deprived his young sisters of every chance in life. And I see they all think that I frightened and hurried her, and that perhaps, by-and-by— Well, there is enough to do in the present without dwelling on the future, though I hope matters are mending, like Rufus Blackstone's leg. I am not sure that his mind is getting on so well. He is puzzled, however, and that is a new sensation for him.

I am getting very anxious about Burton himself. The fatigue he has to go through is very severe, and he *must* suffer from the long strain, and the shock of hearing of the death of that young Owen Heath. Besides, if Burton were the accomplished hypocrite, which some people think him, Nature has not fitted him out well for the part, having a face given to self-betrayal. His sister Rachel can wear a mask better than he can, and if that tall, stately Miss Wood is ignorant of his feelings towards her, she must be a curiously in-observant person. If he gets this fever it will go hard with him.

20th.—He *has* got it, and it *is* going hard with him, as I knew it would. He will never show the world of what such penitence as his can be capable. That is, if they are not convinced by his conduct now. For himself, who can grieve? I can read the riddle of his history now, and I see how the act was done by an over-sensitive nature in the agonising dread of shame and exposure. *Now*, he has expiated his fatal cowardice by braving, for the sake of others, all the shame from which he must long to escape. And he will escape. He said to-day that he was glad to leave the girls to a kind brother, a protector. And a protector they shall have, whether I ever have a brother's right to help Rachel or not.

But I shall miss my friend.

RACHEL.

Dec. 14.

It seems to me as if years had past since I last wrote in this journal, and yet it is only a few months. I have been ill for a week, and though I feel now as if nothing but laziness were the matter with me, I can't very well disobey my doctors—especially the haggard one opposite me, who has fallen asleep over his beloved John Inglesant. So I will try to spend my enforced leisure in giving a true and graphic account of what has happened. But oh, how little I ever thought that I should think of his future with such happiness and hope as I do to-day!

The last time I wrote, I see, was when Mr. Marsh met Felicia.

Heath, and she told him about her brother, and poor Burton's share in the ruin of his life. I was very unhappy about Burton for some days, and felt a little anxious whether his remorse about the poor young fellow might not be the finishing stroke after all he had gone through; but circumstances gave him something else to think of. My aunt's illness and the close attendance she needed were, I think, good for him; he was able to soothe her restlessness as no one else could; and the Artesian well gave him an out-door interest, mixed, it is true, with anxiety, for we had spent a considerable sum upon the well, and had not come to water yet. So, though it was not our fault, the Gridiron Lane people were no better off for water at the end of that hot, muggy, wet September than they had been before. As soon as we were free—how strange it seemed to be sitting together in the drawing-room with no sense of being needed upstairs!—Burton and Mr. Marsh had a long talk about what could be done to improve matters in a sanitary point of view; and he was urging Mr. Marsh to stir up the clergy to set things to rights. It tickled Mr. Marsh that he should be asked to set up as a sanitary reformer, and he was most comically perverse about it, pretending to be a great deal more ignorant than he is, chiefly, I think, that he might get a rise out of Burton, which he thought would be good for him; but at last Burton said, 'Well, all I can say is that the town is ripe for any epidemic you like to mention, and if you have any feeling for me at all, Marsh, you might take away some of the remorse I feel at knowing that I have put it out of my own power to do anything to avert it.' Burton is not given to make personal appeals, and Mr. Marsh changed his tone at once, and said he would do anything Burton liked. I believe he would, not only on Lylie's account, but on his own.

But it was not to be. A day or two after Aunt Louisa's funeral, we were setting together by the fire, talking over the *pros* and *cons* of Burton's going away. My heart sank within me, for I saw that the strain of repression and suffering was too much for him, more than any love of mine could make up for, and that it would be but selfishness to try to induce him to stay at Emery much longer. 'If Marsh and Lylie should take up together,' he said, 'you would not be without some one to protect you from Bob's extravagance; he is trustworthy in every way, and much "cuter" as a man of business than he pretends to be; and Mrs. Lyndhurst would always be a kind friend.'

'And it would be a great relief to you to be away,' I said.

'Yes. There will always be something in Emery tugging at my heart-strings,' he said; 'but it would be the action of a wise man to put one's self out of reach of temptation. She looks more——' (he could find no word expressive enough and left a blank) 'every time I see her, and I might be overcome by the temptation, and say something that would betray what I feel. For all reasons it would be better for me to be gone. I think I should feel more like a man, roughing it

actively instead of passively,' he added smiling; and there was something in his gesture and look that made me realise what he had been submitting to all this time for our sakes, what an unnatural life it had been for a man with force and energy in him, like Leviathan drawn out with a hook and made to play with the maidens. His sorrowful past had not taken from him the instincts of manhood, though he had submitted so uncomplainingly to their suppression.

As we were talking, a note came from Mrs. Lyndhurst to ask if we would come up to see a packet of photographs of the little tour Lylie and Lady Lyndhurst had been making, and we broke off our talk and went. While we were there Mr. Fleet came in to fetch Burton to look at two children in Hogg's Buildings, who he says are dying of fever. I went with them, and we found that out of twenty-seven persons in the three houses, eight had typhoid fever in some form or other. Burton and Mr. Fleet went to the schoolmaster and inquired about the illness in the school; and the result was that we found that Hogg's Buildings was by no means the only place in the town where the fever had broken out. As we were walking home Burton said, 'We are in for a sharp epidemic, it seems to me. I am thankful Lylie is safe out of the way!' But notwithstanding—or perhaps in consequence—his step was much firmer and his voice more cheery as we came in than as we went out, and he discoursed to me all the way home on ancient and modern treatment of typhoid, which I have observed always seems to give some mysterious delight to the heart of doctors and nurses.

A week after that evening we were all in full work, with our hands so full that we had no time to think of anything but the epidemic. We took seven sick children to the Priory; Mrs. Lyndhurst filled her house with those who were running wild because their parents were unable to take care of them. Mrs. Forester made beef-tea all day at the Mission-room in Gridiron Lane, and had refreshments ready at any time for any of the nursing staff who did not want to spare the time to go home for meals. The nursing of the people in their homes was organised by Sister Ursula, whom Mr. Forester and Mrs. Lyndhurst got down, much against Mr. Rufus Blackstone's will. Frida and I worked under her, for nurse and the maids proved quite competent and willing after the first to undertake the charge of my sick children, so that I only had to superintend. I do not know to this day how Frida came, in spite of the Major and Felicia; but she did, and even managed to bring Felicia in too, and I think we grew to care for each other more during those weeks than we had ever done before.

One day Mr. Marsh came up to me—he was working as hard as any of us—with a comical look of amusement on his face. 'I say, Miss King,' he said, 'what do you think I left Burton doing? Setting Rufus Blackstone's leg.' And he explained to me that the poor man had fallen downstairs in one of the cottages and broken his leg, and

that old Mr. Blackstone had come and implored Burton to set it. 'He's a bolder man than I gave him credit for,' said Mr. Marsh, 'to trust himself in Burton's hands after everything. Burton is so soft-hearted he will probably try to give him as little pain as possible, I am afraid; but it is a fine opportunity lost. It would be so good for him to be made to feel a little.'

'He will be made to feel a good deal, I should think,' I said, 'if he has to lie helpless while he is so much needed.'

'He need not trouble himself about that,' said Mr. Marsh; 'the death-rate will go down a little, I dare say, when he is not able to go round and undo all the good Burton is trying to do.'

After that Burton was left in command of the field, and the two other medical men who were assisting were full of his praises.

Frida says she thinks there is something magnetic in his touch which soothes delirium; again and again she has seen patients drop off to sleep after a visit from him, when, before that, it had been all she could do to keep them in bed. I don't know about this; but I am sure he can inspire courage, as nobody can do who has not gone down to the depths as he has; and, after all, courage is *the* secret of life, without which even love can only be weak and enervating; 'he that feareth is not made perfect in love.'

So things went on till the 18th of November. On the 16th there were distinctly fewer cases, and we began to hope that the worst was past; but by this time we were both beginning to feel very tired, and I was very sorry to find that on the night of the 17th Burton was determined to sit up all night with a delirious navvy. On the 18th, Mr. Marsh brought him up in a fly, half-fainting, and in the first stage of the fever, that we all knew so well by this time. He knew very well what was the matter with him, but all his anxiety was that I should not let anything else slip to attend to him; and when I came into his room, I don't think his mind was at ease till Mrs. Lyndhurst arranged that Felicia should undertake the care of her orphans, while she came to superintend my sick women and children up here. When that arrangement was explained to him, he seemed to be more at rest, and went off into a doze.

Two or three days after his illness began he said, 'Rachel, I think it is a question if I get through this. Will you do something for me in case I don't?' And then he went on to say, 'I want to dictate a letter to you, for you to give Frida Wood, in case of my death.'

It seemed to me somehow as if he were pronouncing his own death sentence as he said this; but I could only say I would if he wished, but I did not think he was equal to it.

'I shall be quieter after it,' he said. 'I keep on dreaming she is there, and I can't say good-bye to her. If you would write the letter all that is rational in me would be able to beat the delusion back. And you are too much a part of myself not to feel as I do that you must

not betray me while I am alive. But when I am dead there can be no reason against her knowing—can there, Rachel? I should like to think of her knowing then.'

He lay there haggard and flushed, but the eager look in his eyes, whether it were caused by the fever or not, made me feel that it would do him less harm to yield, than to oppose him. So I wrote at his dictation—how often I read over what I had written till I knew the words by heart.

'Forgive me for writing this to you, but you will never see it until I am gone, and I know you will think gently enough of me then not to be angry with my presumption in loving you. I could never tell you in life—honour, and sense of the fitness of things, would always have forbidden me to say anything that could have seemed like asking you for any return of affection—though I believe your nature is divine enough to spurn no one for past sin. But now on my death-bed I can tell you what you have been to me. The sight of you—the words I have heard you say, not intentionally for me, but from the depth of your own sweet nature—have again and again kept me from despair, and given me strength and hope to endure the consequences of my own sins. My love has been what men would call hopeless, but not hopeless really—sometimes it has been pure gladness to love you, though I knew I could never tell you so: and that I think it will be more and more in the unseen world. God bless you, dear friend, and make your life a peaceful and happy one, now and for ever. I thank Him to my last breath that He has let me know you.'

'I must sign it myself,' he said, and would have sat up in bed, against all orders, if I had not prevented him; but I could hardly content him with a pencil instead of ink, though the 'W. B. King' he appended in his recumbent position was faint and not too legible. However, he was too much exhausted by the effort to do more than doze off after it, and I was in hope that the relief to his mind might possibly do him good. I put the letter into my writing-case and there it remained for over a fortnight.

The days dragged on and on, however, with little change. Mr. Marsh and I shared the nursing between us—he by day and I by night—by which means he had to watch the daily torpor and I the nightly delirium, which was not violent, but very distressing; it was so sad to see his mind wandering away into regions of unreal misery, where phantoms were more of realities to him than I was. After the fifteenth day of the fever, he began to suffer a great deal from the condition of his mouth and throat when he had to take nourishment, and it was very difficult to persuade him to do so. In fact, Mr. Marsh said he could not get him to do it, and only Mrs. Lyndhurst and I could get the food down, except at the rare intervals when his brain was unclouded, and then he was ready to do whatever he was told, in spite of the suffering it caused. Mr. Marsh began to be very low about his chance of recovery: and though we all said to each other

that typhoid was never desperate as long as life remained, I think our hope waned little by little.

One morning, after a terrible night, I felt very much done up, and my five hours' rest, from six to eleven, seemed to do me very little good. I began to wonder if I were going to have the fever too, and when I got up, it suddenly struck me, that if I had the fever and died as well as Burton, his letter to Frida, which had no address on it, would never reach its destination. I went to my writing-case, and addressed an envelope to Frida. I was just putting the letter into it when Mr. Marsh called me to Burton, and I thrust the envelope hastily into my pocket and went to him. It was the food difficulty again. We managed to get it down, and he said faintly, 'I hope this will be nearly the last time.' That broke me down so completely that I had to leave the room, and Mrs. Lyndhurst persuaded me to go and get some fresh air in the garden. While I was there, Frida drove up in Mrs. Forester's carriage, and told me that Lucy Archer was dying and wanted to see me—her mother said she could not 'go' till I came, and Mrs. Forester had asked Frida to come up to see if I could possibly be spared for an hour. My heart was too full of anxiety to like to be away from the house; but an hour and a half remained before Burton had again to undergo the torture of taking food, so it did not seem to me to be right to refuse. I went, and the poor girl dropped into unconsciousness, holding my hand, before I had been ten minutes in the room; and then I suddenly turned very faint—managed to get downstairs, where Frida was waiting for me, and went off into a dead faint on the floor, for the first, and I hope the last time in my life. After a few minutes I came to, and Frida put me into the pony-carriage at once to drive me home, looking more anxious than I had ever seen her look before; and then nurse took me and put me to bed for the rest of the day.

I got much better by the evening, and discovered that nothing but hysterical over-fatigue, not fever in any way, was the matter with me; but Mrs. Lyndhurst would not let me get up, only promised me that I should be called if Burton would not take his nourishment. I remembered that Burton's letter to Frida was in the pocket of my dress, and asked nurse to look for it; but she could not, or as I thought would not, find it, and I was so tired that I could not worry about it then. In the morning I awoke, rather later than usual, and found nurse bringing me a cup of tea and my letters. One of them was in Frida's handwriting. I opened it, and read,—

DEAREST RACHEL,

When you fainted this morning I was taking your handkerchief from your pocket to wet for your forehead, and found a letter addressed to me in your handwriting. I thought you intended it for me and took it, and did not read it till the afternoon. I did not realise, till I had finished it, that it was not *meant for me yet*. My dear, I fear

from what you told me of him to-day, that his spirit is not likely to be conscious of any words of mine; but if you can, and if you think it would be any comfort to him to know what I think, tell him that I too thank God, and shall do so all my life, for knowing *him*, and that I can't possibly have helped him one thousandth part as much as he has helped me. The thought that he has had the kind of feeling for me that he has—however unworthy I may be—seems a sort of crown to my life. Is it wrong of me to say this while he is standing on the brink with the veil half lifted? If you knew what the words in that letter mean to me, I don't think you would think so. There seems to be no such thing as death at all, after knowing that, and nothing now seems to matter. I can't write, but I send him these three lavender spikes. He cannot think they mean more than they do.

Yours for ever,

ELFRIDA WOOD.

Somehow from that moment hope revived in my heart. I rose, dressed, and went to Burton's room to relieve Mrs. Lyndhurst, who had been helping Mr. Marsh at intervals during the night, and had managed the nourishment, though with great difficulty. I had Frida's lavender spikes with me, and they lay on the table before me for the two hours during which Burton dozed, before his next glass of beef-tea was due. At last the clock pointed to eleven. I brought the beef-tea and stood over him with it.

'I can't bear it any more,' he said faintly. 'I can't swallow. You must let me go.'

'Burton,' I said, 'I have a message from Frida. If you will swallow the beef-tea I will give it you.'

'Give it me first,' he said faintly.

'No, you must be a good boy, and you shall have it for a reward. She has sent you something, too, and you shall have that as well; but the beef-tea must go down first.'

And to my intense relief—for I quite thought that this time he had lost the power of swallowing—he made the effort and succeeded. Then I laid the lavender spikes on his pillow and said, 'She sends you these, and she says you cannot think they mean more than they do.'

'She said so?' he said, looking bewildered.

'Yes, she knows everything—and—oh, Burton, you must try to live—for I know she loves you as you love her.'

He murmured something inaudible, as I put the lavender spikes into his hand. He was too weak to ask me anything, but the most wonderful change passed over his face. The tension of the haggard features relaxed; the brow smoothed: the eyes closed gently with a look of utter rest, like that of a little child on his mother's bosom. In a quarter of an hour he was sleeping a more restful natural sleep than he had

known since the fever began. He did not wake till it was time to take food again, and then he did it with less difficulty, and slept again immediately. He held the lavender fast all the time. How thankful I was for that faint and the misadventure of the letter! However vexed he might be when he came to himself, Frida knew now, and knew by no fault of his or mine; and that message of hers, I shall believe to my dying day, saved his life. I wrote and told her so that very evening.

From that time he gradually revived. I had to give him Frida's letter, and I think it was rarely far from his hand; but after the first, he seemed as if he could not bear to speak of her, even to me. When he was getting better, first Mr. Marsh collapsed, and Lord Arnwood carried him off to Deepdene for a fortnight before he went to Bonchurch to join Lady Lyndhurst and Lylie; and then I collapsed also, and had to spend a week in bed, just when Burton was beginning to be able to read novels and play besique. When I was able to creep into his room again, I saw that his look was no longer so intensely happy and restful as it had been before my illness began, and I asked him what had gone wrong. Was anything amiss with Frida?

'I hope not,' he said; 'but I keep feeling more and more that I ought not to take advantage of that mistake, since I am to live instead of to die.'

'My dear Burton!' I said, 'surely you won't give her the humiliation of thinking you only wrote to her in delirium, and that she answered it thinking you were sane?'

This staggered him, as I hoped it would do; and at last he arrived at the conclusion that he would ask Mrs. Lyndhurst honestly to tell him whether it would be for Frida's happiness that he should ask her to engage herself to him or not. 'You don't realise the degradation you see, Rachel. You are so much a bit of myself.'

'And you don't realise what a woman's love means,' I was obliged to say.

And now Mrs. Lyndhurst has just come in to take leave before going to Bonchurch. I put the question before her and left her and Burton to fight it out together. I had little doubt of the result, and when I looked in, Burton said, 'You have got Mrs. Lyndhurst on your side, Elly, and I give in.'

'You will be happy now,' I said, kissing him.

'Happy beyond any conception I had ever known,' he said, holding my hand; 'but I can't even conceive what the happiness of a man must be who has an unclouded past to offer.'

'Frida will make you forget the past,' said Mrs. Lyndhurst.

'No,' said Burton; 'she will make me remember it every moment of my life—you can't forget a smudge when you see it against snow.'

That night he wrote to Frida; and this morning the answer came.

Naturally he did not show it to me; but he said, 'Elly, you told me I did not realise what a woman's love meant. You were right.' And then he added in a lower tone, 'God grant that I may grow less unworthy of her.'

MARIAN FORESTER'S JOURNAL.

Emery S. Lawrence, Dec. 18.

Well, I am glad to be at home again and to know that the fever is over. But I don't think I knew how bad it had been. There will be a great many gaps in the school, when it opens after Christmas, and some of those who are getting better look so ill and miserable. Mr. King is getting better, and Mr. Marsh is away. Frida looks as if the nursing had agreed with her; but Felicia seems quite knocked up. I never should have expected *her* to be any good, and yet she did a great deal. I met Mrs. Lyndhurst this morning for a minute; but I felt quite ashamed to speak to her, because she was so angry with me about the Kings. I'm sure Mrs. Lyndhurst doesn't like me. But I mean to tell her I've changed my mind—it would be so mean to say nothing. I hope that things will soon *leave off happening*, and that we can go on straight. I am sure events are very bad for one's intellectual faculties. I did write a story during the last part of the time that I was at Sidmouth, and it was dreadfully stupid. And really I think studying character only puzzles one. People are quite different to what they appear.

When one has made up one's mind to say a thing to a person it is dreadful till one has got it said. Mrs. Lyndhurst came in this afternoon at tea-time, and Fanny was upstairs. I had a great mind to call her, but I thought that would be cowardly, so I said, right out—

'Mrs. Lyndhurst, I made a mistake. I know that Mr. King was really sorry and not a hypocrite, and I am very sorry I was so unkind to Rachel and Lylie—do you think they will forgive me?' She really was very kind indeed, she kissed me, and said she had had to repent of many sharp young judgments, and then she said that she thought that I could hardly have felt differently about Mr. King himself, without more opportunity than I had had of knowing him; but that another time I should wait and say nothing in a difficult matter till I had seen the end of it. And then she told me that she thought I had better say nothing to Rachel; but meet her and ask kindly after her brother and Lylie, who is to come home after Christmas.

Well, I would rather have it out at once; but perhaps I had better do as Mrs. Lyndhurst says, since she has seen so much of them.

It is very odd to go about the parish and hear every one praising Mr. King and Mr. Rutherford—for when I went away people were afraid Mr. Rutherford was Ritualistic, and nobody would speak to

Mr. King. Now they hope he won't go away; but Mrs. Lyndhurst says that that will depend very much upon circumstances.

I shall send Rachel and Lylie Christmas cards. I do them myself, which is much better than buying them.

MRS. LYNDBURST.

Dec.-21:

I wonder if, when that cyclone was over, you felt as we do now! There seems to be a great calm over us all, now that every one is recovering, and even Marian has come home quite meek.

The patient of all is beginning to sit up in his room, and looks wonderfully happy and restful. I have no fears as to leaving him to Rachel and Mr. Rutherford, while I go to keep Christmas with Grannie, Denys, and Lylie, at Bonchurch. Frida goes with me. She is well, but worn, and needs a rest from the Heath atmosphere. I am not sure that she is altogether willing to go; but Major Heath has decreed that she shall. I am not sure that even now he has not a desire that the Kings should vanish altogether from the scene. Felicia has a great deal more generosity of nature than her father. She told me that she saw now what her brother had loved, and thus she felt humbled to think that she once fancied she had forgiven as a Christian. I don't think if the impossible comes to pass that her influence—if she has any—will be adverse.

Bonchurch.—Frida and I had a pleasant journey, and Denys met us at Stokes Bay. I can't call him the boy any longer, he has grown so much of a man. His fit of despair is safely over, and has turned into calm heroine-worship or saint-worship. Grannie looks as well as possible, and dear little Lylie thinks having Frida next best to having Rachel. We made them promise not to talk all night, and yet, naughty girls, I hear a murmur through the wall that I shall take on myself to stop, it being 11.30 P.M.

23rd.—I did not tell you of two matters that gave great pleasure before we went away, one that water has been reached in that weary well, and the other that Robert King—startled by all the trouble and his brother's illness, wrote to promise consent to whatever Burton thought fit, if only he would recover. Orders came for his regiment to embark for Kurrachee in such haste that he could not come down to Emery, if, indeed, it would have been advisable; but he came from Portsmouth to see Lylie, and talked very nicely both to her and Grannie, so that I hope he will continue in the same mind and be no obstacle. Grannie and Lylie seem to have grown together over their anxieties. I can't think what your mother will do without her gentle little handmaid, whom she has had to comfort and cheer. Though till now Lylie has never fully understood her brother's danger, nor, indeed, the revulsion of feeling on his behalf.

25th.—Coming out of this pretty church who should stand before us but Mr. Marsh. I had an inkling that he was coming to the hotel;

but we had to reassure Lylie that he did not bring ill tidings from home. Then she coloured up, and grew very shy and silent, when we brought him home to luncheon. She does not know that we are aware of anything that has passed, she did not even tell Grannie, and I like her reticence. It is a strange Christmas, though one full of thankfulness. I wonder how Burton and Rachel are getting through ?

26th.—‘Mother,’ said Denys to me, after Mr. Marsh had dined here yesterday, ‘if it wasn’t too absurd, I should say that Marsh was making a fool of himself about Lylie.’ I demanded why it should be making a fool of himself, and was met with a torrent about the poor man’s old age, lameness, and other infirmities, and when I suggested that Lylie might not see things in the same light, he very nearly told me not to be profane. Frida, without a word, evidently perceives how the land lies, and manages to occupy Denys enough to prevent his endeavouring to save Lylie from Mr. Marsh’s attentions. She has drifted unconsciously back to the old terms with him, and he can command her ear by talking of the place Burton has conquered for himself. Whatever Denys may say of him, he looks ten years younger than he did this time last year, and his lameness does not seem to trouble him much, as he walks up and down in the sun with Lylie. What is he telling her?

28th.—Mr. Marsh’s Shakespearian book is arrived. He laughs at our excitement, which he is past sharing, he says, and yet he evidently enjoyed Lylie’s eagerness, and her recollections of our readings, which seem to her ‘ages ago—as long ago as before I went to school.’

4 P.M.—Ah! It is done. I believe they did it over the ‘Tempest’ after all! I found the pretty head in Grannie’s lap, and retreating, fell upon the almost terrified happiness of Mr. Marsh, who scarcely dares to believe he has won his prize. She has always been a cherished darling—now she will be so more than ever. Denys thinks it is an aberration of intellect on her part. After all, the poor man’s venerable age is thirty-eight. This will be medicine to Rachel, who, I hear to-day, has been quite knocked up at last with a bad cold, coming on her exhausted strength. Lylie is very anxious to go home to her, and we mean to start on Tuesday, as the house may then be fit to receive us. I wish I could keep Frida with us; but she seems to have a kind of spring within her that arms her against possible annoyances.

MARIAN FORESTER’S JOURNAL.

SHE IS SURPRISED AT HERSELF.

January 17.

I think that if a person, who is supposed to be fond of his own way, really finds some one wiser than himself, he will give way to them. I mean if one is once convinced that any one does know better than

one's self, it is easy to give in to him. And as for not liking to show that one thinks so, because one never thought so before, that would be mean and unworthy. When my mind is changed, I say so. I see that Mr. Rutherford does understand parish work, and I don't in the least mind asking his opinion, and giving up to him. Not that I often have to do that. I so constantly find, now I understand him better, that I agree with him.

Mr. Marsh and Lylie are engaged to be married! I was very much astonished, as I never should have thought them at all suited to each other. Mr. Marsh went down after her to the Isle of Wight. She looks very happy, and does not seem to mind at all his being so old—and short—and lame. Well, of course she is quite right in thinking that the great thing is to have a high respect for one's husband's character. They are going to be married at Easter, and to take a small house in Emery; and I think Mary Thomas will do very well for a housemaid for them, as she is very steady, and probably Lylie won't know much about managing servants. The Cottage Hospital has all come up again. They had a quiet sort of meeting about it, and it is to be begun at once, and Mr. Blackstone and Rufus don't mean to oppose it. Rachel King will look after it, I believe, a great deal, and if she has that for an occupation, and Lylie is married, perhaps Mr. King will be able to go to America and lead a new life there. I said so to Frida when she came back, and I told her that I quite believed in him now, and that I hoped he would be happy—in America. If he went to some very wild place where there was no proper doctor, he might do a great deal of good. And he would be so very superior to the odd sort of gentlemen one reads of in 'Bret Harte,' who cheat at cards and get tipsy. I said so to Frida; because I wanted her to know that I had changed my mind about Mr. King. She looked very queer, as if she were angry, and a little inclined to laugh too. Then she said—

'There are a great many very rough people who cheat and get tipsy in Gridiron Lane. And they belong to Mr. King already. Do you think, as he has gained so much influence over them, that he ought to leave them?' Well, I considered, because that was quite a new idea to me, and then I said—

'Couldn't he sell the property to some very good man who would take care of them?'

'Why should he?' said Frida.

'Why—here—though people have overlooked it, and though I think he is a very good man now, people will always have to be told, and to talk it over. In America no one would know.'

'I don't think he'll shirk any penalty,' said Frida; 'but there's something, I suppose, in what you say.'

She began to talk of something else; but people *are* discussing it, and I heard even Lady Lyndhurst say, 'that the social difficulty was less with the sisters than it could be with a wife.'

A wife! Oh that is another thing altogether. I don't see how any one could!

Feb. 1st.—Mr. Rutherston has got a living—a church and a great district in the suburbs. If people ought to stay where they have influence, I'm sure he ought to stay here. I don't know what father will do without him, or how the Mission will get on. The poor people will be very sorry.

2nd.—I don't mean to write any more in this journal, unless it is a bare record of facts. Analysing one's feelings is, after all, a mistake, and only leads to morbid introspection.

3rd.—Mr. Rutherston is not going to his living till Easter, so there will be time to find another curate.

7th.—Mr. Rutherston has been to see the living. It is S. Michael's district, somewhere out beyond Kensington, all new and half built. There are hardly any ladies to work for him. Well, he used to despise ladies, *now*, he says, he does not know how he shall arrange for some of his work to be done without them.

9th.—I never was so surprised in my life, *never!* I always thought he despised me, and thought me a silly presuming child, and though I did hope I had grown a little more sensible than I used to be, I always felt sure that *he* would never be aware of it.

But yesterday he told me that there was one thing he wanted to take with him into his new life. He did not want to part with Emery, he said, he wanted to take the best part of it away with him. And he meant *me!*

How little I thought when he first came how it would be. There is nothing so extraordinary as the events of life, except the feelings that give rise to them. I can't help being astonished at myself when I think how happy I am. I hope I shall really help him in his new work and not make many mistakes. But at any rate an insight into character, even if it sometimes leads one astray, does enable one to be thoroughly thankful when one *has* found a character that is good all through, as I have in David Rutherston.

I shall not have time to write much more in this journal, and now that I have David to talk to, I don't think I shall care to do so. I shall shut it up. Perhaps, in time to come, I may like to look at it and see what I was like when I was a girl, when I did not know a diamond from cut glass, and so nearly cut my fingers. Ah! well, I did not know it, but it was the presence of David's superiority that unconsciously kept me from ever *really* caring for anybody else.

MARIAN FORESTER.

FRANK MARSH TO HIS FRIEND ROBERT GREY IN AUSTRALIA.

DEAR GREY,

Emery S. Lawrence, January 25.

It is so long since I had a letter from you till yesterday that you had grown to be to me like a sort of *fetch* of yourself, for whose

benefit I professed to write down the varying moods and humours which sprang from ill-health and loneliness. But your letter, telling of your good fortune, and of your happy home, brings you before me again in flesh and blood, so I send you a selection from the aforesaid journal, enough to show you what has been lately interesting me, and with a piece of news which I don't think I should have cared to confide to a desk-bound journal. One wants a more responsive confidant, and there are plenty of people in Emery to tell me that I am the most fortunate man in the world, now that Lylie King has promised to marry me. You will gather what she is from the sheets I send you, and as for the misfortune which has clouded her youth, it shall never cast a shadow on her married life.

I may as well tell you what Emery does not yet know, that poor Burton's troubles are to have a similar consolation. Frida Wood sees all that his troubles and his repentance have made of him, and is willing to face the world by his side. They mean to stay at the Priory and look after Gridiron Lane, believing themselves called upon to fulfil their most obvious duty, and not to shrink from the consequences of the past. Burton has won such a claim by his conduct lately to the respect of Emery, and after all, things only known by hearsay make so faint an impression that it can be done here if anywhere; but there will always be social difficulties. It won't be easy, perhaps it ought not to be so. The world is not so unkind as to make Rachel and Lylie feel the stigma; but it will always be necessary to ask certain people whether they object to meet Burton King. Had I been in his place and my Lylie in Frida's, should I have married her? I don't know. Major Heath says that had she been his daughter, and dependant on his consent, he would never have given it. Granting repentance and sincerity, the great offence against society remains, and no one is justified in condoning it. I cannot feel this in Burton's presence, knowing him as I do, loving him as I must; but the feeling in others does not surprise me.

Another marriage is to come out of the general stirring up of forces after the epidemic. Rutherford, of all people, has fallen a victim to Miss Forester's bright eyes and pretty face. No; he says it is to the original simplicity and earnestness of her character. It must have been an odd courtship, and certainly began with more than a little aversion on the lady's side, at any rate. The dainty Ariel will find a sphere as head parsoness suited to her many capacities, and will take care that people bow to her husband's opinion, as she endeavoured here to make them bow to her own. That is an advance in the right direction.

Well, think what I may of Burton King's history, the fact remains that to his coming here I owe my wife, to his skill I owe my health, and to his example a very different view of life's duties. So, I at least, am bound to stick by him.

Don't keep such long silences in future. I shan't write any more journals, but I will occasionally send you a letter.

Yours ever,

FRANK MARSH.

RACHEL.

TWO YEARS AND A HALF LATER.

The new matron's rooms have been finished, and in packing up my belongings to move into them, I have come across these old journals that I wrote at intervals from the time we came here to the time of Burton's fever. As, owing to the enlargement of the house, I have no patients at all to look after, until the day after to-morrow, when Frida sends our six permanent ones back from the Priory, I don't see why I should not spend a little of my spare time in writing down the sequel of that strange year, which seemed as if it would only bring us pain, and has brought us such gladness and peace. Little Elf will like to read it some day, when we are all gone.

Of course one knew that Burton and Frida's marriage, after his recovery, could only be a question of time, and in point of fact they married in the spring following the autumn of the epidemic. Frida was twenty-six, and her quiet determination, backed by Felicia's steady support, gradually brought the Major round; though I don't know if he would have given in, if she had not made him feel that she intended to marry Burton some time, with his consent if he gave it, if not, without. I saw one thing, which perhaps was not altogether surprising, though it naturally made me feel indignant at first; when Frida's engagement to Burton was announced, the temperature of Emery towards us fell several degrees. I spoke about it to Frank, and he said, 'You see they can't quite forgive him for not having died of the fever, it would have been such a perfect romance for all the young ladies.' But when I came to think it over, it struck me as less unjust than it had been at first. After all, it is good for society, I suppose, to have a standard of its own; even a rough one is better than none; and after all, though Burton has earned the respect and esteem of every one in Emery who can understand what he is, it is the personal stigma which is gone; the social stigma remains, and always will, I suppose, more or less. Frida and I had a long talk about this one day. She saw it clearly herself, and was quite prepared for the loss of social caste her marriage would involve.

'I am a little anxious about one thing,' she said, 'I don't think Burton has ever realised that a certain amount of this will fall upon me; he fancies everybody will go on towards me just as they do now, and I hope so very much that he won't be hurt about it. I shall not mind it, it is a very trifling thing at best, and even if I really cared I should look upon it as the small price I have to pay for my great treasure. I think I shall take up the line, from the beginning, of keeping out of society, and refusing all invitations except from

personal friends, so as to avoid any discomfort which might come to him.'

I said something about this being a privation to her, thinking how pleasant and valuable an element she was in Emery society.

'I know,' she said, 'it isn't good for any of us not to rub about among our equals; but don't you think, Rachel, that under special circumstances the want of it need not make us conceited? I was thinking about it the other day, and wondering whether it would not be possible to Burton and me to do as it says in the Gospel—when we make a dinner or a supper not to invite our friends, our rich neighbours, but our poor ones who can't ask us again—and take our social duties out that way.'

Practically that is what they have done, and I think it has been a wise line to take, though of course some people have objected. Some of Frida's friends were horrified, and said she had better have gone into a Sisterhood at once; and some of Burton's have tried hard to make him alter his decision; in fact, it has been just one of those cases where, if people sit down in the lowest place, some one is sure to come and say, 'Friend, go up higher.' But they have kept to it, and I don't think that anywhere there can be a more peaceful, restful atmosphere of happiness than there is at the Priory. The baby girl is a great delight to them; *such* a mother as Frida makes! When I see her with little Elf in her arms, I see the likeness to the Holbein Madonna, that Burton bought to remind him of her four years ago.

Burton calls her 'Madam darling' for his private pet name, and I think it is just the combination of stateliness and tenderness that suits her.

However, though their life is a more ordinary one, Frank and Lylie are quite as happy in their way. He is really able to do quite as much as other people, and it is extremely good for us that one of the members of the family should have a fair place in the social and literary world, and bring wafts of new thoughts and new ideas to us. Lylie has a little boy, whom Frank worships as much as she does, though he pretends that his paternal interest is really scientific research into the evolution of an infant's mind. But I am sure nobody's eyes and mouth ever light up at the arrival of an object of scientific research as Frank's do, when his son is brought into the room. People say sometimes that brothers and sisters-in-law are difficult to get on with; but certainly in Frank and Frida I have gained a real brother and a real sister, hardly less dear—if at all—than my very own.

I have another sister-in-law now, whom I have never seen. Bob is married, too, and there is a certain amount of comedy in his fate, though we all hope it is the best thing for him. He has been married by a rich widow, considerably older than himself, who takes him in and does for him, and evidently keeps him in order. She is handsome, and strong-minded, and evidently a good-hearted woman;

one of those people who are naturally attracted by a weak man, and in whom the managing and protective impulse is strong. Bob is all the better for being under some one's command, and seems perfectly satisfied with his life; he evidently admires his wife very much, though I think he must be rather afraid of her. But I dare say that is not bad for him.

The third bride of that marrying spring—the first in point of time—appears on the scene now and then. The Rutherstons seem extremely happy together; they have no children, but their lives seem to be so full of occupation that they hardly want any. They are an entertaining couple. When Mr. Rutherston is there, Marian does not say much, she frequently asks his opinion about things quite humbly; but when he is away she gives us what Frank calls ‘Marianate of Rutherston,’ which is a rather queer combination, with properties not possessed, certainly, by one of the original elements. However, she is certainly far less conceited and more sympathetic than she used to be, and I dare say will improve still more in time.

As for me, I never was so happy, or thought it possible to be so happy as I am now. When Captain Lyndhurst was coming back, Mrs. Lyndhurst said, ‘I feel perfectly sure, Rachel, whoever he may recognise of all the new-comers by my description, he will never recognise you; you look six years younger and ten years happier than you did.’ She, dear woman, is very happy herself; Denys is naturally and wholesomely in love with a girl of his own age, good, sweet, and pretty, who, I hope, will be to Mrs. Lyndhurst what she has been to her mother-in-law. It is not a declared engagement yet, but will be soon. He is always very nice to me, and told his mother that he had told ‘Evelyn’ all about me. I am glad, and shall like to see her very much.

The Blackstones are gone from Emery. Poor old Mr. Blackstone did not long survive the fever; he died in the following May, and Rufus Blackstone, who had never been quite easy in Emery since the 20th of June, exchanged his practice with a friend, who is a vulgar but well-meaning person; however, he is clever enough to know that Burton is a much more able practitioner than himself, and consults him about difficult cases. He is quite confidential to me, and informed me the other day that though Emery people did seem meek and mild, they would not stand being ridden roughshod as his—hem—lamented predecessor had tried to ride them. ‘Blackstone, Miss King,’ he said, ‘has a good heart at bottom, but it’s a long way down; and he’s as prejudiced as a pig! If he hadn’t been, he could have played his game better; as it is, your brother has won and he has lost.’

‘My brother never played any game at all, Mr. Vickery,’ I said, somewhat frigidly.

‘No? Well, then, he sat with the pieces before him, and won by masterly inaction; and I’m glad he did, for my own part!’

Since this was Mr. Vickery's notion of high praise, I thought on the whole I had better let it be.

As soon as Burton and Frida's marriage took place, I went to a London hospital for six months' training; but the unprofessional training I had had stood me in good stead, and what I learnt there was organisation and method, rather than the simple routine of nursing, which I knew pretty well already. As soon as the hospital was ready I came home and took charge of it. Burton and Frida come every day, and it is rarely that they have not an ex-patient or two staying with them; literally the 'poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind,' as Frida said she meant to have. What joy they bring into bruised and suffering lives, only One can tell.

When the hospital had been going on for about a year, the pressure for entrance was so great that it was decided to enlarge it, and now I am to have the charge of twenty-five beds. We have a children's ward, and in this the most constant and most valued visitor is Felicia Heath. During the fever she found out for the first time that she had a gift for dealing with children, and whenever her father can spare her—some part of almost every day—she comes here and sits with the children, telling them stories and amusing them. She looks so much happier than she used. It was a struggle to her when she found that under Frida's new circumstances only pain and disappointment to both came from trying to appropriate her friend as she used to do; but now I think she has found that Frida does not care less for her, and is learning to love more unselfishly; and I am sure the hospital helps her more than anything. If Major Heath should die, I think she would like to come and live here altogether; and I hope she may, we get on thoroughly well together now.

This afternoon I was talking to Frida and Burton about the way in which things had turned out—how despairing I had sometimes felt about the complications in our lives, which had seemed to bring us up short and cut us off from all that seemed good and wholesome around us; and which yet had melted away so imperceptibly as time went on.

'Sometimes,' Frida said thoughtfully, 'it seems to me more like this. We go groping about in half-darkness, and when we find an easy place to walk in we go along it and say, "This is the road, come along." Then we find a great barrier all across, and at once we begin to call out, "This isn't the road after all!" and perhaps go off hunting for it somewhere else, or else lie down in despair in front of the barrier. But all we have to do is to climb the barrier, and then it simply turns into a staircase, and leads us to a higher level. I think all barriers are only staircases really—don't you, Burton? till one comes to the last of all, which leads out of sight. We think they are put there to puzzle and baffle us, but they really are meant for us to climb up by, and we could not climb at all without them; we could only go on along the low level.'

'You speak,' said Burton, 'as if there were no such thing as barriers of circumstances that we put in our own way, by our own sins. How about them, Madam darling?'

'Don't you think,' said Frida, 'that is the most wonderful part of it? Surely, though they are much harder to climb than the others, they are staircases, too, to the higher levels. It is silly, isn't it, Rachel, for Burton to want to be told that by you and me; as if he did not know it by his own experience far better than we could tell him?'

There was such a sweet glad look in her eyes as she looked first at him and then at me. He said nothing, but bent his head, and took her hand tenderly in both of his. I rose softly and left them together.

(Concluded.)

EYES TO THE BLIND.

BY CHARLOTTE BIRLEY, AUTHOR OF 'UNDINE, A ROMANCE OF MODERN DAYS,' &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIPPER WITH A PIPE.

IN a little while the trees did grow dry, which put an end to the diversion. Lucius and Con went away, but Meave and Denys lingered in the border, sitting together on a sloping trunk of hawthorn, and passing their remarks on the pedestrians below.

'Look at this old buffer with a pipe,' said Denys. 'I could knock it out of his mouth with a lump of earth if I chose.'

'So could I,' said Meave.

Denys shook his head with provoking incredulity. 'Not you!' he said. 'You couldn't aim straight enough.'

'I'm sure I could,' said Meave.

'Then do,' said Denys, calmly.

'No, I sha'n't,' said his sister.

'Why not?'

'Because I don't want to,' she answered, with more force than elegance, just as the owner of the judiciously-coloured clay passed beneath her, unwitting of the peril it was in.

Denys looked at his sister with a smile of calm contempt.

'How like a girl!' he said. 'You say a thing, knowing that it can't be proved against you. The man is gone now, as you always meant him to go; and so, of course, we can *never* be certain which of us was right about his pipe.'

'I dare say there will soon be another one,' said Meave, rashly.

'And then will you try?' said Denys, eagerly. 'Or daren't you?'

'Oh, I dare!' said Meave, tossing her pretty head. Whatever boyish scrapes were Meave's, she invariably preserved her sweetly-feminine appearance—nay, more, she almost always looked the well-born little lady that she was.

'Then here's a clod for you,' said Denys, promptly handing her a small hard lump of earth; and, though with visible reluctance, Meave unwisely *did* take hold of it.

'But, Denys,' she remarked, in a hesitating voice, 'I never said I *would*; I only said I *could*.'

'You said you *could*, and you *dare*!' said Denys, rising and standing over her with a well-simulated show of righteous indignation. 'Meave, is it possible that even a girl can be so shifty? There is a man coming along now—a regular swell in his own

opinion, awfully self-satisfied; and it would do him all the good in the world to have his pipe knocked out; only I suppose there's no use talking to you any more. If it were Con now,'—with great expression in his voice. 'I wish *you* had gone with Lucius, and *he* had stayed with me.'

This was dreadful to Meave's feelings. 'Oh, Denys!' she said, reproachfully. Though she knew well that he was taking a mean advantage of her, she had an uneasy consciousness that sooner or later her submission was inevitable. 'Oh, Denys!' she said, again.

Denys took no notice.

'Den, Den dear,' she said, coaxingly, 'you do it this time, just to show me the way?'

'Do you remember our last visit to the dentist, Meave?' asked Denys, sternly; and Meave blushed painfully.

'Yes,' she faltered. Oh! how cruel, cruel, brothers are!

'I showed you the way then,' pursued the unrelenting Denys, 'and nicely you followed me! Hadn't I a double-tooth taken out when there was no necessity for it—for what did it matter if my mouth *was* a little overcrowded?—just on purpose to give you courage, and to show you how to bear having yours drawn without a sound or a tear? And what did *you* do? You howled like anything before ever the pincers touched your mouth!'

'I know, Denys—oh, I know!' said Meave, touched by the remembrance of this noble, but mistaken, fraternal sacrifice, the voluntary nature of which was not one whit exaggerated. 'It was awfully good of you. There is no one like you really! But I couldn't help crying. It was so dreadful to see the dentist hurting you, and it was that that upset me first of all. How could it be my own tooth when he hadn't touched it then?'

'Cowards sometimes cry from fright, beforehand,' observed Denys, drily. 'You are a *grateful* person, Meave. It is a little late to tell me that I might as well have saved my tooth. And it was such a big one!' he added, pensively. 'There were *three* fangs to it.'

'Well, you needn't take credit to yourself for that, for you didn't know there were three fangs until you saw them,' retorted Meave, plucking up spirit to score this small point on her side; and Denys, who was goading her merely with a view to gaining his end of leading her into mischief, broke into his peculiarly merry, happy laugh.

By this time, it need hardly be observed, the second pipe was out of danger; but Denys's quick eyes soon spied a third.

'Now, Meave, now's your chance!' he said. 'I can never believe you unless you will try now. Come a little closer to the edge, and be careful not to drop on to him too soon. Are you ready?'

'I am,' said Meave. Denys's gay laugh had quenched the last remnant of her powers of opposition; and she was too intent on proving that she had not overrated the correctness of her aim to notice, as did he, that the approaching stranger was "a rough-

looking customer." His brow was lowering, and his expression far from amiable; and Denys foresaw that if Meave's assault upon him was successful, he was not the man to enter into the spirit of the joke. Yes, it would be better to defer the enterprise.

'Stop, Meave! Wait a moment!' he commanded, but too late. Meave took the first sound from his lips as the signal for action, and scarcely waiting to take aim in her nervousness and hurry, she let drop her missile. A crash resulted. Chance had done more than probably deliberation would have effected, and the pipe, struck upon its bowl, shattered into fragments and fell upon the pavement: and Meave's suppressed and nervous giggle instantly betrayed to the angry owner whom he had to thank for the disaster.

'You're there, are you?' he muttered savagely, between his teeth. 'I'll make you pay for this before I've done.' And, to the children's horror, his long strides quickly took him to the garden gate.

'Run, Meave, run!' said Denys.

Meave needed no second bidding. The excursionist had perhaps a dozen steps to mount before attaining the short path to the front door, and the delay of this ascent and the lifting of the gate-latch, might give her time to make her longer course across the lawn to the desired goal, before he reached it. A painter could have wished no fairer model for an Atalanta, or any other runner, than was presented by her graceful figure as she flew lightly and swiftly over the turf, with her lovely gold-brown hair floating down behind. Denys came a few paces after her, so that if her speed were not equal to the emergency, he should be the one to meet the enemy and bear the brunt of his anger.

But Meave made good her escape. With wonderful celerity she turned in at the open door, sped up the staircase to her mother's empty bedroom, and in terrible fright and agitation, began to creep under the bed. To an unpractised eye the space between the wood-work and the floor seemed only high enough to admit a cat, but Meave was an adept at making herself small in games of hide and seek; and lying flat on her face, regardless of the dust of the carpet tickling her nostrils, she contrived, with something of the action and attitude of swimming, to propel herself into this safe hiding place. For her greater security Denys decided not to follow her. He placed himself astride the staircase balustrade, half way up, with his face towards the hall; and there, in a position where he could hear what passed inside the porch without being seen himself, he awaited the next movement of the foe. He had barely got the balance of an easy-looking pose when a tremendous ring of the front-door bell resounded through the house. It was the sort of peal that you would not expect anybody but a telegraph boy to dare to give; and in that case you can look upon and pardon it as a well-intentioned preparation for bad news.

'Norah dear, just peep at the door, and see if there is a telegraph

boy there. Come back at once and tell me,' said Mrs. Ryan, placidly; and accordingly the stranger had a vision of a fair chubby child standing at a distance, and gravely measuring him for a moment with her eye. Her report of him was given in a contemptuous and disgusted tone.

'It's not a boy at all. It's a man.' Everything else in creation, in Miss Norah's opinion, was vastly inferior to a boy.

Ellen, the servant, who was Irish like the rest of the household, hurried to the door.

'Who's that?' inquired Denys, innocently, as she passed.

'Don't know, Master Denys; somebody as isn't afraid of making a noise, anyway. If it's one of you children blackrabbitting,' she continued, with quick suspicion, 'I'll complain of you to master, that I will, for calling me off my work.'

'Well, it isn't—I can tell you that much,' said Denys, with a grin.

There was a second ring, more furious than the first.

'Who does this house belong to?' a gruff voice demanded. Denys could hear every word.

'Mr. Ryan, sir,' said Ellen.

'Tell him I want to speak to him.'

'I'm not sure that you can, sir. He's very busy,' said Ellen, who was by no means favourably impressed by the visitor's look and manner.

'I don't care for that,' said the man, rudely. 'Go and say that I *must* see him.'

'What name shall I say, sir?' said Ellen, mildly.

'That's no matter. Go along.'

Ellen tapped at the study door, and Denys prudently retreated to the kitchen before his father issued forth in answer to the summons. Then, though no sentences could be distinguished, he could hear the stranger's angry tones contrasting with the calmness of his father's voice. Presently that voice called 'Denys! Denys!' in a tone he dared not disobey.

'Yes, father,' he said, presenting himself with a look of such demure innocence that one might have believed that no thought of wilful mischief could ever have existed in his mind. He knew at once that his father was seriously displeased.

'Denys, what is this I hear? Am I really to believe that you are guilty of the ungentlemanly act of purposely breaking the pipe of this—stranger? He assures me that a clod from my garden was dropped on to it designedly, but I hope you will be able to assure me that it was an accident, and you were merely too cowardly and ill-mannered to express regret for what had happened. Why do you not speak? Was this truly a feeble stupid attempt at practical joking?'

'It was no accident,' said Denys, his long fringe of dark lashes

luckily concealing the sparkle of amusement which was waking in his eyes.

‘Then apologize directly, with as good a grace as you can.’

Denys was considering how to frame an apology with due regard both to truth and his father’s satisfaction, when the visitor interrupted—

‘I’m no believer in apologies, and I don’t believe either as ’twas him as did it. I told you there was another one, a girl, and I’m pretty sure that she was the worse one of the two. Fetch her here, and let’s hear what she has got to say?’

A keen quick glance between father and son conveyed not only the question and answer ‘Was it Meave?’ ‘It was;’ but their mutual determination that this uncouth stranger should see nothing further of their lovely dainty fairy-queen. Denys was the first to speak.

‘What does it matter?’ he said, impatiently. ‘Girls never do things of that sort unless they are dared to it, so even if she *had* done it, it would be just as much my fault. And do you think a girl could aim so well?’

‘I don’t know what to think,’ said the man, ‘except that I’ve often heard that clergymen’s families are the worst brought up of any, and now I know it. What about my pipe, sir? Time’s precious to a working-man, and I don’t want to waste the whole of my holiday in standing on your doorstep.’

‘I beg your pardon,’ said Mr. Ryan, courteously. ‘If you will tell me the value of your pipe, I shall be most happy to give you the money, with my sincere regrets for what has passed.’

‘But it’s not only the value,’ said the man. ‘How about my smoke, sir? There’ll be no pleasure in the day without one, and I’m not going to trudge back all the way to Bogedon shops.’

‘Of course not! I forgot,’ said Mr. Ryan, putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing out his own rather handsome pipe. ‘Will you accept this one of mine as a substitute for yours? I can answer for it that it draws well.’

‘Father, that’s too good!’ burst in the irrepressible Denys. ‘His own wasn’t one bit like that, and besides you are so fond of it. Con has a clay upstairs that he uses for soap-bubbles,’ he went on, wickedly. ‘Do let me get that instead. It’s much more like the smashed original.’

‘Be silent, Denys,’ said his father. ‘Do you think that no compensation is due to the stranger for all the annoyance and delay that your misconduct has caused? Good morning to you,’ he continued, in dismissal of the visitor, ‘and believe me I am heartily sorry for the inconvenience that you have suffered at our hands.’

‘Good-morning,’ said the man more civilly, softened by the gift of so superior a pipe. ‘That girl was at the bottom of it, though, or my name’s not Jehoiada Johnson,’ he added, with returning recollection.

tion of his wrongs. 'However, you can't make any mistake, sir, for a sound thrashing would do them both good in *my* opinion.'

'Brute!' muttered Denys, after Jehoiada Johnson's retreating form. Fancy daring to refer to Meave in such a way!

'Where was your apology, Denys?' said his father, as soon as they were left together. 'I did not hear a word of it.'

Denys coloured. 'He is such a horrid man, I couldn't make it to him,' he said. 'But, father, I am very sorry for having displeased *you*.'

'The man was disagreeable, certainly, but he had had great provocation,' said Mr. Ryan. 'This is not a solitary act of naughtiness upon your part, Denys, and your sorrow for it will be best expressed in deeds. Now go into my study. It is my intention to talk seriously to you.'

CHAPTER V.

AN OBJECT IN LIFE.

'MARK,' said Denys, 'I've been having *such* a wiggling.'

'Then I've no doubt you deserved it, Master Denys,' said Mark, promptly. 'Who was it gave it you?'

'Father,' said Denys. 'That's the worst of it.'

The friends were together in Mark's work-shed. All around lay piles of osiers, split and whole, of different lengths and shades and thickness, and these were so arranged that without delay or hesitation the blind youth could put his hand on each kind that he wanted. Mark was seated on a low stool, weaving busily, and opposite to him, upon another stool, was Denys, not helping him as usual, but idly breaking up a magenta-coloured rod into small fragments. There was a troubled look on the boy's countenance, contrasting with the serenity of Mark's.

'What was it about, Master Denys? What had you been doing?' Mark inquired, struck with the remarkable fact of the boy's silence; and Denys could not help laughing as he answered.

'I hadn't been doing anything very particular—only making Meave knock a pipe out of a cheap-tripper's mouth as he passed under our wall. I'll tell you more about it afterwards, and how he came up to our door, and complained of us to father. It was because of that that father made me go into his study and be talked to. And he talked just as he does sometimes in his sermons when he gets excited, and knows that what he is saying *ought* to concern and make ashamed some of the congregation, if they would but attend to it. I'd rather that he had said it in church,' said Denys, reflecting. 'It isn't pleasant to be the whole congregation one's self.'

'Perhaps then you would have thought that the sermon was meant for some other member of it,' said Mark. 'Like the old lady, you know, who wrote in her prayer-book, along side of each command-

ment, the names of her acquaintance who she considered broke it most.'

'Perhaps,' said Denys, his magenta osier broken up now as small as mincemeat. 'It was about influence. He said that if anyone could have his life to himself, it would still be sad enough to see him wasting his time, and his talents, and his opportunities, in wilful idleness and folly. But no one does have his life to himself, and so the popular phrase, "He's no one's enemy but his own," is, and must be, false in every instance. Every human soul,' he said, 'in its rise or fall, takes others along with it; and then he asked straight out how much good I thought I did to my brothers and sisters at home?'

'What did you say to that?' asked Mark.

'I said "Some,"' said Denys. 'That surprised him. He expected that I should say "None;" for of course, you know, he saw I was in earnest. And he asked me to explain. So I told him that but for me, Meave would just be a conceited minx, for Lucius lets her know how awfully some of the fellows at his school admire her; and he tells her of the pretty things they say about her, and how now and then if there are two of them together when she passes, they quarrel as to which of them it was she smiled at, and all that sort of rot, you know. So I said that if I didn't chaff her, and cram her too about nasty things that other fellows say of her—as for instance that they never saw any girl so stuck up and affected as she is, and that there are at least five other girls in Bogedon far far prettier than she is, so that they cannot quite make out why she should give herself such airs—she would waste half her time in plaiting her hair into a coronet and making herself look nice, instead of——'

'Employing it usefully in breaking cheap-trippers' pipes,' interrupted Mark. 'You didn't make out a very good case that time.'

'No,' said Denys, sighing. 'Well, then father smiled. He didn't mean to, but he did, and he said just that—what you said. Then there's a thing I don't mind telling you, Mark, but which of course I couldn't say to him, and that's that Con would have got in with a lot of sneaky little cads at school if I hadn't thrashed him out of it. I had the worst of that, though, in the end. I thrashed him harder than I meant, poor little beggar, and he was so stiff that mother would insist he had lumbago, and made him keep in the house for the rest of the day to be warm and quiet. He daren't explain, of course, and I gave him my best knife to make up. So as there was nothing about Con that I could tell, I had to say Lucius instead.'

'And what good do you do him?'

Denys made a grimace. 'Now, wouldn't Lucius be a prig,' he asked, 'wrapped up in classics and thinking himself no end of clever, if I wasn't there to show him that I can learn as fast as he can when I choose? and I'm sure I help to make the little ones hardy and plucky. Well, when I said all this to father, he at once admitted it

was true. He said the very thing that most troubled him about me was that I had so much influence over the others, and though he was glad to find that I had given any thought whatever to the subject, I must surely be aware that to tell falsehoods to Meave, and to try and tempt Lucius from the work upon which the whole success of his after life might depend, was a base use of the power which God entrusted to me. Some people, he said, were born leaders of men; he believed that I was one; but if it be true that they which "turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," there will, as surely, be a corresponding retribution awaiting those who make a wrong use of this gift. It is a horrid nuisance. I wish he hadn't said that.'

'Yes,' said Mark. 'If you are to act up to the spirit of your father's words as thoroughly as you remember them, you will have to make a difference in your life.'

'That's it,' said Denys, thoughtfully.

Then came one of those short, sympathetic silences which are such a proof of real friendship; and then Denys went on, his trouble sounding in his voice. 'Mark, father said such a lot about responsibility, and I hate to think of it. He said that if I wasted my opportunities and intellect, and let my whole character deteriorate as I have been doing, it is almost certain that sooner or later, others—Meave and Con at any rate—will be affected by it. And he said that this knowledge of their dependence on me ought to be enough to rouse me to a sense of duty. It ought, of course, but I don't know that it is.'

'Why not, Master Denys?' said Mark, gently.

'Because I don't want to be roused, I suppose,' said Denys, jumping up suddenly, and clearing himself from the magenta fragments that were sticking to his clothes. 'Come along, Mark! you've got to take a holiday, and we're going down to Beechcroft Mill.'

'Very well,' Mark answered, smiling. 'I'll tell mother not to expect me in to tea. Unless you will wait and have a cup with us first?' he added, with politeness. 'That always pleases her, you know.'

'No, thank you. Not to-day,' said Denys. 'I'd rather be off to the mill.'

This spot by the mill was a favourite resort of these two friends. No one who saw the erect bearing and firm step with which Mark walked thither would have come to the knowledge of his blindness. He had learnt to look upon it, (in the words of a blind teacher of the blind), 'less as an affliction to be pitied than as a difficulty to be overcome;' and with regard to many things he had conquered the difficulty completely. He knew every inch of the way to the old mill, although it was not an easy way to find. After crossing a few fields he and Denys went by narrow lanes, and then through another meadow; and here their ears were greeted with that sound of running water without

which no English rural landscape seems absolutely perfect. This 'pleasant noise' was made by the brook Morkin.

Mark and Denys crossed the stream by an ugly white wooden bridge, and flung themselves down on the greensward under the shelter of a group of trees. A high bank was behind them, with the deserted tumble-down building which had once been Beechcroft Mill, upon their left, and much higher up stood a pretty and singularly bright red cottage with a tidy little garden, of which the clipped yew-tree was its most conspicuous object from this point. Upon their right this sloping bank was clothed with oak and elm and ash and fir tree, but the growth of trees did not quite reach down to the edge of the water, for the Morkin had here channelled out a very deep bed for itself, owing to the softness of the red sandstone rock.

Denys soon recurred, as Mark expected, to that interview with his father, which for once had set him thinking deeply.

'Father asked me,' he began again, 'what I meant to do with my life. He said I must think about it seriously, for he believed that to fix my mind upon a definite aim and object was the only way by which to lift myself above the slough of idleness and folly in which I was at present plunged. Father doesn't mince his words when he begins,' said Denys, who had a most extraordinary knack of repeating the very phrases of any conversation or address to which he had given his full attention. It almost seemed as if the longer the sentence, the better he remembered it.

'And you mean to be a clergyman some day, don't you, Master Denys?' said Mark, softly. Denys had never said so, but somehow he had divined that this was the secret wish of that boyish soul.

Denys did not speak for a minute, and then it was with bitterness. 'What is the use of thinking about being a clergyman when I'm not even good enough to be a chorister?'

'Nay,' said Mark, 'I don't see that one has anything to do with the other. You are a boy now, and under your father's rule, both as son and parishioner; so if he considers you unfit to serve in the choir, that is enough. But you won't be always a child, and your life is your own to make or mar. If you set yourself to work in earnest with an aim like that in view, I'm sure you will find that your father will do his very best to help you to get an education to fit you for it.'

'Father said that in a month or two—before the end of the holidays—I could tell him whether I had formed any wish at all with regard to my profession,' returned Denys. 'But I don't know that I shall tell him about this. He would expect me to set to work at once to gain some scholarship or exhibition to pay my college expenses; and where would I be then? Mark, I say!' after a pause, 'if I ever am a parson, there shall be *lovely* music in my church—better even than it is here.'

'Then I will come and listen to it, Master Denys,' Mark answered, with a smile, 'no matter where you are.'

'Listen to it!' echoed Denys, careering off upon a new idea. 'Mark, you ought to be the organist. I wonder whether there is any way at all of getting you made one. It seems a shame that when you care so much for music, you should be nothing but a basket-maker.'

'There is no way that I can see,' Mark answered, quietly. 'Think of all the instruction I should need first, and the expense of it! No, it is best for me not to think of such a thing.'

'Well, I don't know,' said Denys, as he lay flat upon his back beneath the trees, gazing up at the glimpses of blue sky, which showed between the interlacing boughs and foliage. 'It strikes me that to make you into an organist would be a better object in life for me than to make myself into a parson. What salary do you think you shall require?' he ended, unexpectedly.

It was never very easy to tell how far Denys Ryan was in jest or earnest.

When the boy went home that evening he found that Meave's penitence for her morning exploit was taking its usual form of extreme usefulness. There was no getting her away from the nursery even after she had undressed both little sisters, and had popped them into their respective cots. Geraldine was cutting a double tooth, and was restless and fretful, and nothing soothed her so much in her trouble as the touch of Queen Mab's loving arms. At length Meave had to take her up again, and wrapping her carefully in her little scarlet dressing-gown, she paced about the room with this wee burden, treading so lightly, and singing a lullaby so softly, that the slumbers of Norah and Donat were not disturbed. Was it really this embodiment of girlish grace and beauty and sisterly tenderness that had amused itself so lately with smashing a cheap-tripper's pipe? Even Jehoiada Johnson must have doubted if he had seen her then.

Denys stood for a minute in the doorway watching her, and then departed to ransack the pantry, for tea was over. When his appetite had been stayed with a bottle of ginger-beer, some slices of cold mutton, the remains of a currant tart, and several hunches of brown bread, he took up what was rather a favourite station of his, on the outside sill of the drawing-room window: there it was easy to hear all that passed inside the room. He had some thoughts of setting seriously to work upon his unlearned lessons for next week, of which he had a great accumulation; but, unlike Meave, he could not bear his repentance to be evident, and as a fit of study on his part at that late hour on a holiday would be certain to attract attention, he occupied himself instead in practising some sleight-of-hand accomplishments with a pocket-handkerchief. Lucius and Con were out together somewhere, but his parents were in the drawing-room. Mrs. Ryan was

knitting a sock for Donat, and her husband, who was seated at a table near to her, reading and sorting papers, paused every now and then to talk to her, and consult her about his work. In that small house they were so used to the inevitable presence of the children on almost all occasions, that they had the habit of freely discussing important parish matters before them. Denys, therefore, had no scruples about listening now, just as much or as little as he chose.

'Something really *ought* to be done now for the people upon Bogedon Down,' Mr. Ryan was saying. 'Just think what a distance even the Actons have to come for church; and, in winter certainly, half the labourers at the farms beyond, never dream of attempting such a thing, whatever they may do in summer. One can hardly blame them either, while so little is done to convince them of the value of the means of grace.'

'What then are you thinking of doing?' said Mrs. Ryan. She knew her husband far too well not to feel sure that he had some prompt scheme of action in his mind.

'You know the windmill?'

'I do, of course, dear. Perfectly.'

'And that for a long time it has not been used?'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Ryan; and here Denys cut in eagerly.

'And it isn't likely that it ever will be used again. I was talking to old Dixon on Wednesday,—the farmer that way out, you know—and he said that the corn trade was going out altogether from these parts—spoilt by town smoke and worsening weather and foreign produce; and he thought that the sand and gravel and clay below the soil were getting of more value for building purposes than could be made out of the grain above.'

'That will do, Denys,' said his mother, gently. 'Do not interrupt your father. I want to hear what he has to say.'

But Mr. Ryan was smiling at his son. 'This time his interruption, Norah, is exactly to the point, which is more than can be always said for him. The mill, I hear, has fallen out of repair simply from disuse, and, as Denys says, in the present state of agricultural depression, there is little likelihood of any one else taking it and putting it in order. What I propose therefore is that I should rent it, and have it fitted up as a little mission-chapel, where divine service could be held.

'The windmill!' exclaimed Mrs. Ryan and Denys in one breath.

'Why not?' said Mr. Ryan. 'This is not my own original idea. I wish it were: I should indeed be proud of it. In the south of England, in Surrey, there is already such a mission-chapel for an out-lying hamlet; and when I chanced to hear of this the other day, it immediately occurred to me to try and utilise this windmill on the Down. The cost of furnishing it need not be much. A small altar, a reading-desk, a few chairs, lights, and some prayer-books and hymn-books, are all that are essential, besides a little carpentry and white-

washing; and with Lucius to help me, I believe I could manage the whitewashing myself.'

'And a harmonium, father!' exclaimed Denys, with sparkling eyes. 'You have forgotten the harmonium. And Mark could be the organist. Oh! how jolly that would be.'

Mr. Ryan was struck by the fact that Denys was in such a hurry to put in his plea for Mark and the harmonium, that he did not even stop to ask to be permitted to share in the whitewashing: as this was just the sort of work in which he delighted, it was proof positive that that other wish was near his heart.

'Not so fast, my boy. We must not think of anything so grand as a harmonium. It would be far too expensive for us now.'

'How much would one cost, Lucius?' asked Mrs. Ryan. 'I mean, of course, a second-hand one. Music would be such an inducement to many people, who perhaps otherwise might never enter the building.'

'Then they must wait,' said Mr. Ryan, with decision. 'I intend these services primarily for those who really care for church-going, but who are prevented by home duties or age or want of health from coming regularly as far as Bogedon church. If we begin by arranging for extras, we shall find that we do not raise sufficient funds to carry out our project, and it may have to be abandoned.'

'Any service is horrid without music,' persisted Denys. 'And only a few people will dare to sing out properly without an instrument to guide them, and those will be people with powerful voices, each one of whom will shout out the hymns in a different key. What would an old harmonium cost?'

'A good suitable one would be about twelve pounds,' said his father. 'I have heard of one for only five pounds, but have no idea what such an instrument would be. Cheap and nasty, I should imagine.'

'Who is the owner of the windmill?' inquired Mrs. Ryan.

'Armstrong, of Horby. His is the next farm to Dixon's. I shall go and speak to him to-morrow morning.'

'Father,' said Denys, suddenly, with a frown of thought upon his brow, 'if we young ones—Lucius and Meave and Con and I—can scrape money enough together to get a harmonium, will you let Mark be the organist at the Windmill Chapel?'

Mr. Ryan was pleased with the purposeful expression of the boy's face, and though he knew that among his family tips were few and scanty, he did not venture to discourage the kind wild scheme.

'I will,' he said. 'Mark shall be the musician when we have need of one, if the appointment is with me; but I am afraid that it will be a long time before we have anything ready for him to play on. And he would want some lessons certainly before he could take the post, and always somebody to coach him for each service. But perhaps Lucius, or—or *you*—could manage that.'

'Oh, yes! I could,' said Denys, readily, his colour heightening at

this gratifying concession on his father's part. The next thing to be done was to talk quietly to Meave.

Meave's domestic fit was however still in the ascendant. Geraldine would not consent to be laid back upon her pillow until Meave assured her that she would watch awhile by her bedside; and as she sat beside the three sweet sleeping cherubs, she was sewing, actually *sewing*, on behalf of one of them. When Denys looked in upon her for the second time that evening, she made him a stately signal of dismissal. Boys were rough and misleading, said that gesture plainly, and she felt quite above them; and whatever penalties might await her in the future for this defiant naughtiness, for the moment at least she was mistress of the position. For disturbing the little ones after they were asleep, was one of the few offences not readily forgiven in that household, and Denys knew that she would be no good to him that night.

It was well for the boy that this was so, and that no half-jesting discussion with his sister, came to weaken the force of his newly-formed purpose before it had had time to root itself firmly in his mind. This purpose was to get Mark made the organist of the Windmill Chapel, and thus bring back the joy of music to his life; and though there was additional pleasure in the thought that in the doing he himself might become a chorister, or something like a chorister, this was altogether secondary to his aim of helping Mark. He lay awake in bed a long time, thinking gladly of the future, and planning many things with regard to the Chapel services; but it was a pity that he was too busy in settling these arrangements to devote much thought to the immediate reformation which was needed in himself.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXVII.

1643-1645.

THE COVENANT IN ENGLAND.

THE Parliamentary leaders began to feel that they should never succeed except by external help. The King, backed by the brave and hardy nobles and squires, was more than a match for them; and he had besides entered into negotiations with the Irish Lords of the Pale, who had so unwillingly been forced into rebellion by the Lords Justices, and who might come to his assistance. All Irish Roman Catholics were alike in English eyes, and the idea of aid from thence meant an irruption of savage kerns, massacre and murder everywhere.

Already the Scots had been thought of as the best auxiliaries to the Puritan party. The Presbyterian form of religious government was the Calvinist ideal, and on the 12th of June, 1643, an Assembly began to sit at Westminster to consider the new regulations to be put in force, since Episcopacy and the Prayer-book were held to be abolished. There were ten peers, twenty members of the House of Commons, and a hundred and twenty clergy, to whom were added a party of commissioners from Scotland, also noble, lay and clerical, the latter again including Baillie, who recorded so much as to the first commission. He observes: 'The like of this Assembly I did never see, nor as we hear say, the like never was in England, nor anywhere is shortly like to be.'

This peerless assembly at first met in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and afterwards in the Jerusalem Chamber. Their deliberations were lengthy, extending over several years, and resulted in the full and formal scheme of government, the public worship, the Catechism and Psalmody, which have ever since prevailed in Scotland, and which were intended by the framers for the whole of the three kingdoms, though things had so greatly altered in England before they were complete that Presbyterianism had lost its chance of becoming the Establishment in England.

At first, however, the great object of the English was to obtain the assistance of the Scottish armies, and the Scots gave them to understand that the price of this was the universal acceptance of the Solemn League and Covenant, overthrowing Episcopacy, and binding

the country to Presbyterianism and the most strict form of Calvinism. It was not welcome. Among those committed to the popular cause there were some who loved the Prayer-book, and held that Bishops were of Divine appointment; and of the others, the Independents and Brownists no more accepted Presbyters than Bishops. The best of the divines on their own side saw that to impose this obligation was quite as great a tyranny as what had been complained of. Richard Baxter did all he could to prevent it from being enforced on those whose conscience revolted from it, for 'he could never judge it seemly for one believing in God to play fast and loose with a dreadful oath.' The Independents likewise pleaded for toleration of such sects as held what they viewed as vital principles. Selden, one of the wisest and most learned men of the time, confuted many of the arguments based on misinterpretations of Scripture; but the Covenanters were not to be silenced. 'Toleration,' they cried, 'will make the kingdom a chaos, an Amsterdam, a Sodom, an Egypt, a Babylon;' and again they called toleration the great Goddess Diana of the Independents.

The only Independent who could make his voice and hand effective was biding his time and training his Ironsides. To overcome the King was the prime desire of the remnant of a Parliament, and the acceptance of the Covenant was the condition of Scottish aid. So on the 18th of September, 1643, the bill for it passed both Houses, and on the 25th it was sworn to in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, by all the members of Parliament, standing, with their hats off, and one hand raised to Heaven, as they first swore by word of mouth, and then signed a written declaration.

The next Sunday it was ordered to be read in all the churches in London. The persons who had listened to all the enthusiastic Scottish preaching took it eagerly, and, still pressed on by the Scots, the Parliament further enacted that it should be taken by every man in the kingdom above the age of eighteen; and every holder of a benefice who refused it was to be ejected.

Of course it could only be imposed in the towns and counties under the power of the Parliament; but in these it was tendered at once to every office-holder, and to every clergyman who had escaped forfeiture on the accusation of being scandalous. Some persons took it in ignorant obedience to authority, others did what Baxter called 'juggling and jesting with matters too great to be jested with.' Obscure people might be passed over, but the clergy had no escape, and very few transgressed their vows by taking it, letting themselves rather be driven, with their families, from their homes to utter poverty. There were not anything like Presbyterian clergy enough to fill their places. 'Some thousands of churches must *vake* for want of men,' wrote Baillie, though numbers of men were hastily examined and ordained, Presbyterian fashion. The richer benefices were grasped by the divines themselves, or by relations of the

patrons; the poorer were sometimes left to their rightful minister, till some enthusiastic or greedy Puritan thought it worth while to thrust him out. If these fanatics heard the Liturgy, they called it a mess of pottage, and the like; the desk, a calves' coop; and the Assembly was engaged in struggling over a new Directory which they intended to put forth.

The persecuted churchmen declared that the Covenant was worse than the Six Articles of Henry VIII., and some even discovered that it consisted of 666 words, the number of the Beast. The clergy, some of them became chaplains to regiments; some found refuge as tutors or chaplains to loyal gentlemen; some were sheltered in farmhouses; one family lived in a chamber over their own church porch. There was terrible distress and suffering, for hardly any of the clergy had any private means.

All public amusements were put down, all holidays, especially 'the idolatrous festival called Yowl,' by the Covenanters. No sports might take place on Sunday; if children played, their parents might be fined; theatres were closed, and bull and bear baiting put down, not (as Macaulay observes) because these were cruel to the beasts, but because they were amusing to the spectators. By this time, however, only ten lords still resorted to Westminster, and on the 5th of October there were only five, so that to talk of the three estates of the realm was really a farce.

Charles proposed to dissolve the remnant, but Hyde advised him otherwise, and he ended by convoking a Counter Parliament at Oxford, which met in January, 1644, and numbered forty-three lords and 118 commoners. Pym, the chief of the original opponents of his government, died after a few days' illness on the 8th of December, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with great state, almost all the members of Parliament attending.

The reward of the Covenant was gained. Twenty-one thousand Scots, under the command of the Earl of Leven, assisted by a far abler general, his namesake nephew, David Leslie, marched through deep snow across the Border to besiege the only eastern seaport of the Royalists, Newcastle, most important as the place whence the supplies purchased by the Queen's agents in Holland could be received. Sir Charles Lucas, with 14,000 horse, tried to keep them in check, but could not hinder them from blockading the town, and, in the meantime, there had been trouble and dissension in the councils at Oxford. Henrietta trying to put forward Jermyn and Digby, Hyde distrusting them, Rupert disdaining them, the ladies coquetting, the gentlemen quarrelling and duelling, as the winter went past.

In early spring, Rupert set forth to see what could be done in the north, but without supplies or money, and the King set up his standard at Marlborough; but the Covenant seemed to have inspired new energy on the Parliamentary side, and there were now four armies on foot, under Essex in the neighbourhood of London, Waller

in the west, Fairfax in the north, besides that of Leven; and in the east Cromwell was acting as Lieutenant to the Earl of Manchester, to which title Kimbolton had succeeded on the death of his father. And in the first battle of the year 1644, fought at Alresford, Waller defeated Hopton, and thus had Hampshire at his mercy. Already he had taken Farnham, the grand old feudal castle of the Bishops of Winchester, and had dismantled it, throwing the summit of the keep into the towers, so as to fill it up; and he now seized Winchester, and desecrated the Cathedral, but spared Wykeham's tomb and the college at the entreaty of one of his colonels, a Wykehamist; and the demonstrations made by the people seem to have withheld the soldiery from some of the sacrilegious ruin they intended.

'They spoil'd the tombs of valiant men, warrior and saint and sage;
But at the tomb of Wykeham good angels quenched their rage.'

The Queen had been suffering from rheumatic fever, and her state of health daunted her brave spirit. It was thought that Essex and Waller might simultaneously march upon Oxford; and Charles decided on sending her to a place of safety. Her first destination was Bath, for the benefit of the waters, and on the 2nd of April the royal pair parted at Abingdon, amid floods of tears, though they little guessed that they should never meet again.

She could not remain long at Bath, and proceeded to Exeter, where she lodged in Bedford House, and was so ill that Charles wrote to his physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, this line: 'For the love of me, go to my wife.' Mayerne went, though without much affection for the Queen, for one day, when she exclaimed in her distress, 'I am afraid I shall go mad some day!' he replied, 'Nay, your Majesty need not fear *going* mad; you have been so for some time.' Her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, Queen-Regent of France, hearing of her trouble and destitution, sent her a nurse, with all the articles she required, and 50,000 *pistoles*, the greater part of which sum Henrietta forwarded to her husband. On the 16th of June Henrietta gave birth to a daughter, and immediately after came tidings that the King, leaving Oxford in time to avoid a siege, had given Waller a complete beating at Cropredy Bridge, near Banbury, on the 29th.

To counterbalance this good news, Essex was marching westwards to relieve Lyme Regis, where Blake was making a resolute defence against Prince Maurice, and with hopes of capturing Exeter, with the Queen in the city. She sent to ask the Earl to permit her to retire to Bath for the recovery of her health, but Essex made answer that he intended to escort her Majesty to London to answer to Parliament for having levied war on England.' Hatred had made Essex forget his gentlemanly instincts when he could thus answer a woman whose babe was not a fortnight old. To be made a hostage for her husband was what Henrietta could not endure. Ill as she was, she left Exeter with one gentleman, one lady, and her confessor. Two days she was

hidden in a cottage while the Parliamentary troops passed by, and then, coming out in disguise, met her attendants, who had also escaped by many ways in disguise, at Pendennis Castle, and finding a Dutch vessel in the bay, embarked in it. She was pursued and fired on by an English ship, and she had thoughts of blowing up her own, but met at length the French squadron from Dieppe, which sheltered her. She landed near Brest, and having with some difficulty persuaded the Bretons that her people were no pirates, but that she was Henri IV.'s daughter, she obtained hospitality and carriages from the *noblesse* around, and repaired to the medicinal springs of Bourbon, whence Anne of Austria sent Madame de Motteville to assure her of all affection and support, and bring her all she could need. She had, indeed, made many mistakes, and had contributed greatly to the ruin of her husband; but no one could help pitying her, after seeing the change in the lively girl, now a broken, heart-stricken woman, though sometimes in the midst of her tears some absurd reminiscence would set her laughing.

The King had started immediately after his victory at Cropredy Bridge to pursue Essex, whose troops he defeated in several skirmishes. He entered Exeter ten days after the Queen's departure, and Lady Morton, Buckingham's sister, with whom his poor babe had been left, brought her to him. He caused her to be baptized by the name of Henrietta Anne, commended her to Lady Morton's care, and assigned part of the revenue of Exeter for her support. But even then terrible news for himself and his cause had come from the north. Prince Rupert had in early spring set forth to the north, intending to relieve Lathom House, which the Countess of Derby was bravely holding out; and what was of far more importance, the City of York, where the Marquess of Newcastle was besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax. He pressed forward, gaining a victory at Newark, and relieving Lathom, where the Countess—Charlotte de la Tremouille—had held out for eighteen weeks, though being bred a Huguenot, her religious sentiments agreed with those of the Roundheads.

'If York be lost, I shall esteem my crown little less so,' wrote Charles to his nephew, and Rupert dashed on, and succeeded in entering the city without a battle, the besiegers retreating. Lord Goring, with 7,000 men, had joined the Prince, the loyal gentlemen of Yorkshire had risen, and some of Ormond's regiment had been added in Cheshire to the army, which numbered 20,000. Newcastle was averse to a battle. He said the enemy's army would fall to pieces, English hated Scots, Covenanters hated Independents, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was at variance with Major-General Crawford, and patience would do the work of a victory. The enemy were retreating, let them go, the Prince had better return to the South.

Rupert, however, declared that he had orders from his uncle to fight, and followed hard upon the enemy, who were marching towards Tadcaster. The accounts of the opening of the battle and, indeed, of

the whole combat, are extremely confused and uncertain. The two armies were in sight of each other on a great heath called Hessam Moor, at one end of which stood the village of Marston. It was the 2nd of July, and Newcastle had been urging the Prince either not to fight or to wait for a reinforcement of 3,000 men who were expected.

Rupert answered that he should not begin the attack till the next day, and Newcastle retired to rest in his coach, but had scarcely seated himself there before firing was heard. He mounted his horse, and with some other gentlemen who had taken offence, served as a volunteer.

Who began the battle there seems to be no knowing. The two armies were in full view of each other, and as the sun began to decline, a heavy thunderstorm came on. The Roundheads raised a battle psalm, the chaplains read prayers at the head of each regiment.

‘Flourished the trumpets fierce, and now
Fixed was each eye and flushed each brow,
On either side loud clamours ring,
God and the Cause! God and the King!
Right English all, they rushed to blows,
With nought to win and all to lose.’

It was a confused *mêlée*. Rupert and Goring thundered on the Scots, and cut them down right and left. ‘Bad luck to us! we are undone!’ was their cry, and away they rushed; but on the other hand the Irish regiments had undergone the same fate from Cromwell’s horse, and were annihilated by the reserve under Leslie.

The centre fought man to man most desperately on either side; but Cromwell and David Leslie were the first to come to the support of their comrades, and their charges were irresistible. The brave men—chiefly Yorkshire yeomen—gave not a foot back, but fell where they stood. Rupert, coming back as one victorious, found Cromwell’s Ironsides where he expected his own men. It was nearly dark, and his Cavaliers were exhausted. As the Ironsides charged them, they gave way and galloped off the field. The Prince struggled to rally them, but in vain; he found himself alone. He leapt his horse over into a bean field, and rode away. By-and-by, finding a few dragoons, he lined the hedges with them, and prevented Cromwell from pressing on the fugitives, who were rushing into York.

It had been a fearful slaughter, and it was not till morning came that many of the Roundheads knew the victory was theirs. Lord Leven, flying from the field, was arrested by a constable; Lord Fairfax fled to Cawood Castle, and there went to bed in the dark much out of spirits. His son, Sir Thomas, taking off his white ribbons—the badge of the Northern Puritans—passed unknown through the Cavaliers, and joined Cromwell. He was wounded slightly, and so was Cromwell.

Only thirty of Newcastle’s ‘lambs’ were left. Many brave

Cavaliers had perished, though not of such note as those who had died at Edgehill and Newbury. And among the dead was Rupert's faithful dog, Boy, who in the hurry had not been tied up before the battle, and over whose body the Roundheads triumphed as if he had been a familiar spirit.

Rupert was almost the last man to enter York, and there the first news he heard was that the Marquess of Newcastle was about to set forth for the Continent. The vain man was personally brave, but he could not bear discomfiture, and dreaded to be laughed at, so while Rupert was rallying the remnant of the army, he sailed for Holland in a fishing boat from Scarborough. This was the first very serious blow that the Royal cause had received. There could be little further hope of holding out York, and Rupert left Sir Thomas Glenham as Governor there, while, with about 6,000 men, he marched southwards. The Marquess of Montrose met him at Richmond, hoping to obtain from him a troop wherewith to go and raise the Highlands; but none could be spared at such a moment—yet if Montrose could only bring a war in Scotland, the 20,000 Covenanters would be called home. Glenham could only hold out York a fortnight; he was allowed to march out with all honor, and the Scots then returned to the siege of Newcastle; Fairfax went back to Hull, and Manchester and Cromwell marched into the Midland counties.

Meantime the King, with Wilmot and Goring, had pushed Essex and his army into the extreme angle of Cornwall, whence the Earl wrote to Parliament, beseeching for money and supplies, and that Waller would fall on the rear of the Royal army. Waller replied to orders to do so, that he could not move without money; and none was forthcoming. At last, Essex himself, with a few officers, escaped in an open boat, close under a fort held by the Cavaliers, and arrived at Plymouth. Such carelessness prevailed that Sir William Balfour led off the Parliamentary Horse through the midst of the Royal army unsuspected, and without losing a man; and Skippon was left with the infantry and artillery to make the best terms he could. All the cannon, ammunition, and weapons, except the swords and pistols of the officers and the men, were to be escorted to Poole or Wareham. But Goring and Wilmot led men unlike the honourable gentlemen who had first risen, and the old hatred to Skippon showed itself in cruel insults to his defenceless soldiers, which the King tried in vain to prevent.

He left Plymouth blockaded, and marched to Chard in Somersetshire, sending Rupert to Bristol, to collect reinforcements to join him in a march upon London, longing all the more to regain his capital, since, after three years' imprisonment, Archbishop Laud had been brought to trial, his great enemy Prynne, having been all this time collecting evidence against him.

The Parliamentary armies coalesced to block the way. Manchester, Cromwell, and Waller were with them; but Essex was ill in London. A second bloody and indecisive battle was fought at Newbury, on

the 27th of October, in which Essex's troops recovered the artillery they had lost in Cornwall. Each party thought itself victorious, and though Charles retreated in the morning on Wallingford, he offered battle again at Donnington; but the Roundheads did not move. However, they had frustrated his march on London, and he went into winter quarters again at Oxford.

On the return of the officers to London, there were considerable dissensions. Cromwell declared that there would have been a decisive victory at Donnington but for the Earl of Manchester, who, he said, was afraid to conquer, and had refused consent to his attacking the Royal army, when shown that success was a certainty. Manchester, on his side, accused Cromwell of want of discipline, deceit, and perfidy, to which that general replied by reiterating his charges. The truth underlying all this was, that the noblemen and Presbyterians were not disposed to go to all lengths against the King, but desired peace, provided that religion in England could be assimilated to that in Scotland; while, on the other hand, Cromwell, with the Independents and all the other sects, wished for a complete overthrow of the old system, and a liberty of conscience quite as repugnant to the Presbyterians as to the Episcopalians.

The nobles sent a deputation to Oxford to endeavour to make peace, but it failed, as usual; and Cromwell, in his place in the House of Commons, denounced the feeble measures which had kept up the civil war for two years, declaring that nothing but really vigorous measures could put an end to it. The divisions between the commanders were, as another member said, fatal to success; and a third, named Zouch Tate, declared that 'the only remedy was that each should renounce himself, and that no one should hold a command in the army who also had a seat in either House.'

There was a good deal of opposition to this, which was called 'the Self-denying Ordinance;' but the Scottish Commissioners approved of it, for the sake of getting rid of Oliver Cromwell from the army, as they had an instinctive dread of him; and it was finally carried on the 21st of December, 1644, though it could not be immediately put in force.

The Presbyterians, however, triumphed by the formal abolition of the Book of Common Prayer, the use of which was absolutely forbidden in the same December, and a Directory of Public Worship, prepared by the Assembly at Westminster, was enforced in its room, causing fresh persecution in places where the Liturgy had hitherto been first tolerated.

Therewith the martyrdom of the foremost champion of the Church was close at hand. Laud had been four years in the Tower, not closely guarded; indeed, there were many who would have felt it a relief if he had escaped, and Hugo Grotius sent him a message by the great Eastern scholar, Dr. Pocock, to incite him to do so; but the old man had no mind to be exiled either to a Popish or Sectarian land, and held it best to abide his fate in his own country.

Prynne seized his papers, and did all he could to make a strong case against him. He was brought before the House of Lords on the 13th of March, and the trial dragged on, for it was really impossible to find any act of what even Parliament could call treason in his conduct. His diary—even his most private thoughts and prayers—was dragged to light and published. Of course neither treason nor Popery could be detected in it; but the exposure was intensely painful to him, and his record of dreams, of omens, even of infirmities of temper, gave the opportunity for derision. Even his Common Prayer-book was taken away and not returned for six months. Everything imaginable was raked up against him. He had restored stained-glass windows; had pictures of saints in his house; he had called a gentleman 'sirrah.' To this last he answered that he could not remember having done so; but it was his habit to call persons of that dignity 'sir.' Even bowing at the most Holy Name, and standing at the Gloria, were brought up against him; and worst of all, he was accused of endeavouring to reconcile the Churches of England and Rome. To this he answered—

'I have converted several from Popery. I have taken an oath against it. I have written a book against it. I have held a controversy against it. I have been twice offered a Cardinal's hat, and refused it. I have been twice in danger of my life from a Popish plot. I have endeavoured to reconcile the Lutherans and Calvinists, and, therefore, I have endeavoured to introduce Popery!'

But in the face of all the enemies who thirsted for his blood, the brave old man avouched his belief that the Church of Rome 'is a true, but not an orthodox Church. Salvation may be found in her communion, and her religion and ours are one in the great essentials. I am not bound to believe every detached phrase in the Homilies, and I do not think they assert the Pope to be Antichrist, yet it cannot be proved that I ever denied him to be so. As to the charge of unchurching foreign Protestants, I certainly said generally, according to St. Jerome, "no Bishop, no Church," and the preface to the book of Ordination sets forth that the three Orders came from the Apostles.'

Invective against himself and Rome, was the only answer the prosecutors could make. Even Prynne allowed that his defence was 'full, gallant, and pithy,' though adding that it showed him 'a truer son of the Church of Rome than of the Church of England.'

Prynne hounded on the rabble to clamour for the Archbishop's blood; Hugh Peters and others preached them up; and the House of Commons summoned the old man to their bar on a charge of high treason. There was little use in speaking, though he made a touching defence, urging that his counsel might be heard; but his fate had been determined. He was voted guilty of high treason, and the Lords were called on to join the sentence; but even the wretched remnant of them hesitated long, though the Earl of Pembroke spoke

of the old man as a rascal and a villain, and threatened the others with being mobbed by the Londoners; and messages from the Commons came up urging them. At last, on the 17th of December, fourteen peers, who alone were present, voted the Primate guilty of endeavouring to subvert the laws, overthrow the Protestant religion, and to act as an enemy to Parliament. The Judges were asked if this amounted to treason. They unanimously declared that it was no such thing.

Nevertheless, after keeping Christmas Day as a fast, the Commons sent up a demand for the sentence, and six peers passed it. The King, though with no hope that it would be of any use, sent up a free pardon under the Great Seal; but no notice was taken of this.

The day was to be the 4th of January, 1645, the mode, hanging; but Laud, though content to die, petitioned against this last indignity to his office, and the Lords changed it to beheading. He also begged for the attendance of his three chaplains; but only one was granted to him, together with two strong Presbyterians, whose attendance he declined. He was perfectly calm and cheerful, as one who felt the hope that his was a martyr's death. He prayed till he was led forth along a thronged and crowded way, amidst people who insulted him, to the scaffold, which itself was so thronged that he hardly had room to mount.

'I thought,' he said, 'that there would have been an empty scaffold, that I might have had room to die. I beseech you let me have an end of this misery, for I have endured it long.'

Then, as he climbed the scaffold, he saw that there were between the planks spaces through which he could see people standing. He besought that they might be removed, 'lest my innocent blood should fall on the heads of the people.'

Sir John Clotworthy, who was one of the throng on the scaffold, rudely asked him, 'What is the comfortablest saying which a dying man can have in his mouth?' The Archbishop meekly answered, '*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.*'

'That is a good desire; but there must be a foundation for that Divine assurance.'

'No man cannot express it. It is to be found within.'

'It is founded on a word nevertheless, and that word should be known.'

'That word is the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and Him alone.'

The Archbishop was permitted to read a paper containing an address to the bystanders, very striking and touching; and to which they listened in silence, impressed with respect. Then kneeling by the block he uttered this beautiful prayer:—

'Lord, I am coming as fast as I can. I know I must pass through the shadow of death before I can come to see Thee. But it is the *umbra mortis*, a mere shadow of death, a little darkness upon nature; but Thou, by Thy Merits and Passion, hast broken through the jaws

of death. So, Lord, receive my soul, and have mercy upon me; and bless this kingdom with peace and plenty, and with brotherly love and charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Jesus Christ, His sake, if it be Thy will.'

After a prayer in silence, with his head bowed on the block, he exclaimed, 'Lord Jesus, receive my soul.' It was the sign, and the executioner struck off his head at a blow. He was seventy-one years old when malignity thus cut him off, with even less appearance of justice than in the other great executions of the Rebellion. He was first buried in All Hallows Church near the Tower, but afterwards his own wish was fulfilled, and his remains were taken to the chapel of his own college of St. John's at Oxford.

And was it his prayers that so wrought that Prynne, at the Restoration, was the first to demand the renewed use of the Prayer-book?

Another attempt at a treaty was being carried on at Uxbridge. One difficulty was that the King disdained to give the name of Parliament to the body at Westminster, which was stripped of all its loyal, and many of its moderate members. However, all his Council were against him, and he consented at last. The Commissioners met at Uxbridge on the 29th of January, full of hope of bringing the war to an end. There were Northumberland and three other Lords, various of the members of the Lower House, including Denzil Holles, Oliver St. John, and Sir Harry Vane, the younger; the Scots were represented by the Earl of Loudon, and others; the King by the Duke of Richmond and Marquis of Hertford, Sir Edward Hyde, Sir John Colepepper, and others, too many to enumerate. Indeed, altogether the negotiators were 108 in number. It had been determined that the negotiations should last twenty days, and should turn on Ireland, religion, and the militia. There were many civilities between the gentlemen who were glad to meet as friends, and most of whom heartily longed to end the war. But a fanatic named Love chose to preach outrageously in Uxbridge Church that the Malignants had come from Oxford with hearts full of blood, and that this treaty was intended to delude the Saints, so that some great injury might be done them. Complaints were made, and he was sent away from Uxbridge, but not punished.

The Roundheads insisted that Episcopacy should be abolished, together with the Prayer-book, that Parliament should have the control of the army and navy, and that the King's peace with the Irish rebels should be broken, and Popery eradicated.

Charles would not give up the Bishops or the Church, though he consented to cut down their temporal authority and wealth; but his nobles thought that if he would engage to grant that he would give them half the nominations to the army, and for some years himself choose their favourites, they might come to terms. Lord Southampton went to Oxford to obtain his consent, and after very hard pressure he

gave it. Southampton thought all would be well, and when at supper the King regretted the badness of the wine, one of his attendants said, 'In a few days your Majesty will be drinking the Lord Mayor's good wine in the Guildhall.'

But when in the morning Southampton came to receive the King's last instructions, there had been a change, and Charles would not yield the nominations; in fact, he had heard of Montrose's diversion of the Scottish force, and his hopes had arisen again. Southampton carried back his refusal, and the twenty days being now over, the conference broke up. The Royalists had made the discovery during these meetings that there was an ever-widening split between their adversaries. The Presbyterians wanted to restore the King, but with the Covenant; but the Independents wanted neither King, nobles, ministers, nor any established form of religion at all.

During all this time, the King kept a kind of note-book or record of his private thoughts, concluding his reflections with prayers. These were afterwards published under the title of *Eikon Basilike*, or the Royal portrait, about the time of his death. There has been an endless controversy about their genuineness, and strangely enough Cromwell apparently believed in their authenticity, though Charles II., many years later, professed not to do so, and a clergyman, named Gauden, actually laid claim to preferment on the score of having served the royal cause by forging the *Eikon Basilike*. But on the other hand, his wife—after his death—denied his having done so, and lamented his deceit, nor is the style accordant with his writings. Other evidence has since come to light, which makes it as nearly certain as possible that Charles wrote these meditations, and even sanctioned their being made known. And it has been truly said that the light they throw upon the real man is very similar to that thrown on King David's character by the Psalms. Here are some of his devotions, written about this time—

'Thou canst as well blesse honest errorr as blast fraudulent counsels.

'Since we must give an account of every evill and idle word in private at Thy tribunall; Lord, make me careful of those solemn declarations of my minde which are like to have the greatest influence upon the publique, either for woe or weale.

'The lesse others consider what they aske, make me the more sollicitous what I answer.

'Though mine owne and my people's pressures are grievous, and peace would be very pleasing, yet, Lord, never suffer me to avoyd the one, or purchase the other, with the least expence or waste of my conscience, whereof, Thou O Lord, onely art deservedly more Master than my wife.'

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXIII.

LIFTING OF HEARTS.

Aunt Anne. We are come as it were to the innermost shrine, the most sacred portion of all our Ordinances. There is scarcely any variation in it in all the known Liturgies, and thus there is every reason to believe that it came down from the times of the Apostles themselves.

Susan. You mean from the time when the Priest says, 'Lift up your hearts.'

A. As I once heard said in a sermon, the time for thinking of ourselves and our own sin is over, and now we are to turn entirely to thinking of the Lord and adoring Him. Therefore the Greeks called this the *Anaphora*, lifting up, or oblation. The Latins call it the *Sursum corda*.

S. *Sursum* means up, does it not? If it were literally translated, up hearts.

A. Yes; but the translators made the language far more dignified by adding the verb, as it is in the Liturgy of Cæsarea. As you see here in Palmer's '*Origines Liturgicæ*,' the versicles are the same as our own, and as these Latin ones from the Sarum—

Priest. *Sursum corda.*

People. *Habemus ad Dominum.*

Priest. *Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.*

People. *Dignum et justum est.*

S. I can read the Greek enough to see that 'Let us give thanks' is there *Eucharistesomen*.

A. Yes, that word most fully conveys, 'Let us offer the Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.' And it is the identical word used by St. Paul in his account of the institution of the Holy Communion, and again in his directions about the services in 1 Cor. xiv. 16 and 1 Tim. ii. 1. Thus these simple versicles and responses convey, 'Let our hearts, freed from the burden of sin, rise in full adoration to the Lord, and let us join in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving offered before the Throne of God.'

S. Then we answer, 'It is meet and right so to do;' and the Priest takes up the word, 'It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should at all times and in all places give thanks.'

A. Then there is a glancing upward to what St. John beheld—the

Throne, Mercy Seat, and the Lamb as it had been slain—the Sacrifice once offered, namely, and the song begun by cherubims, and continued by the angels, and the elders, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, and every creature which is in Heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth.

S. Angels and archangels and all the company of Heaven.

‘From him who saw Creation’s morn,
Of all the Angels eldest born,
To the poor babe who died to-day,
‘Take part in our thanksgiving lay.’

A. ‘Ye saints of God, sweet JESUS body glorious,
From Abel to the babe baptized, but now
Ye that in Paradise take rest victorious,
Ye that on earth, beneath the cross still bow.

‘Ye lightning-visaged hosts Angelical,
So at this Holy Feast I meet you all;
Heaven and earth are one in Thee, Lord Christ,
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.’

S. It is the time that we know we still meet and join with the dear ones gone from us.

A. Yes. Not only is it the most glorious note of praise for joyful hearts, but it is the most consoling moment for mourners. So while

‘He healeth those that are broken in heart,
And giveth medicine to heal their sickness;
He telleth the number of the stars,
And calleth them all by their names.’

S. And we praise Him in the song that Isaiah was permitted to hear from the Seraphim, and St. John from the Cherubim round about the Throne, praising the Holy Trinity in Unity.

A. And therefore termed in Greek the *Trisagion*; in Latin the *Tersanctus*.

S. I suppose it is one of the oldest parts of our worship.

A. No doubt. The Liturgies invariably have it, and the oldest writings of the Fathers, both in east and west, testify incidentally to its constant use; following, as we said a little while ago, the Eternal Commemoration of the Lamb as It had been slain—beginning at the Mercy Seat, participated in grand Cathedrals, with all the beauty earth can bring, in village churches, in tents, in lonely hovels, in sick chambers—by creatures in the earth and under the earth.

S. And always the voices of all to join in praise.

A. Yes, always. The congregation were always to join—as in each scene where St. John beholds that heavenly worship, going on through all the visitations upon the sinful world.

S. The place to join in is after ‘saying.’

A. Certainly. There used to be a separate paragraph; but I suppose this disappeared under the printer’s hands. The last clause used to be, not ‘Glory be to Thee,’ but

'Hosanna in the Highest,

Blessed be He that cometh in the Name of the Lord ;

Hosanna in the Highest.'—Ps. cxviii., Matt. xxii.

S. Why is that left out ?

A. In 1549, the Hosanna, which you know means 'Save now,' was changed into Glory, and in 1552, the whole of the triumphal welcome was left out; no one seems to know why, unless it was by the influence of Bucer and a Lasko. But what we have is very precious.

S. We have gone on to the end without speaking of the Proper Prefaces, which give especial thanksgiving for the blessing of each great Holy Feast. Are they old ?

A. As old as anything not absolutely primitive. The Sacramentaries of SS. Leo, Gelasius, and Gregory had Proper Prefaces for nearly every Sunday, festival, or Saints' Day. The Ambrosian at Milan, and the old Spanish, keep all these still; but there was a general cutting down of the number all over the west, and the English uses retained only ten; those we have now, and besides, one for the Epiphany, one to be used in Lent, one for the festivals of Apostles, one for those of the Blessed Virgin. They all were noted for being sung in the Missals.

S. In Latin ?

A. Of course. The Prayer-book of 1549, which first translated them, confined them only to the actual day; and it was that of 1552 which extended them in most instances to the Octave.

S. The eighth day. What is the special reason ?

A. Bishop Sparrow explains that it is in accordance with the Levitical ritual, where the greater Feasts were celebrated for seven days, the Tabernacles for eight, with a daily burnt offering; and also because the eighth day, being the first of the week, returning again, expresses continuity, namely, eternity. The Octave was in effect a Catholic usage, so that this was a return to it. I should also tell you that both in the Sarum Missal and the First Book, the versicle and response, 'The Lord be with you. And with thy Spirit,' preceded the *Sursum corda*. And all this division of the service was placed immediately after the Offertory, just when the Elements were placed on the altar, and before the Church Militant prayer, which offers them. Here you see the arrangement in this Edward VI.'s Prayer-book.

S. I see. The prefaces are exactly the same as we have now.

A. The Christmas one was altered from the Sarum use to the words of a collect for Christmas eve, in Gelasius's Sacramentary, whence, too, originally comes the very beautiful triumphant Preface for Easter, also found in the Sarum book.

S. 'The Very Paschal Lamb.' That means the true Paschal Lamb.

A. Yes; our word *very* is the Latin *verus*, and has been perverted from its original meaning.

S. 'By His death destroyed the power of death.' Where does that come from?

A. Heb. ii. 14: 'That through death He might destroy him that had the power of death—that is, the devil.' His death ruined the power of Satan to cause death eternal, and His rising restored life to us.

S. It answers to the Easter Collect, where we say He has overcome death and opened to us the gate of everlasting life.

A. The Ascension preface is by Gregory the Great himself, brought to England by St. Augustine; Whit-Sunday's was amplified in our Prayer-book; Trinity Sunday's was exactly translated from Gelasius's book, where it was used not only on its own Sunday, but in the Mass said at weddings.

S. Why was that?

A. I do not know by authority, but I suppose because the union, the oneness of holy wedlock, was to be taken as a certain type or explanation, so to speak, of the Blessed Trinity in Unity.

S. Each preface flows beautifully and naturally into the act of praise. But why are they called by such a name as Proper Prefaces?

A. The names were suitable enough when taken from the Latin, before common speech connected them with different ideas.

S. *Proprius*—own, belonging specially to; *præ*—before; *facere*—do. I see, it would mean that something special belonging to the feast had to be done before the ascription of glory.

A. And your long explanation shows that it would not be so very easy to express this better in modern language. The Prayer of Humble Access follows.

S. 'We do not presume,' that is.

A. Yes. There was a prayer something like it in the Liturgy of Cæsarea, and the Eastern Churches have one termed the Prayer of Inclination. It was in the two old English missals, but at Salisbury in the singular number, at York in the plural, and the words, 'and drink His Blood,' were introduced in 1549, when the Cup was restored to the laity. Then it stood, like its companions, Confession, Absolution, Comfortable Words, and *Ter Sanctus*, between the Consecration and Communion.

S. Why was the plan changed? I suppose in the Second Prayer-book.

A. It was transposed with the rest, no doubt, because in the dread of adoration of the Host, the Reformers of 1552 wished to keep the Elements, after Consecration, as short a time as possible upon the Altar. The Scottish Liturgy, compiled under King Charles, returned to the older use, and Archbishop Laud signified his approval; but it was one of the changes that roused Puritan jealousy, and Bishop Cosin failed to have the arrangement altered at the revision after the Restoration. This is one of the causes for which some wish that the use of the First Book might be permitted to those who desire it.

S. Do you wish it?

A. I am inclined to think that it had better not be done except in the case of peculiar congregations, such as Sisterhoods. The fret and anxiety of uncertainty and variety, and the spirit of criticism at such a time are to be avoided.

S. The prayer itself says just what one would wish to express. As coming, not trusting to any goodness of our own, but to our Blessed Saviour's merits. And then we take up the words of the Syro-Phœnician woman, 'the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their Master's table,' whose property is always to have mercy. Property—that is, it belongs to Him.

A. Yes, the Royal privilege of pardoning. That Privilege, which He purchased with His Redeeming Blood, so that He has the Keys of Death and Hell.

S. The first half of the prayer seems to be specially to our Lord, the second to God the Father.

A. Remembering, however, that He said, 'I and my Father are one.' Observe the force of the word *so*.

S. Meaning that we may receive in such a manner that we may be of the faithful in the Lord's Supper, as the Catechism says, and thus really be cleansed and washed.

A. That we may not be like the crowd who thronged carelessly, but like the woman who came with the touch of faith, and was made whole. Remember however that faithful in the answer in the Catechism is equivalent to Christians, believers.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Arachne. We nearly exhausted the winter shower of books—or rather the best of it—last time; but I see you have a few more to tell me of.

Spider. Yes. The Bishop of Ripon's *Truth in Tale* (Wells Gardner) is full of excellent little allegory stories—not quite allegories, either.

A. Not all. 'The Wonderful Wallets' is an allegory proper, upon Prayer; but 'What is stronger than a Castle,' is more of a story, and a very noble one.

S. And the 'Ballast Rings.' I have puzzled over them! What do you think they mean? At first I thought it was trouble, then that it was faith, but that will not quite fit.

A. I think it must be religious principle, sometimes a heavy weight in a worldly career; but the only thing to steer us safe between the loadstone rocks of the Straits of Trial. You ought to read Mr. Bishop's *Architecture, as shown in our Parish Churches*. It is well worth study; but you will enjoy it more if you keep some architectural manual, like Parker's Glossary, beside you to refer to for the characteristics of the styles.

S. Harry is very much delighted with *The American in Norway* (Allen). He says it breathes the air of Norway, and I am sure it is full of delightful legends about Huldr, who are a sort of 'good people,' with cow's tails!

A. There are three American books published in England, capital for boys, though in very odd American language sometimes: *Ned in the Blockhouse*, *Ned in the Woods*, *Ned on the River*—stories of the old times in Kentucky, with a noble Indian of the Fenimore Cooper sort as a *Deus ex machina*.

S. Our boys will like that—and then, oh! talking of American books—what fun *An Old Maid's Paradise* is from beginning to end!

A. *That Child* has all the charm of whatever the author of 'Mademoiselle Mori' writes. And *The Secret of the Forest* is another book worth mentioning, though it is hardly so romantic as it sounds. I must tell you likewise of a beautiful book with well-chosen verses, called *Our Friends in Paradise*, meant for a record of anniversaries of deaths of those dear to us.

S. I am reading *Judged from Appearances*, by Eleanor Lloyd (Literary Society). It is a very good story of the Cavalier and Roundhead times. Only I do wish she could have made her villain out of anything but a Laudean clergyman! I am not quite sure whether he was not all the time a Jesuit in disguise.

A. Which, on the whole, I should prefer; but, except for a few reports of Jesuit intrigues, such as we find referred to in the rescue of John Inglesant, I should have said that both the Roman and Anglican clergy were free from any mingling in plots during the Rebellion. I know no evidence of any, except that of Rinuccini in Ireland.

S. In all other respects it is an excellent story. The difficulties of doing right are so well shown up, and the temptations and hardening of the Puritan girl in the Cavalier family are well worth reading. In general, I am quite tired of stories about the Rebellion; but this is very uncommon, and I like it greatly.

A. You will be glad to hear that the *Tangled Tale*—all the stories, and all the comments on the answers—has been published separately by Macmillan, with delightful pictures. The Dragon and Mother-in-law, and the two old spinsters emerging from the train, are worth anything!

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'A SIX MONTHS' FRIEND,' &c.

It was seven o'clock on a June evening, and the low sun was sending shafts of golden light between the drooping branches of laburnum with tassels as golden.

The shady road looked green and cool, and countrified, despite the handsome villas whose gardens bordered it here and there, and in this first freshness of early summer you would never have guessed that it lay within a few miles of the very heart of London.

Two young men emerged side by side from the turning that led down to the little wayside station, and sauntered leisurely on, with faces to the west, talking as they went.

Ordinary specimens of prosperous Young England they were, both of them: good-looking, irreproachably dressed, and not over-intellectual.

The elder and darker of the two had perhaps the cleverer face; but with nothing remarkable in it except the slightly 'set' look about the eyes and mouth—the look of a man who had carried and was carrying the burden of a trouble in which he desired neither sympathy nor pity.

This was Harold Aylmer, aged nine-and-twenty, partner in a prosperous firm of engineers,—a bird of passage, who was known in a business capacity to every country in Europe, but who had a nest, for some unexplained reason, in this out-of-the-way London suburb.

His companion, Laurence Otway, was taller, fairer, and less alert-looking, and seemed younger than his four-and-twenty years, even when his face was in repose. When he smiled he looked younger still, and when he laughed,—which he very frequently did,—he stood confessed a great good-natured schoolboy, whom everybody liked, laughed at, and teased.

His friend was teasing him now, though with an undertone of seriousness.

'Only six more weeks, Lotta!' he was saying. 'How do you feel when you think of that?'

'I used to punch the fellows' heads when they called me Lotta,' said the young man serenely. 'Nothing but a mistaken idea of

friendship prevents my doing it now. Six weeks! For pity's sake don't talk of it!

'For shame!' said the other, with a keen glance veiled by a smile. 'You ought to be counting the days.'

'So I am, because I'm in such an abominable fright. When I think of *the day* itself,—and the speeches,—and the waistcoat I shall be expected to wear,—I declare to you, my dear fellow, I feel cold water running down my back!'

'Mere trifles!' said Harold. 'You'll be much too blissful when the time actually arrives, to notice such things.'

'Perhaps I shall!' said Laurence doubtfully; then dropping his voice to a more serious tone he went on, 'I wouldn't say it to any one but you, as you know, but I sometimes wish my uncle hadn't hurried us so. He always *will* rush at his fences. Not that I'm saying a word against Ethel, you know. She's a dear girl, and I'm awfully fond of her. But it's a mistake for a fellow to get married too soon.'

'Perhaps so,' answered his friend, with an imperceptible sigh. 'But you're both old enough to know your own minds. And things will be made very easy for you.'

'Yes!' said Laurence, with a sigh about which there could be no mistake. 'My uncle makes an eldest son of me, as he has always done. He is very good. But I've had such an *awfully* jolly time of it as an unattached young man. I shouldn't have minded if it could have gone on a little longer!'

Harold's lip curled a little. 'Aren't you getting at all tired of it enough to want a change?' he asked.

'No!' said Laurence, simply, 'I never want a change. Things might go on as they are for ever, as far as my wishes are concerned. But a man must have a home of his own, and a wife, and *all that*. And Ethel is just the girl to suit me.'

Harold made no answer, and they walked on in silence.

'Well,' said Laurence, after a moment, 'here's the turn. Won't you come up with me?'

'Not to-night, thank you. Good-night.'

The two friends went their separate ways; and a few minutes more brought the elder to the pretty little house where he lived, on the rare occasions when he was at home.

He had not been home now for a fortnight, but he had dined in town, and he went straight to his study without caring to inform his servants of his arrival. A pile of letters lay on the table, and he turned them over, but opened none of them. Then he threw himself into an easy chair, and lay back, looking up at a picture which hung in the best light in the room. It was a woman's head, a fancy sketch, bought on account of a likeness which Harold Aylmer had thought he saw in it to Laurence Otway's sister,—dead in her prime some years before.

'Edith!' he said, half aloud, and the kind true eyes of the picture seemed to dilate and smile in answer. 'Edith; things are being made very easy for that boy you were so fond of. Far easier than they would have been made for me, even if I had dared to speak to you; even if you had loved me. Would I change with him? Would I take his lot in place of this unreasonable, ill-starred, foredoomed love of mine? I think *not*.'

Meantime Laurence also had reached his destination; the handsome villa bordered in trees, where the elder Mr. Otway supposed himself to be spending a three-months' 'season in town.'

Laurence had a faint idea that his friend had perhaps misunderstood him; but he was too good-tempered to mind, and too shy and boyish to attempt to explain himself. It was a feeling which he himself hardly understood, which made him shrink, ever so little, from the thought of his approaching marriage.

He had had as happy a boyhood and youth as ever fell to any lot; in spite of having been early left an orphan, dependent entirely on a capricious uncle.

He had always known that his uncle did not greatly care for him, and that a freak might any day leave him penniless. But the knowledge had not weighed upon him; and in the meantime he had been treated with much indulgence, while out-of-doors a good deal of love had consoled him for the lack within. And 'Lotta,' as his school-fellows called him, was one of those happy souls who take life easily, and make no troubles for themselves or other people.

He could not quite tell how he and Ethel had come to be engaged. Everyone seemed to expect it of them, and she was willing—in the serene, tranquil fashion of a girl untouched as yet by passion or the longing for it—and perhaps his own fancy was taken by the prospect of a wife and a home of his own.

But now that it was so near he was a little afraid. Dim spectres of unknown responsibilities haunted him, and he began to be aware that his boyhood had been very sweet, and that it need not have ended so soon.

Cromwell Villa was already lighted up. Mr. Otway would have liked to compel the sun always to set at the hour fixed for dinner; but since that luminary was not under his control he could only ignore it by the help of shutters and curtains.

As Laurence stepped in at the open door, a tall, languid-looking elderly lady came across the hall.

'Oh! are you there, Laurence? Have you had any dinner? Your uncle has been asking for you for an hour.'

'All right, aunt. I've dined in town. What's wanted?'

'Nay! I do not know. Some business matter has annoyed him, I suppose. You'll find him in there.'

She sailed on into her cool, dimly-lighted drawing-room, and

Laurence turned into the hot, brilliantly-illuminated room in which it pleased his uncle to dine.

'At last!' said Mr. Otway, at sight of his nephew. 'I never in my life wished to speak to you, Laurence, and happened to find you in the way. Sit down there now, and listen to me.'

Laurence sat down, still looking good-tempered and serene. But his uncle's next words somewhat disturbed even his placidity.

'You're not very much in earnest about this marriage of yours, I believe?' began Mr. Otway.

The young man started, and flushed a little.

'I have never, I think, given you cause to say so,' he answered with a touch of pride.

'Bah! I know what I am talking about. It is all the better for you, for I wished to speak to you this evening to tell you that the affair must be broken off.'

'Really, sir,' cried Laurence, 'you seem to forget how far matters have gone.'

'I never forget anything,' answered Mr. Otway. 'Now! there's no need to begin to talk big about your honour, and so forth. Her own people will see the necessity of it just as much as I do. In fact, I have seen Calthrop to-day, and he quite agrees with me—though he is a fool.'

'But—but what are your reasons?'

'Oh, they are no secret. Every one will know how things stand directly; though Calthrop tells me that he has managed to keep it, so far, from his womenkind. Young Calthrop has put his foot in it at last, past redemption. He is done for—disgraced, and he has ruined his father as well as himself. He was plausible enough to talk over even me at one time; but he will never talk anybody over again.'

'So you do not wish me to marry his sister?' said Laurence, quietly.

'No, and what's more I will not have it!' cried Mr. Otway, talking himself into a passion, as he could always do at a moment's notice. 'If you marry her I have done with you. You are an obstinate fellow, Laurence, but you will find me a match for you. I am no "opportune uncle" of fiction, to die just in the nick of time and leave you a fortune. You must choose between the Calthrops and me, and if you choose me you shall not be a loser by this affair. You shall have Oulton, and a settled income, whether you marry just at present or not.'

'I always thought there was something fishy about Herbert Calthrop,' said Laurence, in a musing, retrospective tone. Then he sat up, looking round him with a somewhat dazed look, like one who suddenly realises something strange and startling. His handsome boyish face was a little paler than usual.

'If you have quite made up your mind there is no more to be said,' he went on slowly, after a minute. 'We are neither of us fond of

discussions. Ethel knows nothing about it yet, you say? I think I will say good-night now—and thank you. After all, I am sure you mean kindly by me.'

He shook hands, a little formally, and went out of the room, leaving his uncle somewhat amazed.

'He takes it more quietly than I expected,' said Mr. Otway to himself. 'I knew he would have to give in, not having a penny of his own. But I thought he would have made more fuss about it, at first. He's a sensible fellow, after all—and yet—'

Meanwhile Laurence was standing before his open window, with his elbows on the sill. Used as he was to his uncle's sudden and peremptory changes of plan, this last had been rather a shock; and he needed a few minutes to steady himself.

His resolution was already taken, but it was not in the least that to which his uncle supposed him to have come. In fact, it had never occurred to Laurence that he had any room for choice. Dear as his boyish life of ease and leisure had been, there was no question now of retaining it. If he had been willing to give it up for the sake of a girl,—for the sake of a house, and a settled income, and a man's status in the world, could there be any doubt as to whether he were willing to do so for the sake of honour, and of his plighted word.

Laurence in his simplicity was not troubled by any sophistical arguments. He never gave a thought to the other side of the question. His only idea was to face this new state of affairs; to bring what intellect he had to bear upon the perplexing problem of ways and means.

He had no notion of posing as a hero; but there was something a little heroic in the composed, earnest fashion in which this young fellow, who had only to speak a word to be the possessor of a handsome fortune and the heir to as much more, balanced his chances of a clerkship in this or that office.

Laurence knew well enough that it would certainly come to that. Mr. Otway had only spoken the truth when he said that he was no 'opportune uncle of fiction.' In fact, he had never done anything opportune in his life; nor ever had changed his mind when by doing so he was likely to benefit any living soul.

'I'll go to Aylmer,' Laurence said to himself at last. 'He is a good fellow, and practical. He'll give me good advice, and help too, if he can. And now for to-morrow.'

Laurence put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a handful of gold and silver. 'I think there's enough,' he muttered. 'And I suppose I may consider this as my own.'

He put it all away but two pounds, which he returned to his pocket. He had counted the money with the care of a man who knows that he is poor; but he tossed the sovereigns in the air before he pocketed them with the carelessness of a man who has always felt that he was rich. A really poor man treats a gold coin always with a sort of reverence.

The next morning Laurence had breakfasted before any of the family were downstairs. And when Mr. Otway enquired for his nephew he was told that he had gone out for the day.

Laurence's first step was to go to a livery stable close by and hire for the day a trim-looking vehicle *à deux* and a compact little cob. This was rather a strange proceeding for one who had all his life had the disposal of Mr. Otway's well-filled stables. But Laurence did not feel at liberty to use his uncle's horses on the present occasion; though he did *not* propose to elope there and then with Ethel Calthrop.

There was something very sad to Laurence in the peaceful, sunny, well-to-do look of the house that held this ruined family.

He saw Mrs. Calthrop on the steps in the sunshine, and could hardly answer her kindly questions coherently for thinking of the change that a few short days must make in that comfortable matronly face.

'Yes! he had breakfasted. No! he would not come in. He had only come to ask if Ethel would come out for a drive with him. He wanted to show her the Comford woods. He would take great care of her.'

There was surprise, doubt, and a little demur; but Laurence's quiet pertinacity carried the day. Very soon he was driving towards Comford with Ethel Calthrop by his side, fun and girlish excitement shining in those deep dark eyes of hers, where passion was only asleep.

Nobody supposed 'Lotta,' to be clever; but he had intentions at times which were worthy of his feminine name. He knew, now he came to think of it, that he had been rather too distant and easy going in this courtship of his. And even now he could not bring himself to make passionate protestations. But he knew that when the crash came the remembrance of a happy unfettered day,—of one approach to real familiarity, would do more to assure Ethel of his truth than many vows of fidelity.

They drove on together through the June sunshine, and Laurence gave himself more trouble to talk to his companion than ever he had taken before, conquering the boyish shyness that made him shrink always from alluding to the time after their marriage. Even now it was he who blushed, not she, as he spoke of their being always together some day, but he contrived to make it appear that he was looking forward to that time, and she listened and smiled, and looked forward also.

They put up the horse at a little village inn, and Laurence took the luncheon-basket and they climbed the steep green slope that led upwards to the woods, chattering and laughing like two children. The blue-bells were past their prime, but they still hung, a blue mist on the ground, around the tree-stems, and the air was sweet with the little white stars of woodruff.

'There was a flutter of young wings,
Alive, on every bough.'

It was a day on which it was a happiness only to be alive: and Laurence found it hard to remember with adequate seriousness that he was a ruined man.

The circumstances were clearly present to his mind, but they did not seem of so very much consequence after all. They had both in a sense made shipwreck of their prospects in life,—and one of them knew it. And yet the sky was still as blue as it had ever been, and the grass glowed with as fine an emerald, and the thrushes still sang with 'that first fine careless rapture.'

They were both young, and the world was full of splendid possibilities, and as they sat together on the grass, looking out on the sunny smiling fields and winding dusty roads, Laurence found himself watching his beautiful companion with a strange softening of heart. Everything else had gone down in the wreck, and they two were alone together on an unknown sea. There was nothing left to them but to make the best of one another; and he began now to feel her his own in a way that he had never done before.

Ethel too was happy, with her lap full of flowers, though for once it was in a more childish and unthanking fashion than her companion. Yet she was a little ruffled, too.

She had always known that there was not much in Laurence's easy-going, brotherly liking for her to fulfil a girl's ideal of passionate love. And somehow this, his first attempt to assume a more lover-like demeanour, touched the hidden spring of some passive discontent. 'I wish Laurence would not try to play the devoted lover!' she said to herself with a little impatience. 'The part does not suit him at all.'

Perhaps if she had known how many familiar and well-beloved habitudes Laurence was mentally taking leave of that day; how his contented, luxurious youth lay behind him like an Eden upon which he had already, for her sake, turned his back, she might have thought that the part became him not so ill after all.

As it was, she received his attempts at tenderness with a little playful scorn; and laughed at him and called him 'Lotta' all the way home.

PART II.

'Will you deny me still in Heaven, my Sweet?'

A YEAR may change all a man's circumstances and surroundings, and yet change himself very little.

Laurence Otway, on the June following that which had seen the break with his uncle and his old life, looked much the same as ever: though he was going home to a cheap bachelor lodging instead of to Mr. Otway's luxurious *ménage*. His companion, too, was the same,

for Harold Aylmer was still his neighbour, having gone into lodgings 'like the rest of the world,'—as Laurence remarked with cheerful unconsciousness of the reason. Indeed, no one but Harold's partners in business knew that the salary which they had agreed to give to Laurence Otway when he was received, on quite exceptional terms, into their office, came entirely out of the pocket of the junior partner, who had made quite a personal matter of it.

'He will soon learn his work,' Mr. Aylmer had said. 'Meanwhile he must live, and he cannot live on a little. It is my whim, and the firm will not lose by it.'

So the cosy bachelor nest was broken up, and the reason of the change was known only to the picture which still smiled down on Harold Aylmer from above the stereotyped mantel-shelf adornments of his new abode.

The suburb which Harold and Laurence had chosen for their residence had only one advantage besides its manifest cheapness—it was the place to which the Calthrops had gone to hide their fallen fortunes. The two young men went often to the little house, in a row of such houses, where they now lived; and these people, who had been used to see so many guests and now saw so few, were heartily glad to see them.

In the great crash that seemed to the Calthrop family like the end of all things, Laurence Otway's quarrel with his uncle passed almost unnoticed. Mrs. Calthrop remarked that she had always expected it; and if her husband had some idea that it was connected with the young man's engagement to his daughter, he had not the heart to say so; nor indeed to care very much, just now, for any troubles but his own.

As for Ethel, she took everything much as a matter of course. She was sorry that Laurence should find himself so much poorer than he had expected, but of course she could not have thought of marriage just now, in any case, while they were still in such disgrace and trouble. Meanwhile they were glad to see him, if he cared to come, and time only could show whether their engagement would ever come to anything.

But if Ethel showed herself somewhat cool in her love affairs, it was chiefly because 'her time for loving' was hardly yet come. As a daughter and a sister she was beyond all praise. No one ever heard her murmur at their straitened circumstances, or blame the rashness that had brought them to such a pass. No one ever saw her look downcast, or flinch from taking her share and more than her share of the family burden. And while her slender shoulders were hardly yet adjusted to its weight, it was not much to be wondered at if the effort to smile under it and carry it lightly, took up most of her thoughts.

Only, if she had cared to notice, she might have seen that Laurence's eyes watched her about these poor little rooms as they had never watched her before,—that his voice had taken a new tone,—almost of

reverence, when he spoke to her,—that he was more jealous of his privileges as an engaged man, now that the engagement was a misty, half-hopeless thing, than he had been when six weeks more were to have made them man and wife.

Laurence and Harold generally left business together when the junior partner happened to be at the office.

They were walking home together on this June evening, the superior gently chaffing his clerk for some very palpable blunder which he had made that day.

‘Really, Lotta!’ he said lightly, ‘one would think you were in love!’

It was an unpardonable speech to make to a man who had been engaged for nearly two years, and Harold felt it so the instant it was out of his mouth.

But Laurence only answered gloomily. ‘So I am!’

Something in the tone checked the half-laughing apology that was on his friend’s lips, and they were silent for two whole minutes. Then he went on, as if he had not paused. ‘And what’s more, the girl I care for doesn’t care for me.’

‘What do you mean?’ asked Harold gravely. ‘Is it not Ethel you are speaking of?’

‘Yes!’ answered the young man laconically, and the other, turning quickly to look at him, saw a new look on his boyish face, and knew that Laurence Otway’s light-hearted boyhood was over for ever.

‘She is very fond of you,’ he said hesitatingly.

‘Yes!’ said Laurence with an odd smile. ‘It did very well, didn’t it?—as long as I wanted nothing more. But I think sometimes that it will not do now; that I shall have to give her up!’

‘Well!’ said Harold, as if he were probing some hidden wound, ‘you were not very anxious about being married, if I remember right.’

‘No!’ answered the other, very quietly, but with lips that grew a little white. ‘I shall get over it, like other people, no doubt.’

‘Forgive me, Laurence!’ cried his friend. ‘You are so easy-going, I am afraid I forgot that you were in earnest.’

‘Yes; I am in earnest,’ said Laurence simply. ‘So much the worse for me.’

Harold always ‘spoke comfortably’ when he could, but he said not a word by way of comfort now. Something seemed to tell him that Laurence for once was only too clear-sighted. ‘I always thought that they were making a mistake,’ he said to himself; ‘and it is better for them to find it out now than later. The pity is, that she did not let him see it before he had ruined himself for her sake.’

No more was said till the two friends had reached their lodgings. On the steps Harold paused and turned. ‘Are you going *there* to-night. They expect us both, I believe.’

'No,' answered Laurence, in a half-sullen tone, that was not usual with him. 'I have been there too often; Ethel nearly told me so last time. I think sometimes that it would be well if I never went there again.'

Harold Aylmer went by himself to the Calthrops' that night. He found only the ladies at home; and indeed Ethel was practically alone, for her mother was tired out with the long hot day in those close narrow rooms, and lay back dozing in her chair.

Harold was not sorry; for he had some idea that a word in season might be of some avail in Laurence's unprosperous wooing. 'She wants some one to tell her the truth,' he thought, 'as roundly as Rosalind did Phœbe. She is a good girl, and beautiful too, perhaps, but she is none too good for our Lotta.'

But it was not easy to lead up to such a point. Harold Aylmer had more sense of honour than confidence in himself; and some trick of fancy suggested to him, instead of Rosalind and Phœbe, John Alden and the beautiful Priscilla, and 'why don't you speak for yourself, John?'

All the while, as he talked to Ethel Calthrop in the friendly, sympathetic fashion which their long intimacy allowed, those words kept buzzing in his ears—'*Why don't you speak for yourself, John?*'

Was it fancy, or was he turning fool and coxcomb at his years? or did she really show to him a favour that she had never showed to Laurence? Poor Laurence! The twilight deepened, the long *tête-à-tête* went on, her voice grew softer, and her eyes were turned away. She let him see what she kept secret from all the world, her pain and her patience, the strain and effort that filled her life now, the stray fragments of comfort that helped her at times. Harold wondered at himself to think how grudgingly he had admitted that she was beautiful and good. What would be the consequence if he were to plead Laurence's cause now, and she were to look up with those dark splendid eyes of hers, and say '*Why don't you speak for yourself, John?*'

From some words that she had let drop, he gathered that she hardly thought herself bound to Laurence. Circumstances had so utterly changed since they had first been engaged, and trouble seemed to have burnt out the girlish liking that she had had for him.

She had told him that he was free, and she hardly realised his meaning when he answered her that he neither could nor would free himself.

Harold Aylmer's pulses quickened as if his youth lay not so far behind him as he had thought.

'What if this prize—lost to Laurence—might be found to him?' Long ago he had chosen loneliness for his lot in life—had made up his mind to put all hope of such love for ever away. Had he chosen too soon? despaired too soon? Could he forget, and love and be loved, and begin life again?

Aye! but Laurence? The fair-haired boy whom he had loved all his days, with the familiar, critical affection of a brother. Brothers in heart they must always be, for the sake of one whom all the world beside seemed to have forgotten.

And at the thought of her, came swift and sudden repentance. Could it be that he had forgotten her, even for a moment? that he had planned to live without her? Never! however long the tedious years drew out their length before they two met again.

'Forgive me, *Edith*,' he said within himself, as earnestly as ever he had spoken in the first days of love and grief. 'Fool that I was to think that I could forget you, after all that has come and gone!—*'Dearest is dearest,'* after all. I will go alone to my grave, if it were a hundred years, only for the chance of meeting you on the farther side—of saying to you there, *'The lips that never touched yours have touched no other's. What will you say to me now?'*

Ethel Calthrop wondered a little why her companion grew so suddenly silent and abstracted. She had never found him so before in those evening talks which she had come to prize, perhaps too well.

She was not one of those young ladies who keep their feelings always carefully examined and 'posted up to date.'

She felt, it may be, that Laurence had never really touched her heart, but she did not know that it was slipping out of her own keeping. She hardly realised as yet that her girlish perversity had led her to prefer the man who had never professed to have a heart to bestow to the one who had long been her own lover.

Harold roused himself at last with a start. He knew now that the past had left him a talisman against which the present had no power—that Ethel Calthrop's beautiful, eloquent face was nothing to him in comparison with a face over which the coffin-lid had closed long years ago. He was not afraid now of anything that she might say to him. And he resolved that for once she should hear the truth which Laurence was too chivalrous to tell her.

'Miss Calthrop,' he said abruptly. 'Did you ever hear why Laurence was cast off by his uncle?'

'No!' she said, wondering a little at the significant tone.

'And did you never ask him, or try to find out?'

'No!' she said again, faltering a little, 'we always knew that Mr. Otway was capricious. I thought—some trifle—'

'You were the trifle,' said Harold, rather cruelly. 'Mr. Otway ordered Laurence to break off his engagement with you, on pain of being disinherited. Laurence would not, and so he is here, earning his own living, with a poor prospect of ever doing anything more—instead of leading an easy life as the possessor of Oulton Manor.'

Ethel rose suddenly from her seat and began to move noiselessly up and down the narrow room, with hands tightly clasped before her.

'Why did he not tell me?' she cried after a minute, half to herself. 'I was not worth it,—I would never have let him do it!'

Harold said nothing, and after another moment she turned upon him almost fiercely. 'Why did you not tell me sooner? Why did you let him ruin himself?'

'Laurence is perfectly capable of judging what is best for himself,' he answered, a little coldly.

'I will not have it!' she went on, half to herself. 'No man shall lay such an obligation on me. I will break with him at once, and altogether; and he shall get back all that he has given up for me—'

'Pardon me,' said Harold, breaking through the level passionate tones. 'If you think that you have done him some injury already, would it be well to supplement it by a greater one?'

'Perhaps I do not think that the loss of me would be so great an injury,' she said scornfully.

'As for that, time will show,' answered Harold, who appeared for the time to have taken leave of his politeness. 'In the meanwhile, I do not believe that Mr. Otway would ever forgive Laurence—even if he lost the prize for the sake of which he disobeyed his uncle. And Laurence, if I know him, would not go back from his present independent position to be the slave of a man who had once cast him off. You may break his heart by breaking with him, but you can never give him back the position he has lost for you.'

'Do men break their hearts?' she asked, still with scorn.

'Yes!' he said, very quietly, 'past mending—sometimes. They can go on living all the same, you know.'

She moved to the window, and stood there looking out into the June twilight, unconsciously wringing her slender hands.

'He has bought and paid for me,' she said, half under her breath.

'And I can never pay him back. What can I do?'

'Let him keep what he has bought. He is worthy of it, and he loves you a thousand times better now than when he first paid the price.'

There was a long silence. The distant roar of the great city sounded like the far-off sea;—the laburnum in the three feet of garden outside the window tossed its meagre branches in the rising breeze,—the light of the street lamp fell on the wall, and on Ethel's downbent head.

'Why did you tell me this?' she said at last in the half-petulant, half-weary tone of one who knows that in the end she must yield.

'It was time that you knew,' he answered, uncompromisingly. 'I must be going now. May I tell Laurence that you would like him to come to-morrow.'

'If you like—you may! Good-night.'

PART III.

‘I end with “Love is all, and Death is nought,”—quoth she.’

Six months after. Sleet and rain falling gently through air thick with foggy smoke, and pavements covered with black slime. It was hard to realise that these were the streets that six months before were like a brick oven, the very air quivering with pent-up heat.

Laurence and Ethel, making their way along the crowded street, both under an umbrella, seemed in too good spirits to heed the weather. They had tickets for the opera, sent by a ‘professional’ friend of Harold Aylmer, and a little dissipation was too unwonted a thing now, to both of them, not to raise their spirits,—though they must come into town by the Underground Railway, and walk from the station to the Opera House in cold and mire.

‘I wish Harold could have used his own tickets, and have come with us,’ said Laurence.

‘Perhaps he would rather be where he is, in Italy,’ answered Ethel gaily. ‘My idea of Italian scenery is always exactly like the drop-scene at the Opera,—and the weather there is probably better.’

‘A box at the Opera,’ sounded very grand, but they knew that it would only be one of the small boxes on the upper tier, and very near the chandelier, and commanding a fine view of the wings. Even so, they were a little disconcerted at the number of stairs they had to climb and the narrow passages and doors through which they had to creep.

‘Once I was in a box like this before,’ said Ethel, as they took their places; ‘an old Italian gentleman took us; and he was very stout and very nervous. He kept groaning as we crept in and out of those little twists and turns, and saying, “If there was a fire, we should all be burnt like rats in a cage.”’

Laurence laughed, but both of them the next instant felt something jarring in the suggestion. For it was not long since a continental treatre had been burnt down with circumstances of peculiar horror; and the terrible details that still filled the papers were suddenly present to both their minds.

Perhaps there was hardly anyone there to whom they were not present also; and yet the theatre was as full as usual.

Circumstances were a little altered in the six months that had just passed. There had been no explanation between Laurence and Ethel, and yet he knew that his place in her affection had been given back to him,—a place better worth having now than it had once been. For her: she did not believe that she loved Laurence as well as she could love, but she had ceased to struggle against her fate; she felt that she belonged to him, and could not help herself. And, let people say what they will, to some loyal minds this is a help rather than a hindrance to content. Better make the best of the inevitable, than choose and struggle for the chance of a more perfect lot.

Ethel was musical enough to find ample employment for her eyes and ears on the stage. Laurence cared less for the business of the hour; but he was quite content to be where she was, to have a word from her now and then, and to watch the delicate outline of her averted face. Towards the end of the performance his attention was turned even from this.

It seemed to him that there was a strange odour creeping about, and the air had a misty, milky look, that blurred the lights on the farther side.

Ethel's eyes were fixed on the stage, where Lucia di Lammermoor was breathing out the last notes of her 'melodious madness.' Laurence hoped she noticed nothing, and wondered if his fancy were playing him a trick, seduced by the idea that had haunted him more or less all the evening.

Just at that moment the music gave a strange kind of quaver—faltered—and stopped. There was a little pause of consternation, the people in the pit starting up and looking vaguely round; and then a man's voice, changed by terror to a high falsetto, shrieked twice 'Fire!'

'Idiot!' said Laurence, between his clenched teeth.

The effect of the cry could be seen in a moment as they looked down from their lofty corner on the rest of the house.

The gallery was a confused mass of struggling humanity precipitating itself, with shrieks and cries, through the narrow dooways and down stairs. The pit was half empty almost before the ringing echoes of that shout had died away. But just outside the door of the box in which Laurence and Ethel were, two passages converged, and the box seemed to shake with the tramp of struggling feet.

The very air was full of terror and haste and confusion, and in the first shock Ethel started to her feet, and turned as if to escape. Laurence was by her side in an instant, holding her in a strong tender grasp; bending down to speak in her ear. His voice came clearly through the uproar.

'We must wait. I believe that there will be a chance for all, if the worst comes to the worst; but our chance will come last. You are safer here than in that hurly-burly. Look!'

They had opened the door of the box, and made their way down the winding narrow passage that led to it. A few more steps would have brought them out into one of the main passages; but it was choked with a struggling mass of human beings, pushing wildly, pressing forward, mad with terror. It was a horrible sight, men and women unsexed and brutalised by the mere instinct of self-preservation, and pent up between those narrow walls, with Death, as they thought, behind them.

'Let us go back!' gasped Ethel after a moment. 'This is worse than all. How can they?'

'They are not as bad as they look!' said Laurence, composedly,

after they had gained the comparative quiet of the box. 'I saw one or two who were fighting for those near and dear to them, not for themselves; but unless the fire is very rapid they are in more danger than we are. Will you trust me, and stay here till we can go safely?'

'I will! I always *knew* it was the right thing to do, but I forgot. Oh! Laurence, where is the fire, can you tell?'

'Behind the scenes, I think.' He did not add what was in his mind, that the flames, if they were making any way behind the scenes, *must* run very swiftly up to the place where they were now standing.

Ethel glanced down, and drew her own conclusions. 'Laurence!' she said, 'the pit is empty. The doors down there must be easily gained. Could you climb down, if it were necessary.'

He too glanced down in an indifferent fashion. 'Perhaps I could,' he said. 'I have seen worse things done,—and done worse things.'

'Then try to do it. Promise me if the passage is not free in time that you will try.'

'My darling. I could not do it with you. I have been looking at the box-curtains by way of ropes, but they are nothing to trust to. We must stay where we are, and unless the fire gains more rapidly than it seems to do we shall be all right.'

'I know you could not do it with me. Do you think I would let you lose your life by trying? But you must do it without me. If things come to that pass we must say good-bye and you must go.'

'You don't really think that I could do that,' said Laurence simply.

'You *must*,' she said, almost passionately; 'you could do nothing to help me. It would be suicide if you threw away your chance, merely to stay with me.'

'I hope not,' he said, in the same quiet, dispassionate tone. 'For I think I could not make up my mind, in *any* case, to get away and leave a woman to her fate. And in *your* case,—will you never understand, Ethel, that my life without you would not be worth saving?'

'I am not worth so much,' she murmured, tears springing suddenly to her eyes.

'You are to me, and you cannot help it. I believe we shall both be safe enough; but if not, a place by your side is the only one I care for,—if it were in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.'

Ethel turned, and laid her hands upon his shoulders. 'Laurence, forgive me!' she said rapidly, 'I never knew you; I never took the trouble to know you—'

The noise in the passages without was dying away, but for the moment they were too much absorbed to notice it. Their eyes met, and something more than the mere instinct of self-preservation filled both their minds.

They were standing just at the front of the box, however, and even at that instant a movement on the stage caught their eyes.

The curtain had been hastily dropped on the first alarm, but now

a corner of it was lifted, and the manager came forward,—polite, but pale-faced, and a little confused. 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' he said, then looking round, perceived that he was speaking to an empty house, except for Laurence and Ethel and a few couples in the dress circle, who had had the wit to stay where they were. 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to inform you that the conflagration has been very slight, and that it has been entirely extinguished.'

Perhaps nobody heard the end of his speech. 'Some' one in the dress-circle burst into a fit of strained hysterical laughter; and one lady fainted. As for Laurence and Ethel, they felt the revulsion the less because they had been thinking of something else. Ethel began to tremble a little, and Laurence put his arm round her, and held her fast, but said never a word.

Presently he opened the box door, and led her out. The stairs were nearly clear now, and they went quickly down.

'Shut your eyes, Ethel!' said Laurence hurriedly, as they reached the ground floor, 'shut your eyes, and let me take you out.'

She yielded to his will without demur, and let him half-lead, half-carry her out, through a dense crowd, into the open air. She felt the strong arm that was round her tremble a little, and his voice repeated urgently in her ear. 'Don't turn—don't look up.'

In another moment they had gained the open space beyond, and stood still, dazed and breathless.

A hand was laid on Laurence's shoulder, and he looked up. It was Harold Aylmer, but though they thought they knew him to be hundreds of miles away, neither of them was astonished.

'You are here then, safe! Thank God!' he said, 'I have a cab waiting. Come! and you shall tell me how you got off as we go along.'

They were in the cab in a moment, but at first they could only lean back, each in a corner, silently.

And when Laurence found his tongue at last, he seemed more anxious to hear how Harold came to be there than to tell their own adventures.

It was only the next morning that Ethel heard that—though no one was hurt by the fire—some scores had been seriously injured in the mad rush from the theatre. She could guess then from what sights and sounds she had been shielded by the care which had never relaxed to the last.

Meanwhile, strange though it seemed, Ethel had a more engrossing subject of thought than the scene than she had just passed through. She had found out what her real feelings were—the reluctant, slow-blossoming flower of her love had burst at last into full bloom. And she felt at once prouder and more humble than ever she had done in her life before. She knew now that she could be more to Laurence than ever she had dreamed of being to the ideal lover of her girlish fancies. And yet she realised as never before, how he

had given up for her sake all his fair prospects in life, as calmly and composedly as he had that night proposed to give up life itself.

She felt that she could not sleep till she had humbled herself before him, had at least let him see that she valued the sacrifice which she had no power to prevent him from making.

No alarm had yet reached the outer darkness of their suburb, and the house was quiet when the cab stopped to put Ethel down at her own door.

Harold said good-night, and drove on, and Laurence, invited by a look, came in with her.

Ethel thought that she was very cool, and that she had never realized the danger that they had been in.

But when she came to look round the little room, it seemed to be ages since she had left it: and her own face, unchanged, in the glass, struck her with a kind of surprise.

'Laurence!' she said, impulsively, drawing nearer to him as he stood leaning against the mantel shelf. 'I asked, you—there,—to forgive me, and you never answered me. Can you forgive me?'

'I don't know what I have to forgive.' He spoke a little unsteadily, and his eyes seemed to devour her upturned face.

'Ah! but I do. If anything had happened, if we had been parted to-night,—you might never have known that I cared for you.'

Laurence drew a long, long, breath,—like a man dying of thirst, at the sight of water-springs,—and held out his hands without a word. She let him draw her close, and something in his touch moved her heart still more.

'What have I done, that you should care so much for me?' she said, looking up wistfully. 'I could almost wish that,—it would have been better for you if you had never seen me.'

'You would not think so if you knew—if I could tell you,' he answered slowly, feeling after the expression of some thoughts not easy to convey. 'Look here! have you seen a picture that hangs in Harold's room? I don't know who it's meant for, but he thinks a great deal of it. The last time I saw it I noticed something that he had painted in the corner, in crabbed old English letters, "*Dearest is dearest.*" I'm not very bright, you know, and I had to ask him what that meant. He said, "*It depends on how you choose to take it. To me it means, That is worth most for which you pay most.*" I had to meditate a little before I could make *that* out, but now it has a meaning for me. Dearest, it was not much that I gave up for you, but it was all I could give. And I would give twice as much, and myself after it, for your sake. It seems to me that there is something in the feeling of it, in the power of loving, which is well worth it all.'

SLAVS AND BULGARIANS.

KELTS, Thracians, Romans, Markomanni, Goths, Huns and Lombardi had all ruled in turn over the lands bordering the Danube, but all had passed away without effecting any permanent settlements, save and except the mixed race of the Roumanians, who, amid all vicissitudes, managed to retain their hold of some portion of the ancient Dacia. Some of the aboriginal Keltic and Thracian populations and remnants of the Roman colonies still survived, but the dominion had for ever passed away from them, and they were gradually merged and lost sight of among their conquerors.

But in the sixth century, the enfeebled empire of the East was threatened by fresh foes. These were the Slavs, or Slavonians, who were but little known to the Greeks and Romans, and not distinguished by them from the great mass of people inhabiting the north of Europe and Asia, whom they called indiscriminately first Scythians and later Sauromatæ. They were little known in civilised Europe as a distinct race until the sixth century, when the Byzantines knew them as Solavi or Sclaveni, doubtless because a great number of the Slavonians of the Baltic were sold in the markets by their Teutonic conquerors, or reduced to slavery on their native soil. Western writers also call them Vinida, Venedi, and Wends, which last name was given by the Germans to the Slavonians of the Baltic, and is now applied to those dwelling in Saxony and Lusatia, who, however, call themselves Syrb.

The name Slavanie and Slovianie, by which the Slavs called themselves, has been variously derived from *Slava*, signifying in all the Slavonic dialects, 'glory,' and *Slovo*, meaning 'word.' In favour of the latter derivation it may be noted that all the Slavonic nations call the Germans 'Niemietz,' i.e., mute, as if, not understanding their language, they had considered that it must be inarticulate, and that they themselves were the only *Slovianie*, 'men endowed with the gift of speech.'

Be this as it may, they were an Aryan race, consisting of many tribes, who, on their first migration from Asia into Europe in the dim past, seem to have settled along the Vistula, to the north of the Carpathians, whence they gradually spread to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Here they were beyond the ken of Greeks and Romans, and being naturally not a warlike people, they remained quiet, and came but little in contact with other nations, until the general migration of races began, when they, too, became infected with the

restless spirit of the age. Teutonic and Slav tribes together, under the name of Markomanni, had advanced into Dacia as early as A.D. 35, and later on the Slavs often followed in the wake of the Goths, peaceably occupying and settling the lands which these latter had devastated and deserted. Great part of them had acknowledged the sovereignty of Hermanric, King of the Ostrogoths, and on the overthrow of the Gothic kingdom by the Huns (A.D. 375), they had transferred their allegiance to Attila; while as early as A.D. 450, large bodies of Slavonians from 'Great Servia' and 'Great Croatia' districts, so-called, to the north of the Carpathians, had settled in the lands once occupied by the Boii, and subsequently by the Markomanni, which we now call Bohemia and Moravia. Thence, after the departure of the Longobardi under Alboin for Italy (A.D. 568), they spread over that part of north-west Hungary which is occupied by their descendants at the present day.

Another tribe of Slavs, the Anti, from whom Justinian took the surname of Anticus, had, in 530 A.D., extended their raids into Moesia (the modern Servia and Bulgaria), Thrace, and even the Peloponnesus, and as, though several times defeated, they could not be got rid of, the Emperor gave them that part of Dacia which lay between Transylvania and the Black Sea,* and paid them a yearly sum to keep off other barbarians. Here accordingly they dwelt, surrounded by Thracians and Huns, whom they sometimes ruled, sometimes served, frequently quarrelled with, and were always ready to join in any predatory attacks upon the Empire. Nine or ten years later, other Slav tribes crossed the Danube with the connivance of the Gepidæ (who had spread over great part of Pannonia after the departure of the Ostrogoths), threw themselves upon Illyria and Dalmatia, devastated Thrace and Greece, and then returned home laden with booty. Soon, however, an evil fate overtook them and all the Slav tribes in the south and west, for the Avars overran Dacia, Pannonia, Moravia and Bohemia, and advanced up to Thuringia, carrying all before them, and compelling the conquered nations to do them service. In 623, their hard treatment roused the northern Slavonians to resistance, and, under the leadership of a hero named Samo, they shook off the yoke of their oppressors and founded a kingdom having Bohemia for its centre. Samo's sovereignty was acknowledged by all the western and subsequently by many of the eastern Slavonic tribes; but at his death, five and thirty years later, the new kingdom fell entirely to pieces. Meantime, several kindred Slavonic tribes of Croats and Serbs, dwelling about the Oder and Weichsel, not choosing to submit to Samo's rule, left their settlements (A.D. 640) and asked Heraclius to receive them within the borders of the Empire. The land on either side the Save, nearly as far as Vimiaccum (Widdin), was at that time almost a desert, save for the few Avars who occu-

* Parts of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria.

pied it, and this district Heraclius assigned to the new-comers. After driving out the remaining Avars, the Croats settled in the west and the Serbs in the east; and, spreading gradually further and further, they in course of time filled the whole territory north of the Balkans, from the Euxine to the Adriatic, with a Slavonic population, which absorbed all that yet remained of the original Thracian inhabitants, Roman colonists, and other immigrants. Here, on the Save and Lower Danube, the Slavs have remained to the present day, weathering many a storm, and preserving their language and national characteristics, if not their independence.

But we must now return for a few moments to the time when, on the death of Attila (A.D. 454), the great Hun empire melted away. Scarcely had the Huns disappeared, when the prolific steppes of Scythia sent forth fresh hordes to harass the failing empire. These were the Bulgarians and Avars, the former of whom are considered by some writers to have been a Slavonic tribe, though the more general opinion is that they belonged to the Ugrian branch of the great Turanian race, and came, like the Huns and Avars, from the great plateau of Asia, north of the Altai mountains.

They had been settled for some time, so far as nomads can ever be said to be settled, on either side the Volga, near the modern Kasan, in what was called after them 'Great Bulgaria.' Towards the end of the fifth century, however, a large portion of them broke away from the main body, and settled (A.D. 493) at the mouth of the Danube. Soon after they crossed the river, and proceeded to repeat the devastations which the Goths and Huns had already inflicted upon the lands of Thrace and Mæsia.*

Plunder and destruction seem to have been their only objects, and they continued their depredations for years in conjunction with the Slavonian Anti, who appeared on the lower Danube in 530, until both joined the Avars, under whose banners they became yet more formidable.

The Avars were a fine, tall, dark-complexioned race of warriors, less ill-looking, by all accounts, than the Huns, though much resembling them in other respects. Their features were more regular, their skin less yellow, and they wore their long, shining black hair hanging in plaits upon their shoulders and interwoven with coloured ribbons. They had been driven further and further westwards by the advance of the Turks, another Altaic race, until at length they had found a refuge among the Alani in the Caucasus. Then they offered their services (557) to the Emperor Justinian, who commissioned them to make war on the Hun tribes of the Kuturguren and Uturguren, who, as has been said, were settled on the coast of the Euxine and Palus Mæotis. These they subdued, then turned their arms against the Anti, whose power they broke for ever; and then,

* Still occupied at this time by the original Thracians, and such Roman colonists, Goths, etc., as may have remained behind.

having compelled the Bulgarians to join them, marched victoriously up the Danube, renewing their claims upon the empire for territories, presents and tribute. Justinian was powerless to prevent their retaining what they had won between the Pruth and Dniestr, the district now known as Bessarabia, and hence for a time they continued to exercise their sovereignty over the various peoples they had conquered. This, however, did not long satisfy them; and (in A.D. 563) they advanced further north, subdued the Slavonian population in the north-west of Hungary, overpowered the Slavonian Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia, and proceeded as far as Thuringia. How their power was increased by their alliance with the Longobardi, how they overcame the Gepidæ, and how, on the departure of the Longobardi for Italy, they took peaceful possession of Pannonia, has been already mentioned. 'Avaria' proper comprised ancient Dacia and all the land between the Carpathians and the river Save; but the suzerainty of the Avars extended much further, and was acknowledged from the coast of Dalmatia to the Don, and as far west as the borders of the Frankish kingdom. What we now know as Hungary was, however, their head-quarters, and here they erected great circular camps, some of which were surrounded by land as much as three days' journey across, and were enclosed by deep ditches and fortifications. In them dwelt the Khan and his vice-gerents, and here also were stored their arms and the booty they had won in their numerous campaigns. Baján, the ally and successor of Alboin, king of the Longobardi, extended his raids in all directions, frightened and plundered the Persians, committed fearful devastations in the Byzantine empire, treated the Emperor with the utmost scorn and insolence, and waged fierce and sanguinary wars with the Franks. On one occasion he demanded from the Emperor Maurice the gift of an elephant, and, when it was sent to him, returned it; then he asked for a golden couch, and, upon receiving a very handsome one, declared that it was not good enough; and, when his demand for a yearly tribute of 80,000 gold pieces was granted he asked for 20,000 more.

The good fortune and military success of the Avars continued for some time after the death of Baján (A.D. 600), but in 623, as we have seen, the northern Slavonians under Samo revolted, and succeeded in shaking off their yoke; they also sustained an utter defeat in an expedition made against Constantinople, in conjunction with the Persians; and then the Bulgarians, who had been allowed to settle between the Danube and Theiss, and were in fact almost one with themselves, quarrelled with them as to the election of a new Khan. The Bulgarians wished one of their own nation to be chosen; but to this the Avars strongly objected, and at length two rival Khans were elected, who fought until the Bulgarian was worsted, and withdrew with 9,000 of his people to seek the protection of the Frank King Dagobert, who received and massacred them.

The rest of the Bulgarians did not, however, return to their alle-

giance. In 635 they separated entirely from the Avars, and after some wanderings, settled permanently in Lower Moesia (A.D. 679), where they founded a kingdom, waged many wars with the Eastern Empire, were conquered by Basil II. in 1018, and recovered their independence a century and a half later, only to be conquered by the Turks in 1389.

In Moesia they were surrounded on all sides, and far out-numbered by the Slavonians, whom Heraclius had allowed to settle along the Save nearly forty years previously; and, gradually adopting the language of their subjects and neighbours, became in a couple of centuries so completely identified with them, as to lose their own nationality. They still however called themselves Bulgarians, and kept up a close connection with those of their brethren who had returned to their old settlements between the Danube and Theiss, under the suzerainty of the Avars.

Although much weakened by the revolt of the Slavonians, the desertion of the Bulgarians, and the defeats they had sustained, the Avars continued for more than another century in Pannonia, making depredations upon their neighbours whenever they had the opportunity, until in 782 they were so rash as to break the peace concluded with Charles the Great, who thereupon determined to exterminate them. In twelve years, ten bloody campaigns were fought, at the end of which time the Avars were completely subdued and their kingdom destroyed, after an existence of some two hundred and forty years. Many of them took refuge with their vassals the Bulgarians on the Theiss; great numbers of prisoners were carried off to Bavaria, and the remnant of the once powerful nation did homage to Charles, who had now added the title of 'Roman Emperor' to that of 'King of the Franks and Lombards.'

Once more, and for the last time, Western Avaria received again its ancient name of Pannonia and became a province of the Empire, governed by Mark-grafs, under whom certain Slavonians with their chiefs were permitted to settle there, while the Khans of the Avars were allowed a nominal sovereignty over certain territories about Steinamanger on the Raab, as a reward for their submission to the Church and the Empire.

But it is easier to pull down than to build up, and the long wars had reduced the whole land to a wilderness. 'One need but look at the desolate state of Pannonia,' says Eginhard, 'to understand what battles were fought, and how much blood was shed during the war with the Avars. The royal residence of the Khan is become an utter desert, without so much as a trace being left of any human habitation.'

While these wars were in progress, the southern Slavs of Dalmatia and Croatia, who had become Christian and had formed themselves into something like a regular state, came and took possession of the strip of land (now called Slavonia), between the Save and Drave, and, as

they had the wisdom to acknowledge the Emperor, they were allowed to remain and choose their own Zschupan or Prince. North of the Danube, the Avars were driven away by the Moravian Slavs, while east of the Theiss, they fell under the dominion of their own former dependents the Bulgarians, whose Prince Krumm extended his territories along both sides of the river, still maintaining, however, and even cementing more firmly the union between himself and the Bulgarians of Mœsia, which had subsisted unbroken even during the sovereignty of the Avars. Early in the ninth century, Krumm was chosen for their chief by the whole Bulgarian nation, and both as a ruler and warrior he fully justified their choice. Under him the Bulgarians attained the zenith of their greatness, and were extremely formidable to the Byzantine Empire. Other smaller principalities, consisting of Bulgarians, Avars, Wallachians and Slavs, seem to have arisen about this time east of the Theiss, and to have been vassals of the great Bulgarian Khan; but of what was passing in Transylvania we know almost nothing. Having been under the dominion of the Avars, it must have been shaken by the fall of their empire; but its wooded mountains and narrow passes afforded a more secure asylum than did the open plain, and no doubt many a fugitive fled thither for refuge. The western portion appears to have been occupied chiefly by Wallachians, who, on emerging from the successive waves of Goths, Huns, Avars and Slavs, which had flowed over them, now had time to recover their breath and appoint princes of their own to be their rulers. The eastern part of Transylvania was either now, or shortly afterwards, occupied by the Székelyek, or Siculi, who remain there to this day, and claim to be the descendants of certain Huns who, on the death of Attila, fled hither, under the leadership of his youngest and best beloved son Csaba. They pride themselves greatly on this their supposed lineage, but there is no historical proof of it, and as their language is Hungarian with a few unimportant peculiarities, it seems more probable that they were a tribe of Magyars who chose to separate themselves and settle here, when their main body was encamped in the neighbourhood.

Far more important, historically, however, were the events which now occurred north of the Upper Danube, where, as soon as they had expelled the remaining Avars, the Slavonian Czechs settled, and, in conjunction with Moravia, formed a vassal state, ruled by native princes, under the suzerainty of the Frank Emperor.

When Ludwig the Pious divided his dominions among his sons in 817, as also at the treaty of Verdun in 843, this new Moravia, as the state was called, fell to the portion of Ludwig the German, and, as long as the Carolingian dynasty showed no signs of decay, the Czechs resisted every temptation to rebel, remaining stedfast to their allegiance even when Liudewit, Duke of Slavonia,* raised the

* *Slavonia*, by the German chroniclers, was usually understood to mean the country of the Baltic Slavonians, but the name was also given to that part of

standard of revolt (818-23) and attempted to make himself the ruler of the southern Slavs on the Adriatic, and again when, a few years later, the Emperor Ludwig was involved in a serious war with the Bulgarian Khan Mortag, 827-29. About this time many of the Moravians embraced Christianity, and during the reign of their Duke Mojmir, himself a convert, churches were built at Olmütz, Brünn, and Nyitra, and consecrated by the Archbishop of Salzburg. But in spite of the fresh bond which religion seemed to have made between the Duke and his suzerain, the former was secretly chafing against the yoke, and his schemes of independence were favoured by the want of unity which prevailed in the Imperial house. While Ludwig's sons were quarrelling, first with their father and then with one another, Mojmir contrived to extend his power over several of the small neighbouring states; and though he was finally dispossessed of his throne by his suzerain, Rostislav,* his nephew and successor,

modern Croatia north of the Save which contains the three counties of Agram, Warasdin, and Kreutz. *Croatia*, in the time of Árpád, and long after, lay entirely to the south of the Save, and comprised Dalmatia, Turkish Croatia, and great part of Bosnia, with Montenegro as far as the Narenta. When the Turks had taken this province, the name of Croatia was transferred to the three counties north of the Save, till then called Slavonia, after which people began to give the name of Slavonia to the other three counties of Syrmia, Posega, and Werschetz, lying between the Drave and Save, which have retained it to the present day—a district which was conquered by Árpád, peopled by Magyars and Slavs, and formed an integral part of Hungary until it was conquered by the Turks in the sixteenth century. It was not officially known by the name of Slavonia, which it now bears, until the end of the eighteenth century.

'Duke of Slavonia' was the title given to several Hungarian princes who governed Dalmatia and Croatia, including Slavonia proper—i.e. Agram, Warasdin, and Kreutz.

* Rostislav established friendly relations with the Eastern Empire, and sent to the Emperor Michael, saying, 'Our land is baptized, but we have no teachers to instruct us and translate for us the sacred books. We do not understand either the Greek or the Latin language. Some teach us one thing and some another; therefore we do not understand the meaning of the Scriptures, neither their import. Send us teachers who can explain to us the Scriptures and their meaning.' On receiving this message, the Emperor sent to Moravia the great missionaries Cyril and Methodius, who had already preached the Gospel with much success among the Chazars and Bulgarians, and had done the Slavonic nations immense service by inventing an alphabet for them, which was in fact only a modification of the Greek alphabet, with the addition of some letters borrowed from the eastern alphabets to express certain sounds which exist in the Slavonic but not in the Greek tongue. The two missionaries came to Moravia in 863, translated the Scriptures and the most necessary office-books, and taught and held services in the language of the people.

The German priests, being angry at this innovation, accused them to Pope Nicholas, who cited them to appear in Rome. On arriving there, however, they found the Papal chair occupied by Adrian II., who was so convinced of their zeal, and the great services that they had rendered to the Church, that he made them bishops. Cyril died in Rome, but Methodius returned to Moravia and Pannonia as archbishop, with permission to use the Slavonic service, a privilege which was soon extended to the southern Slavs of Pannonia also. Though celebrating the service according to the rites of the Greek Church, Methodius and his clergy acknowledged the Pope, and not the Patriarch of Constantinople, as their head. Pope John VIII. confirmed to them the privilege of using the

carried on the work he had begun, and achieved practical independence. Rostislav did not, however, long enjoy the glory of his position, being betrayed into the hands of the Germans by his ambitious and unscrupulous nephew, Sviatopolk, or Svatopluk, who had no sooner obtained the coveted dukedom from his suzerain than he, too, strove to shake of the yoke of vassalage. With the assistance of the Bohemians and other western Slavs, he carried on a bloody war for three years, at the end of which time, though still nominally a vassal of the German kingdom, he was to all intents and purposes perfectly independent.

From this time his power and importance rapidly increased. Bohemia owned him as her suzerain, and he was obeyed by the Slavonians of the Elbe as far north as Magdeburg. In a quarrel with Arnulf, who had been made Duke of Carinthia and Pannonia by his father Carloman of Bavaria, Rostislav won a murderous victory at Raab, and received the fief of Pannonia at the hands of the feeble Emperor Charles the Fat, who was suspicious of his nephew, and not, as afterwards appeared, without good reason, for Arnulf made up his difference with the great Slavonian prince, and with his assistance dethroned his uncle and procured his own election as King of the Germans. In return for Svatopluk's services, Arnulf formally recognised him as suzerain of Bohemia, which, however, was still governed by her own prince. Svatopluk had now reached the pinnacle of his greatness. His dominions included not only Bohemia and Moravia, but extended as far north as the districts of Magdeburg and Cracow, where the population was entirely Slavonic, and south as far as the Danube, which he had already crossed in some places. If he or his successors had succeeded in advancing another step further, so as to effect a union with the southern Slavs on the Adriatic and in Moesia, it would have been impossible for the feeble and scattered nationalities dwelling between the Danube and the Carpathians to have escaped subjugation; the tribes of northern Slavs would naturally have been attracted and incorporated, and Germany would have had on her eastern frontier a gigantic and formidable Slavonic empire stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic* and Mediterranean, and covered in the rear by tribes of kindred race. Germany was far

Slavonic Liturgy, but on condition that the Latin should also be employed, and take precedence of the Slavonic tongue. The hostility against the Slavonic Liturgy went on increasing; and, after the death of Methodius, it degenerated into a violent persecution, so that many Slavonic priests were expelled from the country through German influence.—See 'Slavonia,' by Count Valerian Krasinski.

* The Peloponnesus was in the possession of the Slavonians from the sixth to the ninth century. The name of Morea is commonly supposed to refer to the number of mulberry-trees growing in this part of Europe, or even to the form of the peninsula, which is somewhat like that of a mulberry leaf; but it appears not improbable that it may rather be derived from the Slavonic *more*, the sea. It is worthy of notice that the Byzantine writers entirely eschew the use of this appellation, which makes it the more probable that they considered it to be of

too much occupied with her own internal dissensions to be able to check this development, and in fact it was only since the treaty of partition, concluded at Verdun between the sons of Ludwig the Pious, that she could be said to have a distinct and separate existence at all, and her consolidation into a united state was still only in process of accomplishment. That she escaped the by no means imaginary danger which threatened her, and that she holds her present position among the great Powers of Europe, she owes to the arrival of the Magyars and their settlement in Hungary, which is characterised by Palacky as 'one of the most important events in the history of Europe and the greatest of all the misfortunes which have assailed the Slavs in the course of a thousand years.' 'In the ninth century,' says he, 'there were Slavonic settlements extending from the borders of Holstein to the shores of the Peloponnesus, and though the various tribes were independent one of another, and differed in their habits and circumstances, they were an industrious race, endowed with good abilities, and capable of cultivation. Moravia under Sviatopolk presented just the centre which they needed, and to her they would assuredly have been drawn by their own natural sympathies as well as by the pressure of outward events. From her they would have received Christianity if not political institutions, and with Christianity they would have received civilisation, arts, industries and unity of language. Under the fostering care of Constantinople, the Slavonic empire might have been in the east what the Frank empire was in the west, and the history of eastern Europe would have been of an altogether different complexion.'

But the realisation of this dream of Panlavism was prevented, just when Sviatopolk was at the height of his power, by the inrush of the third great Turanian wave. Less barbarous than the Huns and Avars,

barbaric origin, as, had it been derived from the Greek *μωρον*, they could have had no objection to it.

The whole of the Peloponnesus was devastated by the Slavonians, with the exception of the Acrocorinthus, with its two sea-ports, Cenchræ and Lechaum, Patras, Modon, Coron, with the adjacent district of Anapli, Vitylos on the western slope of the Taygetus, and the highlands of Maina. The rest of the Peloponnesus was reduced to a complete desert, and those of the inhabitants who escaped death and captivity, fled either to the strongholds or to the islands of the Archipelago. That the Slavonians made a permanent settlement in the Peloponnesus is evident from the fact that some of the Byzantine writers of the eighth century call the country, from the Danube to the highlands of Arcadia and Messenia, *Sclabinia*, and declare that the whole of the Peloponnesus was at the time of Constantine Copronymus (741-75) Slavonised and barbarised. Constans II. began a war upon Sclabinia, in order to open a communication between his capital and Philippi and Thessalonica. Justinian II. also made a successful expedition against it, and transplanted a great number of his Slavonic prisoners into Asia Minor. Its final subjugation was accomplished by Basil I. (867-86), after which the Christian religion and Byzantine civilization together completely Hellenised its inhabitants. It appears, therefore, that the present population of the Morea has at least as much Slavonic as Hellenic blood in its veins.—Count V. Krasinski's 'Slavonia.' See Sketch of the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations, by Count Valerian Krasinski. Appendix G.

but equally warlike, the Magyars, who were of kindred race with them, appeared in Europe towards the end of the ninth century, claiming to be the heirs of the empire of Attila; and, strange to say, both Pope and Emperor applied to them for assistance. Leo the Wise asked for help against the Bulgarians, which was readily given; and the Emperor Arnulf employed them against the great Moravian kingdom, while it was yet in process of consolidation.

The Magyars forced their way into the very heart of Sviatopolk's dominions, and there effected a permanent settlement, which has ever since proved a perpetual obstacle to the union of the various Slavonic peoples who occupy so large a proportion of the area of Europe.

Whether Moravia would have succeeded in winning the allegiance of the northern and eastern Slavs, or whether she would herself have been absorbed by the newly-founded state of Russia, is another question; but the fact remains the same, that it is the Hungarian kingdom which for the last thousand years has kept the Slav races apart.

In concluding this sketch of the various races which have fought for possession of the lands about the Danube, we must say a few words about Russia. This state was founded in the ninth century, when a band of Scandinavian* adventurers, surnamed Russes, established themselves, under their chief Ruric, in the vicinity of the Baltic, where they soon brought several Finnish and Slavonic tribes under their dominion. Two other Scandinavian chieftains, Oskold and Dir, who had arrived with Ruric, set out on an expedition to Constantinople, probably with the intention of entering the service of the Byzantine Emperor, whose body-guard consisted of Scandinavian and Saxon adventurers, known by the name of Varangians.

On their way down the Dniepr, however, they seized the town of Kioff and founded a state of their own, and in 866 found themselves strong enough to make a piratical expedition to the shores of the Thracian Bosphorus, and even to lay siege to Constantinople, where the name of Russians was then for the first time heard of. Ruric's successor, Oleg, subjugated all the country along the Dniepr, established his capital at Kioff, and extended his conquests over many Slavonic lands, which, being united with the Empire founded by the Teutonic Ruric, equally assumed the name of Russia. In 906, Oleg undertook an expedition against Constantinople, besieged it, and compelled the Emperor to pay him a large sum.

Sviatoslav, a very warlike prince, extended his conquests to the foot of the Caucasus, and, at the invitation of the Emperor Nicephorus, proceeded into Bulgaria, which he conquered, and liked so well that he determined to choose it for his residence. This involved him in a war with the Empire, in the course of which he penetrated as far as Adrianople. His son Vladimir ruled from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and from the Volga and Caucasus to the Carpathians, over

* Belonging to the Teutonic branch of the Aryan stock.

various Slavonic populations, and several Finnish tribes. Vladimir's son, Yaroslav, followed up the attempts of his ancestors against Constantinople. His fleet reached the mouth of the Bosphorus, where, after a long contest, it was in great part destroyed by Greek fire. The land expedition reached Varna, but was, after desperate resistance, overcome. This was the last expedition made by the Russians against the Eastern Empire (1043). Russia became a prey to internal dissensions and finally to the Mongols, and had no energies to spare for foreign conquest. But for this, the prediction found in the eleventh century inscribed under the statue of Bellesphoron at Constantinople, that the Imperial city was to be taken by the Russians, might have been fulfilled centuries ago. Her surest means to the end which, as Krasinski says, no one can doubt that she has long had in view, the overthrow of the ruling power, whether Byzantine or Ottoman, at Constantinople, is, and always has been, by gaining over the Slavonians of the Lower Danube.

SELINA GAYE.

THE MODERN GIRL.

DEAR EDITOR,

WHILE no doubt there are many slang and fast girls for whom your January advice is much needed, don't you think you are rather hard upon the younger readers of the 'Monthly Packet,' or as you put it, the average girl, in assuming that such is their character? I think that perhaps the country class of young ladies, who were, I suppose, numerous among your early readers, may be in danger of casting off restraint that is good for them; but I should personally have supposed that the fast girls who most need your advice were not readers of the 'Monthly Packet,' though some of their mothers may have been so. As one who has a large and rather intimate acquaintance among young girls, will you allow me to enter my protest on behalf of my friends, and to assure you that if there is an objectionable type of the modern girl, there is also a type, equally modern, which is thoroughly sweet, modest, and refined, in spite of leading a less secluded and more enterprising life than their mothers and grandmothers. I am a middle-aged woman, but when I look back upon my own youth and think of the girls—good and nice girls, too—of my own generation, it seems to me that the *good* modern type is an improvement upon the old one. I own that they use the word 'jolly,' but they do not use 'beastly,' or even 'scrumptious,' except now and then in most confidential moments of excited feeling, and certainly not in mixed society. They do not ape men in any respect, having a very strong sense of the dignity of woman, which I sometimes fancy makes them less attractive in the eyes of mankind than their mothers were; but they are possibly better able to take care of themselves in emergencies. They are not 'dreamy,' which used to be a favourite attribute of heroines in my youth, but think definitely and to the purpose; frequently, no doubt, making up their minds erroneously, but candid enough to admit their errors in time, and not driven to persist in any one-sided view by a conviction that it is 'the thing' to take one side rather than another, as *e.g.*, either that Charles I. was a saint or a fiend, as, I think, was the case some years ago. They are not blind hero-worshippers, but can use their judgment, though they do not fail in reverence for what they feel really good and noble. They do not think themselves morally the centre of the universe, as I rather think some of us used to do, *e.g.*, that our own moral or spiritual improvement was an object for which we ought to sacrifice other people without compunction, as Margaret Percival did

her dying Roman Catholic friend. They can love intensely, and their passionate friendships often do not go quite smoothly, for they are young, and possibly develop later than girls used to do; but I maintain that though they are often crude and unformed, the promise of their womanhood is thoroughly good and sweet and beautiful, notwithstanding that it is of a type peculiar to its own generation, and different from that of the last. I should say that it had gained greatly in wideness of sympathy, in sense of justice, and in loss of self-consciousness; and if the modern girl takes longer to come to maturity of character than her mother did, and perhaps tries our patience rather more while she is working out the problems of life in the interval, let us remember that an oak takes a good deal longer to grow up than a rose-tree.

Yours truly,
MIDDLEAGE.

DUMPLING FRIDAY.

BY MRS. LAUNT THOMPSON.

ONE of the most curious and brilliant Carnival feasts known in Italy is that of 'Dumpling Friday,' or the Bacchanalia of the Dumplings, as it is also called, which takes place annually in Verona on the Friday before Ash Wednesday. It was founded in the year 1530, by a celebrated Veronese physician, 'Tommaso da Vico,' who was member of a committee for dispensing charity to the poor of the city generally, and particularly to the inhabitants of that part of Verona known as the quarter or parish of San Zeno. At that time Lombardy and the Venetian provinces were ravaged by the German troops, in consequence of the war raging in Lombardy itself between the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I. of France. In addition to this, the Adige had repeatedly overflowed its banks, and the country round about was laid waste. Famine threatened the people, and the history of Verona relates that one day a vast crowd of mendicants from the surrounding country entered the city, and 'calling unto them the lower classes,' rushed through the streets in wild confusion, sacking the bakers' shops, sweeping clear the premises of the vendors of flour, wine, etc., and when their hunger was appeased, falling 'like a whirlwind' upon the public offices, and 'committing such other disorders as attend a popular insurrection.'

In order to tranquillise the people, and to prevent the recurrence of similar disturbances, a 'certain number of prudent and wise citizens were elected, to whom was confided the task of dispensing food enough to allay the hunger of the very poor. Tommaso Da Vico, a learned and humane man, subsequently founded the Dumpling Festival at his own expense. It has for its primary object the diffusion of charity, that is, it begins with a largesse of bread, wine, butter, flour, and cheese to the poor of the quarter. To this end, it is stated that Tommaso da Vico left a legacy to be applied for ever to the same purpose, and that the bust, which stands near the Church of San Zeno, was subsequently erected to his memory, and in his honour, by his grateful fellow-citizens. Later, the Venetian Republic, unwilling to leave to a private citizen the whole glory of this popular festival, appropriated a certain sum to its 'decent observance.'

To its decent observance might be supplemented its 'splendid observance,' for in the days of its glory—it has in later years fallen

somewhat into disuse, or rather into poor observance—it was unquestionably the most brilliant Carnival festival in Italy.

It begins by the assemblage in the Palazzo dei Signori, of a band of masks, called the 'Mascherata dei Sanzenati.' All these masks are from the parish of San Zeno, but they are soon followed by others, and so, gradually, the vast procession assembles which is to defile all through the beautiful city, and bring up finally in the Piazza San Zeno.

The costumes of the masks are very varied and curious. A large proportion of them are dressed as 'Maccaroni,' in peculiarly odd costumes, which are exact reproductions of the frescoes in the loggia of the Carlin Allegri Palace. Each Maccaroni has his lady beside him, dressed as a contadina, but masked, and the bright procession defiles along in couples, and in an orderly manner. Here and there the mass of pedestrians is diversified by huge carts, drawn by white oxen gaily caparisoned, while the carts are adorned with rich hangings and silken banners, and filled with handsomely dressed masks, who sing as they move along. A vast crowd of children, masked and dressed in white from head to foot, floats along with the procession of Maccaroni, and the youths of Verona follow on horseback, also masked, and carrying drawn swords, while one of the oddest groups in the procession is that of the old Maccaroni himself, dressed in a costume bizarre among the bizarre, and borne in a huge basket on the heads of his dutiful children.

But the principal person is the Capo or chief of the Maccaroni, 'strangely and sumptuously clad,' and riding a donkey, which is splendidly caparisoned. Beside, behind, and in front of him come his palefreniers, also Maccaroni, masked, befeathered, and beribboned, and continually shouting, 'Evviva!' in a voice made unnaturally high, harsh, and shrill, by a whistle or pipe which they hold in their mouths. When the *cortège* has arrived at the Palazzo dei Signori, the Capo mounts the stairs, still on his donkey, which is dragged in front, and pushed and punched beside and behind by his assiduous attendants, while the whole vast crowd follows, 'shouting, laughing, and uttering pipe-shrill screeches.' Arrived at last in the Sala d'udienza, or audience hall, where the city officials and a crowd of spectators are assembled, the Capo de' Maccaroni advances majestically, mounted on his donkey, to the centre of the hall, and addressing, in the pipe-shrill voice, the highest official present, requests him and his colleagues to honour the 'Dumpling Bacchanalia' with their illustrious presence. The invitation being accepted with many 'gracious and stately words,' a thunder of applause, and a tumult of shouts, laughter, and whistling ensues, in the midst of which the 'Capo' and his suite return to the Piazza. Then begins a confusion and excitement unspeakable and indescribable, in the midst of which the procession is arranged for its progress through the city.

First comes the city trumpeter in gala array, then a crowd of children, dressed in white and masked, who carry trays of bread,

wine, and cheese, adorned with laurel wreaths, and each child carries also a gaily coloured paper banner. Then follows the triumphal chariot, a vast, imposing, gilded construction. It is drawn by eight oxen, and filled with masks who throw bread to the crowd continually. More masks, and then the city officials, in quaint and splendid equipages, which only see the light once a year. When the Piazza di San Zeno is reached, there in the centre a magnificent platform is seen to be erected, where fires are burning and dumplings are frying in huge cauldrons of oil. A bridge leads from this platform to a frowning fortress, which looks very terrible, but is, in point of fact, a temporary wooden erection. Into this fortress the Sindaco (chief official of the city) ascends, and presently the Capo de' Maccaroni rides over the bridge, accompanied by his faithful palefreniers, and bearing in his hands a plate of dumplings. Spearling one of the biggest dumplings with a wooden fork, he holds it aloft, welcomes the Sindaco to the parish of San Zeno, and begs him to taste the dainty of the quarter. Then, with a flourish, he puts the dumpling into his Excellency's mouth, and while that unfortunate gentleman disposes of it as he can, the Capo de' Maccaroni consigns the plate to his palefreniers, who receive it with shrill shouts of 'Evviva!' Mutual compliments are then exchanged, and the Sindaco is free to leave his fortress, while the Capo de' Maccaroni and his donkey return to terra firma.

Once there, the rigid ceremony of the day is over, and the merry, turbulent, fantastically-dressed multitude is free to amuse itself as it pleases. Two flights of steps lead up to the Dumpling platform, and all day long the fires burn, the cauldrons steam, the dumplings fry, and a crowd of masks ascend and descend without a moment's intermission, for the dumplings are toothsome, and they are free to all, the merry cooks spearling them up on the regulation wooden fork from the hissing oil, and handing them to any and every claimant.

Below, in the Piazza, dancing, singing, laughing, eating and drinking, buying and selling, frolicking, mimicking and gambolling goes on uninterruptedly until evening, when the populace disperses itself through the city to seek amusement, grand civic banquets are given in the public buildings for the city officials, and much feasting and revelry goes on in private houses. Such, in brief, is Dumpling Friday, or Venerdi Gnoccolare, as it is called in Verona, from the Italian name for dumpling, gnocco. It is also sometimes called the Baccanale de' Gnocchi, the Bacchanalia of the Dumplings.

The order of procession, as given in the printed directions for the day's festivities, are as follows—

An indication of the order of the ceremonies by which is celebrated the feast known as the Cuccagna de' Gnocchi (the Dumpling Delight or Revel).

1. Forty-eight youths, duly dressed, masked, and mounted on horses, with their captain, their standard bearer, etc.

2. One hundred boys, with their captain, dressed in white and masked, and called from their costume the Camisciotti shirt-wearers.

3. Forty-eight millers on horseback, masked and dressed.

4. A band of Maccaroni, composed of thirty-six individuals, dressed and masked, with their captain (mounted on his ass), his palefreniers, and forty-eight boys, dressed and masked; also a band of music, and the great chariot, called the Car of Plenty, and other maskers.

5. The ceremony of invitation at the Palazzo.

6. The return to the Piazza, and three turns round the Piazza, made with snail-like slowness, and called in the Veronese dialect, 'fare il Bogon.'

7. The procession through the city to the parish of San Zeno, and the presentation of the Gnocchi.

8. The said Piazza of San Zeno to be adorned with triumphal arches, and covered seats for the accommodation of the populace, and a mighty beast, from the mouth of which bread continually falls, and a fountain which runs wine perpetually. And all this beside and above the Gnocchi, which are fried and distributed without ceasing.

9. Near the statue of the beneficent Tommaso da Vico, the patron and (believed) founder of this feast, are several rows of tables for the poor, where they are served with food and wine.

10. When the ceremonies are finished the city authorities depart in order, and the Sindaco, accompanied by masks on horseback, to his palace gates.

Appended to the order are the bills for the day's festivities, in which, after a manner not unknown in other lands, the outlay is greater than the income. Some of the items are very funny, as 'nine francs to the preserver of the stone head,' which for that day only is placed upon the bust of Tommaso da Vico; 'ten francs to the priest of the parish, for handing in a list of the poor families who are to receive a largesse,' etc.

'For three thousand six hundred rolls of bread, thrown from the Car of Plenty, 2,340 francs.

'For three hogsheads of wine, 787 francs.

'For seventy pounds of butter, 87 francs.

'For seventy pounds of cheese, 87 francs.'

And then follows the sum total of expenses, which exceeds the money set apart for the festivities by several hundred francs.

This account is taken from the records of the last pompous Dumpling Feast. Verona is not as rich as it was in the time of the Austrian occupation, and Dumpling Friday is very greatly shorn of its ancient splendour.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

On Sir Walter Manny, Moonraker and Spinning Jenny are both so good that only a question of length enables Arachne to decide in favour of the former, but she should have made Sir Walter's birth-place, Hainault, as Belgium was not invented in his time. Sintram and Shamrock have likewise answered very well.

The subject for next month is: What is the true principle of Self-Denial?

Subscriptions received from Fidelia, Sperawna, Charisea, and Squirrel. (There is an honourable Grey Squirrel, but Squirrel alone is admissible.) Answers to 'Clio' should be in a separate envelope, but the same *nom de plume* will serve. Also from Walter Wagtail, Pot, Kettle, and Spinning Jenny. The apostrophe in Queens Regnant was a misprint.

SIR WALTER MANNY.

Sir Walter Manny was born in Belgium, and came to England as a page in the train of Queen Philippa of Hainault. He received his knightly training at the English court, where he grew up full of the spirit of chivalry and the love of many adventures, and became the chosen friend and companion of the young King, Edward III. He is noteworthy as being one of the typical characters of the age in which he lived. It was a time of transition, when the cruelty and injustice, the rudeness and rapacity, of earlier and more barbarous days were jostling strangely with the germs of a higher civilization. The devotion to adventurous warfare, the intense admiration for personal power and prowess, which were characteristic of the age of feudalism, purely heathenish as they were in origin and principle, had gained something of Christian charity and courtesy from the Church which had been growing up beside, and, apparently, apart from them. The Christian qualities of humility, pity for the poor, a sympathy with the oppressed, which had before been supposed to mark a man out for a religious life, were now claimed by the spirit of chivalry as part of the necessary equipment of the knightly warrior, in addition to all that had been required of him before. It is this juxtaposition of light and darkness, of civilization and barbarism, of the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of heathendom, that gives the chief charm to the incidents and characters of the highest development of chivalry. We are reminded of the rough outlines, and the dim dark shadows of a mass of rocky boulders, lit up by the silver glory of a summer moon. The strength of the contrast serves to enhance the force and reality of the whole.

Sir Walter Manny's first experience of active warfare was in Flanders, in the year 1337. The burghers of the great Flemish

towns, whose fortunes were linked with those of England by the exigencies of the trade in wool, had broken out into open rebellion against their French Count in consequence of the strained relations between France and England, and Edward was fomenting the discord. An English force of six hundred men-at-arms, and two hundred archers, under the command of Henry of Lancaster and Sir Walter Manny, was sent out to dislodge the French garrison from the little Isle of Cadsant, in which, after a gallant fight, they succeeded, pillaging and burning the town, and making many prisoners. But Edward had great difficulty in carrying on the war, for he was very short of means, and his allies in the Netherlands were full of scruples and doubts. His fiery young knights relieved their impatience by making vows not to use both their eyes, not to answer questions, and such like, till they should have performed some feat of arms against the French. Sir Walter had sworn that he would be the first to distinguish himself on French soil, and he fulfilled his vow as soon as Edward's army was ready, by making a private expedition with forty lances (120 men), and taking the little town of Thun l'Evêque. After the battle of Sluys, in 1340, a truce was agreed upon, and many of the leading men of Hainault went over to the French party; but Sir Walter was staunch to the English.

Within a year or two there was another opening for war in the disputed succession to the dukedom of Brittany. Philippe of France supported the claims of Charles of Blois, and so Edward of course took up the cause of his rival, Jean of Montfort, who had been taken prisoner by the French, while his wife, Jeanne of Flanders, was besieged in the town of Hennebonne. Sir Walter Manny, who had been despatched to her aid, but who had been delayed for two months in the Channel by contrary winds, arrived just in time to prevent her being forced to yield. There was great rejoicing, but Sir Walter looked up as he was feasting, and saw a great machine throwing stones into the town. He vowed to destroy it, and springing up, he sallied out with a small body of men, burnt that and several other machines, had a sharp skirmish with the besiegers, and returning victorious to the town were met by Jeanne, who gave the adventure a characteristic conclusion by kissing them all round, 'like a noble and valiant dame,' as Froissart has it.

This war was concluded in 1343 by a truce between the two kings, though their subjects who were in Brittany never laid down their arms. Two years afterwards war was declared again, and Sir Walter was sent with his old leader, Henry of Lancaster, to invade Gascony with 500 knights, and 2,000 archers. It was an expedition after their own heart, made up of small sieges and unexpected skirmishes. In the course of it, Sir Walter found himself in front of the place where report said his father had been murdered on his return from pilgrimage. He offered a hundred crowns to any one who could tell him the truth of the story, and having heard the particulars, and found his father's tomb, he sent his remains home to be buried in the church of the Minorite Friars at Valenciennes, and caused yearly masses to be said for the repose of his soul.

But presently the English had their fun stopped by a large army, under the Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the King. Sir Walter Manny was coupé up at Aiguillon, and Henry of Lancaster at Bordeaux, and Edward, to relieve them, made a descent on Normandy. Duke Jean was summoned from Gascony to aid his father,

but did not reach him till after the defeat of Crèci. Sir Walter released a prisoner of distinction on condition of a safe-conduct to cross France and join King Edward, who was besieging Calais. The Duke of Normandy gave it, but he was arrested nevertheless, with his twenty attendants, and brought to Paris, where the King, apparently rather ashamed of the breach of faith, asked him to dinner, released him, and made him a handsome present of jewelry. This last was accepted, subject to Edward's approval, and was accordingly returned.

In the touching story of the surrender of Calais, Sir Walter played a leading part, as he was the messenger employed by King Edward to treat with the citizens; and he was foremost in his entreaties for mercy on the captives.

We next find him taking his share in what was evidently considered as a rare frolic. The English governor of Calais, a Lombard mercenary, and a special favourite of King Edward, agreed to deliver up the town to the French. Edward heard of it, sent for him, and forgave him on condition of his continuing the treaty, which he did. On the last night of the year 1349, the French were to be admitted into the city. Edward came there secretly with his son and a small band of men, made Sir Walter take the leadership; and the result was a grand fight which lasted all night, followed the next day by a feast in the town to the knights of both parties, and a great interchange of presents and compliments. The next great event of this war was the naval victory at Sluys, at which Sir Walter Manny was present with Edward and all the other English grandees, and which was followed by a short peace.

Then came the terrible Black Death, destroying thousands and tens of thousands in every city of Europe. No less than 51,000 persons died in London alone; and Sir Walter Manny, shocked at the insufficiency of burial-grounds, bought a piece of ground for the purpose, and built thereon a chantry, that prayers might be said for the souls of those buried. To this he afterwards added a Carthusian monastery, which acquired the name of the Charter House.

In 1355, the war with France broke out again; but Sir Walter lost that pleasure, as he went with Edward to subdue the Scots instead. That must indeed have been a dull expedition, for the English could get not only no food, but no fighting, as the Scots retired to the hills with all their provisions and cattle, and contented themselves with cutting off stragglers. It was the depth of winter, too, and as Edward revenged himself by setting fire to everything, the country was a wilderness. The English fleet with supplies was dispersed by a storm; and after waiting for some time at Haddington, whose church and monastery he had burnt down, Edward began to retreat, and was ignominiously hunted out of the country by the Douglas and his men.

This was the last of Sir Walter Manny's warlike expeditions. He did not accompany the Black Prince into Spain; and the next thing we hear of him is his death in the year 1371, casting a gloom over the wedding festivities of the princes John of Gaunt and Edmund of Woodstock. He was followed to his grave in the Charter House by the King, the princes, and a long train of knights and prelates. He left only one child, a daughter, who had been married to the young Earl of Pembroke.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for February.

5. Give some account of the Amphictyonic Council, and the National Festivals of the Greeks. What, and where, was the *Altis*?

6. Describe the discipline of Lycurgus, its purpose, and effect.

7. "From their rich fields they fled; who can show me
The way that the vanquish'd ones go?
From the steep mountain heights of Ithomé
Their warriors have melted like snow."

Translated from 'Tyrtaeus.'

Explain the circumstances to which these lines have reference
Was Tyrtaeus a Spartan poet?

8. Write short notes upon the following names:—Clisthenes, Cypselus, Periander, Theognis.

The Monthly Packet.

MARCH, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

'Fairer scenes the opening eye
Of the day can scarce descry,
Fairer sight he looks not on
Than the pleasant banks of Rhone.'

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Long legs may be in the abstract an advantage, but scarcely so in what was called in France *une grande Berline*. This was the favourite travelling carriage of the eighteenth century, and consisted of a close carriage or coach proper, with arrangements on the top for luggage, and behind it another seat open, but provided with a large leathern hood, and in front another place for the coachman and his companions. Each seat was wide enough to hold three persons, and thus within sat Madame de Bourke, her brother-in-law, the two children, Arthur Hope and Mademoiselle Julienne, an elderly woman of the artisan class, *femme de chambre* to the Countess. Victorine, who was attendant on the children, would travel under the hood with two more maids; and the front seat would be occupied by the coachman, Laurence Callaghan—otherwise *La Jeunesse*, and *Maitre Hébert*, the *Maitre d'Hôtel*. Fain would Arthur have shared their elevation, so far as ease and comfort of mind and body went, and the Countess's wishes may have gone the same way; but besides that it would have been an insult to class him with the servants, the horses of the home establishment, driven by their own coachman, took the party the first stage out of Paris; and though afterwards the post horses or mules, six in number, would be ridden by their own postillions, there was such an amount of luggage as to leave little or no space for a third person outside.

It had been a perfect sight to see the carriage packed; when

Arthur, convoyed by Lord Nithsdale, arrived in the courtyard of the Hotel de Varennes. Madame de Bourke was taking with her all the paraphernalia of an ambassador—a service of plate, in a huge chest stowed under the seat, a portrait of Philip V., in a gold frame set with diamonds, being included among her jewellery—and Lord Nithsdale, standing by, could not but drily remark: ‘Yonder is more than we brought with us, Arthur.’

The two walked up and down the court together, unwilling to intrude on the parting which, as they well knew, would be made in floods of tears. Sad enough indeed it was, for Madame de Varennes was advanced in years, and her daughter had not only to part with her, but with the baby Jacques, for an unknown space of time; but the self-command and restraint of grief for the sake of each other was absolutely unknown. It was a point of honour and sentiment to weep as much as possible, and it would have been regarded as frigid and unnatural not to go on crying too much to eat or speak for a whole day beforehand, and at least two afterwards.

So when the travellers descended the steps to take their seats, each face was enveloped in a handkerchief, and there were passionate embraces, literal pressings to the breast, and violent sobs, as each victim, one after the other, ascended the carriage steps and fell back on the seat, while in the background, Honor Callaghan was uttering Irish wails over the Abbé and Laurence, and the lamentable sound set the little lap-dog and the big watch-dog howling in chorus. Arthur Hope, probably as miserable as any of them in parting with his friend and hero, was only standing like a stake, and an embarrassed stake (if that be possible), and Lord Nithsdale, though anxious for him, heartily pitying all, was nevertheless haunted by a queer recollection of Lance and his dog, and thinking that French dogs were not devoid of sympathy, and that the part of Crab was left for Arthur.

However, the last embrace was given, and the ladies were all packed in, while the Abbé, with his breast heaving with sobs, his big hat in one hand, and a huge silk pocket-handkerchief in the other, did not forget his manners, but waved to Arthur to ascend the steps first. ‘Secretary, not guest. You must remember that another time,’ said Lord Nithsdale. ‘God bless you, my dear lad, and bring you safe back to bonnie Scotland, a true and leal heart.’

Arthur wrung his friend’s hand once more, and disappeared into the vehicle; Nurse Honor made one more rush, and uttered another ‘Ohone’ over Abbé Phelim, who followed into the carriage; the door was shut; there was a last wail over ‘Lanty, the sunbeam of me heart,’ as he climbed to the box seat; the harness jingled; coachman and postillions cracked their whips, the impatient horses dashed out at the *porte cochère*; and Arthur, after endeavouring to dispose of his legs, looked about him, and saw, opposite to him, Madame de Bourke lying back in the corner in a transport of grief, one arm round her daughter and her little son lying across her lap, both sobbing and crying, and

on one side of him the Abbé, sunk in his corner, his yellow silk handkerchief over his face, on the other, Mademoiselle Julienne, who was crying too, but with more moderation, perhaps more out of propriety, or from infection, than from actual grief: at any rate she had more of her senses about her than any one else, and managed to dispose of the various loose articles that had been thrown after the travellers, in pockets and under cushions. Arthur would have assisted, but only succeeded in treading on various toes and eliciting some small shrieks, which disconcerted him all the more, and made Mademoiselle Julienne look daggers at him, as she relieved her lady of little Ulysse, lifting him to her own knee, where, as he was absolutely exhausted with crying, he fell asleep.

Arthur hoped the others would do the same, and perhaps there was more dozing than they would have confessed; but whenever there was a movement, and some familiar object in the streets of Paris struck the eye of Madame, the Abbé, or Estelle, there was a little cry, and they went off on a fresh score.

'Poor wretched weak creatures!' he said to himself, as he thought over the traditions of Scottish heroic women on whose heroism he had gloated. And yet he was wrong, Madame de Bourke was capable of as much resolute self-devotion as any of the ladies on the other side of the Channel, but tears were a tribute required by the times. So she gave way to them—just as no doubt the women of former days saw nothing absurd in bottling them.

Arthur's position among all these weeping figures was extremely awkward, all the more so that he carried his sword upright between his legs, not daring to disturb the lachrymose company enough to dispose of it in the sword case appropriated to weapons. He longed to take out the little pocket Virgil, which Lord Nithsdale had given him, so as to have some occupation for his eyes, but he durst not, lest he should be thought rude, till, at a halt at a cabaret to water the horses, the striking of a clock reminded the Abbé that it was the time for reading the Hours, and when the breviary was taken out, Arthur thought his book might follow it.

By-and-by there was a halt, at Corbeil, where was the nunnery of Alice Bourke, of whom her brother and sister-in-law were to take leave. They, with the children, were set down there, while Arthur went on with the carriage and servants to the inn to dine.

It was the first visit of Ulysse to the convent, and he was much amazed at peeping at his aunt's hooded face through a grating. However, the family were admitted to dine in the refectory, but poor Madame de Bourke was fit for nothing but to lie on a bed, attended affectionately by her sister-in-law, Sœur Ste. Madeleine.

'O sister, sister,' was her cry, 'I must say it to you, I would not to my poor mother, that I have the most horrible presentiments I shall never see her again, nor my poor child. No, nor my husband; I knew it when he took leave of me for that terrible Spain.'

'Yet you see he is safe, and you will be with him, sister,' returned the nun.

'Ah! that I knew I should! But think of those fearful Pyrenees, and the bandits that infest them—and all the valuables we carry with us!'

'Surely I heard that Marshal Berwick had offered you an escort.'

'That will only attract the attention of the brigands and bring them in greater force. O sister, sister, my heart sinks at the thought of my poor children in the hands of those savages! I dream of them every night.'

'The suite of an Ambassador is sacred.'

'Ah! but what do they care for that, the robbers. I know destruction lies that way!'

'Nay, sister, this is not like you. You always were brave, and trusted Heaven, when you had to follow Ulick.'

'Alas! never had I this sinking of heart, which tells me I shall be torn from my poor children and never rejoin him.'

Sister Ste. Madeleine caressed and prayed with the poor lady, and did her utmost to reassure and comfort her, promising a *neuvaine* for her safe journey and meeting with her husband.

'For the children,' said the poor countess. 'I know I never shall see him more.'

However, the cheerfulness of the bright Irish woman had done her some good, and she was better by the time she rose to pursue her journey. Estelle and Ulysse had been much petted by the nuns, and when all met again, to the great relief of Arthur, he found continuous weeping was not *de rigueur*. When they got in again, he was able to get rid of his sword, and only trod on two pair of toes, and got his legs twice stumbled over.

Moreover, Madame de Bourke had recovered the faculty of making pretty speeches, and when the weapon was put into the sword case, she observed with a sad little smile, 'Ah, Monsieur! we look to you as our defender!'

'And me too!' cried little Ulysse, making a violent demonstration with his tiny blade, and so nearly poking out his uncle's eye that the article was relegated to the same hiding-place as 'Monsieur Arture's,' and the boy was assured that this was a proof of his manliness.

He had quite recovered his spirits, and as his mother and sister were still exhausted with weeping, he was not easy to manage, till Arthur took heart of grace, and offering him a perch on his knee, let him look out at the window, explaining the objects on the way, which were all quite new to the little Parisian boy. Fortunately, he spoke French well, with scarcely any foreign accent, and his answers to the little fellow's eager questions interspersed with observations on 'What they do in my country,' not only kept Ulysse occupied, but gained Estelle's attention, though she was too weary and languid, and perhaps, child as she was, too much bound by the

requirements of sympathy to manifest her interest, otherwise than by moving near enough to listen.

That evening the party reached the banks of one of the canals which connected the rivers of France, and which was to convey them to the Loire and thence to the Rhone, in a huge flat-bottomed barge, called a *coche d'eau*, a sort of ark, with cabins, where travellers could be fairly comfortable, space where the berlin could be stowed away in the rear, and a deck with an awning where the passengers could disport themselves. From the days of Sully to those of the Revolution, this was by far the most convenient and secure mode of transport, especially in the south of France. It was very convenient to the Bourke party; who were soon established on the deck. The lady's dress was better adapted to travelling than the full costume of Paris. It was what she called *en Amazone*, namely, a cloth riding habit faced with blue, with a short skirt, with open coat and waistcoat, like a man's, hair unpowdered and tied behind, and a large shady feathered hat. Estelle wore a miniature of the same, and rejoiced in her freedom from the whalebone stiffness of her Paris life, skipping about the deck with her brother, like fairies, Lanty said, or, as she preferred to make it, 'like a nymph.'

The water coach moved only by day, and was already arrived before the land one brought the weary party to the meeting-place; a picturesque water-side inn with a high roof, and a trellised passage down to the landing-place, covered by a vine, hung with clusters of ripe grapes.

Here the travellers supped on omelettes and *vin ordinaire*, and went off to bed—Madame and her child in one bed, with the maids on the floor, and in another room the Abbé and secretary, each in a *grabat*, the two men-servants in like manner, on the floor. Such was the privacy of the 18th century, and Arthur, used to waiting on himself, looked on with wonder to see the Abbé like a baby in the hands of his faithful foster brother, who talked away in a queer mixture of Irish-English and French all the time until they knelt down and said their prayers together in Latin, to which Arthur diligently closed his Protestant ears.

Early the next morning the family embarked, the carriage having been already put on board; and the journey became very agreeable as they glided slowly, almost dreamily along, borne chiefly by the current, although a couple of horses towed the barge by a rope on the bank, in case of need, in places where the water was more sluggish, but nothing more was wanting in the descent towards the Mediterranean.

The accommodation was not of a high order, but whenever there was a halt near a good inn, Madame de Bourke and the children landed for the night. And in the fine days of early autumn the deck was delightful, and to dine there on the provisions brought on board was a perpetual feast to Estelle and Ulysse.

The weather was beautiful, and there was a constant panorama of fair sights and scenes. Harvest first, a perfectly new spectacle to the children, and then, as they went further south, the vintage. The beauty was great as they glided along the pleasant banks of Rhone.

Tiers of vines on the hill-sides were mostly cut and trimmed like currant bushes, and disappointed Arthur, who had expected festoons on trellises. But this was the special time for beauty. The whole population, in picturesque costumes, were filling huge baskets with the clusters, and snatches of their merry songs came pealing down to the *coche d'eau*, as it quietly crept along. Towards evening groups were seen with piled baskets on their heads, or borne between them, youths and maidens crowned with vines, half-naked children dancing like little Bacchanalians, which awoke classical recollections in Arthur, and delighted the children.

Poor Madame de Bourke was still much depressed, and would sit dreaming half the day, except when roused by some need of her children, some question, or some appeal for her admiration. Otherwise, the lovely heights, surmounted with tall towers, extinguisher-capped, of castle, convent, or church, the clear reaches of river, the beautiful turns, the little villages and towns, gleaming white among the trees, seemed to pass unseen before her eyes, and she might be seen to shudder when the children pressed her to say how many days it would be before they saw their father.

An observer with a mind at ease might have been much entertained with the airs and graces that the two maids, Rosette and Babette, lavished upon Lawrence, their only squire; for Maître Hébert was far too distant and elderly a person for their little coquetries. Rosette dealt in little terrors, and—if he was at hand, durst not step across a plank without his hand, was sure she heard wolves howling in the woods, and that every peasant was '*ce barbare*;' while Babette, who in conjunction with Maître Hébert, acted cook in case of need, plied him with dainty morsels, which he was only too apt to bestow on the beggars, or the lean and hungry lad who attended on the horses. Victorine, on the other hand, by far the prettiest and most sprightly of the three, affected the most supreme indifference to him and his attentions, and hardly deigned to give him a civil word, or to accept the cornflowers and late roses he brought her from time to time. 'Mere weeds,' she said. And the grapes and Queen Claude plums he brought her were always sour. Yet a something deep blue might often be seen peeping above her trim little apron.

Not that Lanty had much time to disport himself in this fashion, for the Abbé was his care, and was perfectly happy with a rod of his arranging, with which to fish over the side. Little Ulysse was of course fired with the same emulation, and dangled his line for an hour together. Estelle would have liked to do the same, but her mother and Mademoiselle Julienne considered the sport not *convenable* for a demoiselle. Arthur was once or twice induced to try

the Abbé's rod, but he found it as mere a toy as that of the boy; and the mere action of throwing it made his heart so sick with the contrast with the 'paidling in the burns' of his childhood, that he had no inclination to continue the attempt, either in the slow canal or the broadening river.

He was still very shy with the Countess, who was not in spirits to set him at ease; and the Abbé puzzled him, as is often the case when inexperienced strangers encounter unacknowledged deficiency. The perpetual coaxing chatter, and undisguised familiarity of La Jeunesse with the young ecclesiastic did not seem to the somewhat haughty cast of his young Scotch mind quite becoming, and he held aloof; but with the two children he was quite at ease, and was in truth their great resource.

He made Ulysse's fishing-rod, baited it, and held the boy when he used it—nay, he once even captured a tiny fish with it, to the ecstatic pity of both children. He played quiet games with them, and told them stories—conversed on *Télémaque* with Estelle, or read to her from his one book, which was *Robinson Crusoe*—a little black copy in pale print, with the margins almost thumbd away, which he had carried in his pocket when he ran away from school, and he nearly knew by heart.

Estelle was deeply interested in it, and varied in opinion whether she should prefer Calypso's island or Crusoe's, which she took for as much matter of fact as did, a century later, Madame Talleyrand, when, out of civility to Mr. Robinson, she enquired after '*ce bon Vendredi*.'

She inclined to think she should prefer Friday to the nymphs.

'A whole quantity of troublesome womenfolk to fash one,' said Arthur, who had not arrived at the age of gallantry.

'You would never stay there!' said Estelle; 'you would push us over the rock like Mentor. I think you are our Mentor, for I am sure you tell us a great deal, and you don't scold.'

'Mentor was a cross old man,' said Ulysse.

To which Estelle replied that he was a goddess; and Arthur very decidedly disclaimed either character, especially the pushing over rocks. And thus they glided on, spending a night in the great, busy, bewildering city of Lyon, already the centre of silk industry; but more interesting to the travellers as the shrine of the martyrdoms. All went to pray at the Cathedral, except Arthur. The time was not come for heeding church architecture, or primitive history; and he only wandered about the narrow crooked streets, gazing at the toy piles of market produce, and looking at the stalls of merchandise, but as one unable to purchase. His mother had indeed contrived to send him twenty guineas, but he knew that he must husband them well in case of emergencies, and Lady Nithsdale had sewn them all up, except one, in a belt which he wore under his clothes.

He had arrived at the front of the Cathedral when the party came out. Madame de Bourke had been weeping, but looked more peaceful

than he had yet seen her, and Estelle was much excited. She had bought a little book, which she insisted on her Mentor's reading with her, though his Protestant feelings recoiled.

'Ah!' said Estelle, 'but you are not Christian.'

'Yes, truly, mademoiselle.'

'And these died for the Christian faith. Do you know mamma said it comforted her to pray there; for she was sure that whatever happened, the good God can make us strong, as He made the young girl who sat in the red-hot chair. We saw her picture, and it was dreadful. Do read about her, Monsieur Arture.'

They read, and Arthur had candour enough to perceive that this was the simple primitive narrative of the death of martyrs struggling for Christian truth, long ere the days of superstition and division. Estelle's face lighted with enthusiasm.

'Is it not noble to be a martyr?' she asked.

'Oh!' cried Ulysse, 'To sit in a red-hot chair? It would be worse than to be thrown off a rock! But there are no martyrs in these days, sister?' he added, pressing up to Arthur as if for protection.

'There are those who die for the right,' said Arthur, thinking of old Lord Balmerino.

'And the good God makes them strong,' said Estelle, in a low voice. 'Mamma told me no one could tell how soon we might be tried, and that I was to pray that He would make us as brave as St. Blandina! What do you think could harm us, Monsieur, when we are going to my dear papa?'

It was Lanty who answered, from behind the Abbé, on whose angling endeavours he was attending. 'Arrah then, nothing at all, Mademoiselle. Nothing in the four corners of the world shall hurt one curl of your blessed little head, while Lanty Callaghan is to the fore.'

'Ah! but you are not God, Lanty,' said Estelle gravely; 'you cannot keep things from happening.'

'The Powers forbid that I should spake such blasphemy!' said Lanty, taking off his hat. 'Twas not that I meant, but only that poor Lanty would die ten thousand deaths—worse than them as was thrown to the beasts—before one of them should harm the tip of that little finger of yours!'

Perhaps the same vow was in Arthur's heart, though not spoken in such strong terms.

Thus they drifted on till the old City of Avignon rose on the eyes of the travellers, a dark pile of buildings where the massive houses, built round courts, with few external windows, recalled that these had once been the palaces of Cardinals, accustomed to the Italian city feuds, which made every house become a fortress.

On the wharf stood a gentleman in a resplendent uniform of blue and gold, whom the children hailed with cries of joy and outstretched arms, as their uncle. The Marquis de Varennes was soon on board,

embracing his sister and her children, and conducting them to one of the great palaces, where he had rooms, being then in garrison. Arthur followed, at a sign from the lady, who presented him to her brother as 'Monsieur Arture'—a young Scottish gentleman who will do my husband the favour of acting as his secretary.

She used the word *gentilhomme*, which conveyed the sense of nobility of blood, and the Marquis acknowledged the introduction with one of those graceful bows that Arthur hated, because they made him doubly feel the stiffness of his own limitation. He was glad to linger with Lanty, who was looking in wonder at the grim buildings.

'And did the Holy Father live here?' said he. 'Faith, and 'twas a quare taste he must have had; I wonder now if there would be vartue in a bit of a stone from his palace. It would mightily please my old mother if there were.'

'I thought it was the wrong popes that lived here,' suggested Arthur.

Lanty looked at him a moment as if in doubt whether to accept a heretic suggestion, but the education received through the Abbé came to mind, and he exclaimed—

'May be you are in the right of it, sir; and I'd best let the stones alone till I can tell which is the true, and which is the false. By the same token, little is the difference it would make to her, unless she knew it; and if she did, she'd as soon I brought her a hair of the old dragon's bristles.'

Lanty found another day or two's journey bring him very nearly in contact with the old dragon, for at Tarascon was the cave in which St. Martha was said to have demolished the great dragon of Provence, with the sign of the cross. Madame de Bourke and her children made a devout pilgrimage thereto; but when Arthur found that it was the actual Martha of Bethany, to whom the legend was appended, he grew indignant, and would not accompany the party. 'It was a very different thing from the martyrs of Lyons and Vienne! Their history was credible, but this—'

'Speak not so loud, my friend,' said M. de Varennes. 'Their shrines are equally good to console women and children.'

Arthur did not quite understand the tone, nor know whether to be gratified at being treated as a man, or to be shocked at the Marquis's defection from his own faith.

The Marquis, who was able to accompany his sister as far as Montpellier, was amused at her two followers, Scotch and Irish, both fine young men—almost too fine, he averred.

'You will have to keep a careful watch on them when you enter Germany, sister,' he said, 'or the King of Prussia will certainly kidnap them for his tall regiment of grenadiers.'

'O brother, do not speak of any more dangers, I see quite enough before me ere I can even rejoin my dear husband.'

A very serious council was held between the brother and sister. The French army under Marshal Berwick had marched across on the south side on the Pyrenees, and was probably by this time in the county of Rousillon, intending to besiege Rosas. Once with them all would be well, but between lay the mountain roads, and the very quarter of Spain that had been most unwilling to accept French rule.

The Marquis had been authorised to place an escort at his sister's service, but though the numbers might guard her against mere mountain banditti, they would not be sufficient to protect her from hostile troops, such as might only too possibly be on the way to encounter Berwick. The expense and difficulty of the journey on the mountain roads would likewise be great, and it seemed advisable to avoid these dangers by going by sea. Madame de Bourke eagerly acceded to this plan, her terror of the wild Pyrenean passes and wilder inhabitants had always been such that she was glad to catch at any means of avoiding them, and she had made more than one voyage before.

Estelle was gratified to find they were to go by sea, since Telemachus did so in a Phœnician ship, and in that odd dreamy way in which children blend fiction and reality, wondered if they should come on Calypso's island; and Arthur, who had read the *Odyssey*, delighted her and terrified Ulysse with the cave of Polyphemus. M. de Varennes could only go with his sister as far as Montpellier. Then he took leave of her, and the party proceeded along the shores of the lagoons, in the carriage to the seaport of Cette, one of the old Greek towns of the gulf of Lyons, and with a fine harbour full of ships. Maître Hébert was sent to take a passage on board of one, while his lady and her party repaired to an inn, and waited all the afternoon before he returned with tidings that he could find no French vessel about to sail for Spain, but that there was a Genoese tartane, bound for Barcelona, on which Madame la Comtesse could secure a passage for herself and her suite, and which would take her thither in twenty-four hours.

The town was full of troops, waiting a summons to join Marshal Berwick's army. Several resplendent officers had already paid their respects to Madame l'Ambassadrice, and they concurred in the advice, unless she would prefer waiting for the arrival of one of the French transports which were to take men and provisions to the army in Spain.

This however, she declined, and only accepted the services of the gentleman so far as to have her passports renewed, as was needful since they were to be conveyed by the vessel of an independent power, though always an ally of France.

The tartane was a beautiful object, a one-decked single-masted vessel, with a long bowsprit, and a huge lateen sail like a wing, and the children fell in love with her at first sight. Estelle was quite sure that she was just such a ship as Mentor borrowed for Telemachus; but the poor maids were horribly frightened, and Babette might be

heard declaring she had never engaged herself to be at the mercy of the waves, like a bit of lemon peel in a glass of *eau sucrée*.

'You may return,' said Madame de Bourke. 'I compel no one to share our dangers and hardships.'

But Babette threw herself on her knees, and declared that nothing should ever separate her from Madame! She was a good creature, but she could not deny herself the luxury of the sobs and tears that showed to all beholders the extent of her sacrifice.

Madame de Bourke knew that there would be considerable discomfort in a vessel so little adapted for passengers, and with only one small cabin, which the captain, who spoke French, resigned to her use. It would only however be for a short time, and though it was near the end of October, the blue expanse of sea was calm as only the Mediterranean can be, so that she trusted that no harm would result to those who would have to spend the night on deck.

It was a beautiful evening when the little Genoese vessel left the harbour and Cete receded in the distance, looking fairer the further it was left behind. The children were put to bed as soon as they could be persuaded to cease from watching the lights in the harbour, and the phosphorescent wake of the vessel in the water.

That night and the next day were pleasant and peaceful, there was no rough weather, and little sickness among the travellers. Madame de Bourke congratulated herself on having escaped the horrors of the Pyrenean journey, and the Genoese captain assured her that unless the weather should change rapidly, they would wake in sight of the Spanish coast the next morning. If the sea were not almost too calm, they would be there already. The evening was again so delightful that the children were glad to hear that they would have again to return by sea, and Arthur, who somewhat shrank from his presentation to the Count, regretted that the end of the voyage was so near, though Ulysse assured him that '*Mon Papa* would love him, because he could tell such charming stories' and Lanty testified that 'M. le Comte was a mighty friendly gentleman.'

Arthur was lying asleep on deck, wrapped in his cloak, when he was awakened by a commotion among the sailors. He started up, and found that it was early morning, the sun rising above the sea, and the sailors all gazing eagerly in that direction. He eagerly made his way to ask if they were in sight of land, recollecting however as he made the first step, that Spain lay to the west of them—not to the east.

He distinguished the cry from the Genoese sailors, '*Il Moro—Il Moro*,' in tones of horror and consternation, and almost at the same moment received a shock from Maître Hébert, who came stumbling against him.

'Pardon, pardon, Monsieur, I go to prepare Madame! It's the accursed Moors. Let me pass—*misericorde*, what will become of us?'

Arthur struggled on in search of such of the crew as could speak

French, but all were in too much consternation to attend to him, and he could only watch that to which their eyes were directed, a white sail, bright in the morning light, coming up with a rapidity strange and fearful in its precision, like a hawk pouncing on its prey, for it did not depend on its sails alone, but was propelled by oars.

The next moment, Madame de Bourke was on deck, holding by the Abbé's arm, and Estelle, her hair on her shoulders, clinging to her. She looked very pale, but her calmness was in contrast to the Italian sailors, who were throwing themselves with gestures of despair, screaming out vows to the Madonna and saints, and shouting imprecations. The skipper came to speak to her, 'Madame,' he said, 'I implore you to remain in your cabin. After the first, you and all yours will be safe. They cannot harm a French subject; alas! alas! would it were so with us.'

'How then will it be with you?' she asked.

He made a gesture of deprecation.

'For me it will be ruin; for my poor fellows slavery; that is if we survive the onset. Madame, I entreat of you, take shelter in the cabin, yourself and all yours. None can answer for what the first rush of these fiends may be! *Diavoli! veri diavoli!* Ah! for which of my sins is it that after fifty voyages, I should be condemned to lose my all?'

A fresh outburst of screams from the crew summoned the captain, 'They are putting out the long-boat,' was the cry, 'they will board us!'

'Madame! I entreat of you, shut yourself into the cabin.'

And the four maids in various stages of *déshabille*, adding their cries to those of the sailors, tried to drag her in, but she looked about for Arthur. 'Come with us, monsieur,' she said quietly, for after all her previous depressions and alarms, her spirit rose to endurance in the actual stress of danger. 'Come with us, I entreat of you,' she said. 'You are named in our passports, and the treaties are such that neither French nor English subjects can be maltreated nor enslaved by these wretches. As the captain says, the danger is only in the first attack.'

'I will protect you, Madame, with my life,' declared Arthur, drawing his sword, as his cheeks and eyes lighted.

'Ah, put that away. What could you do but lose your own?' cried the lady. 'Remember, you have a mother——'

The Genoese captain here turned to insist that Madame and all the women should shut themselves instantly into the cabin. Estelle dragged hard at Arthur's hand, with entreaties that he would come, but he lifted her down the ladder, and then closed the door on her, Lanty and he being both left outside.

'To be shut into a hole like a rat in a trap when there's blows to the fore, is more than flesh could stand,' said Lanty, who had seized on a handspike and was waving it about his head, true ahillelagh

fashion, by hereditary instinct in one who had never beheld a faction fight, in what ought to have been his native land.

The Genoese captain looked at him as a madman, and shouted in a confused mixture of French and Italian to lay down his weapon.

'*Quei cattivi—ces scelerats* were armed to the teeth—would fire. All lie flat on the deck.'

The gesture spoke for itself. With a fearful howl, all the Italians dropped flat; but neither Scotch nor Irish blood brooked to follow their example, or perhaps fully perceived the urgency of the need, till a volley of bullets were whistling about their ears, though happily without injury, the mast and the rigging having protected them, for the sail was riddled with holes, and the smoke dimmed their vision as the report sounded in their ears. In another second, the turbaned, scimitared figures were leaping on board. The Genoese still lay flat offering no resistance, but Lanty and Arthur stood on either side of the ladder, and hurled back the two who first approached; but four or five more rushed upon them, and they would have been instantly cut down, had it not been for a shout from the Genoese, '*Franchi! Franchi!*' At that magic word, which was evidently understood, the pirates only held the two youths tightly, vituperating them no doubt in bad Arabic. Lanty grinding his teeth with rage, though scarcely feeling the pain of the two sabre cuts he had received, and pouring forth a volley of exclamations, chiefly however, directed against the white-livered spalpeens of sailors, who had not lifted so much as a hand to help him. Fortunately no one understood a word he said but Arthur, who had military experience enough to know there was nothing for it but to stand still in the grasp of his captor, a wiry-looking Moor, with a fez and a striped sash round his waist.

The leader, a sturdy Turk in a dirty white turban, with a huge sabre in his hand, was listening to the eager words, poured out with many gesticulations by the Genoese captain, in a language utterly incomprehensible to the Scot, but which was the *lingua Franca* of the Mediterranean ports.

It resulted in four men being placed on guard at the hatchway leading to the cabin, while all the rest, including Arthur, Hébert, Lawrence, were driven toward the prow, and made to understand by signs, that they must not move on peril of their lives. A Turk was placed at the helm, and the tartane's head turned towards the pirate captor; and all the others, who were not employed otherwise, began to ransack the vessel and feast on the provisions. Some hams were thrown overboard, with shouts of evident scorn as belonging to the unclean beast, but the wine was eagerly drank, and Maître Hébert uttered a wail of dismay as he saw five Moors gorging large pieces of his finest pâté.

(To be continued.)

EYES TO THE BLIND.

BY CHARLOTTE BIRLEY, AUTHOR OF 'UNDINE, A ROMANCE OF MODERN DAYS,' &c.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAMILY PICNIC.

'TWELVE pounds! It is a terrible lot of money,' said Denys. 'I declare I wish now that I'd never bought Mokeanna.'

But in this sentiment he did not carry Meave, his audience, along with him. 'Oh, Denys!' she said, reproachfully. 'Why, it was the cleverest thing you ever did.'

Once Denys had had five shillings. A distant relative, coming over for the day to see the Ryans, took a fancy to the boy, and bestowed on him at parting this munificent gift. Denys promptly made up his mind how he would like the money to be spent. A cottager, living on the edge of the Down, had a big donkey and a little donkey, the latter the sweetest little creature that can be imagined, frolicsome and shy and gentle, with long legs and soft grey coat, and just old enough to be able to quit its mother's side. Denys, who loved animals of all descriptions, longed to be the possessor of this bewitching pet; and with his wealth in his hand, he sought the present owner who, he knew, desired to part with it.

'The price is ten shillings,' said the owner.

'But I *can't* give you ten,' said Denys, simply, 'because I only have five. Do let me have it for that.'

And he got it. Why, history fails to say. Perhaps ten shillings was a fancy price, intended always to be lowered if need be, or perhaps the man was melted by the persuasiveness of Denys's Irish voice and eyes. Triumphant he led his treasure home.

'And what about its stabling and its keep?' said Mrs. Ryan when she saw it.

Denys had not thought of these, and felt his first pride in his bargain somewhat quenched. But happily for him, his mother fully shared his admiration of the purchase, and they soon bethought themselves of an old wood-shed that could be turned into a stable, and decided that, eked out with household scraps, the expense of winter provender would be trifling. In the summer it could be tethered on the grass by the roadside, or the boys could bring home green provisions for it.

Nothing could be tamer than this donkey-foal became beneath the fondling touch of so many childish hands. Mokeanna she was quickly named, after the famous heroine of Burnand's story; and as soon as she

grew old enough for work, Lucius hit upon a plan for making her of real use. Both he and his father had a talent for carpentry, and the bright idea occurred to him that a barrel mounted upon wheels, and drawn by Mokeanna, would make a convenient carriage for the little ones. A big cask was found in the back yard, and a pair of second-hand wheels and two old shafts from a broken-down conveyance being obtained cheaply from a wheelwright, a little industry and skill on the part of son and father soon produced a creditable turnout. The cask was painted a dark-green, picked out with red, and duly fitted up with seats and cushions; and a very funny sight it was to see the three little heads of Norah, Geraldine and Donat peeping out like young birds in a nest. Mokeanna took to harness-work with praiseworthy meekness, and Con mostly acted as the driver, walking by the side, or sitting on a shaft, or jumping on and off the framework in a dangerous fashion, according to his fancy at the moment. Meave was always the guardian of the little ones and kept close to the barrel, though it was in point of fact of much too great a depth to allow her charges to fall out without some difficulty.

The whole seven Ryan children were going off by themselves to Oakwood for a picnic, on the day succeeding the assault upon Jehoiada Johnson's pipe; and while Lucius and Con were harnessing Mokeanna and bringing round the vehicle to the door, Denys found the wished-for opportunity of imparting to Meave his grand scheme of buying a harmonium. Meave was delighted with the project, and especially with Denys's declaration that as it was impossible for them to save money when they had no certain source of income, they must think instead of ways of earning it; and when he put his arm about her shoulders in a caressing fashion rare with him, and said that though he hoped that Lu and Con would help to some extent, the real success of the enterprise depended on himself and her, and he was sure she would not fail him, Meave would almost have gone through fire and water to gain an extra sixpence for the cause. But still she could not say she wished Mokeanna were not a family possession.

'There's the carriage!' she exclaimed at the distant sound of rumbling wheels. 'Come, Den, and carry Donat down the steps.'

The little ones, neatly dressed in washing-frocks, were waiting with their mother, who was keeping their impatience to start off upon this expedition within bounds by frequent doles from a plate of sweet biscuits beside her.

'Take down the luncheon basket first, Denys,' she said. 'What a delightful day of quiet I shall have. And, Meave, if one of the little ones gets tired, you or Lucius will bring her or Donat home. Don't forget, sweet: either you or Lucius must be responsible, and the boys are to stay with you in the Park. You must not be left without a brother within call.'

'No, mother; in case the trippers want to kidnap us,' said Meave,

composedly. 'But they mostly have big enough families of their own already. Now, Gerry, if you like, I'll take you pick-a-back to the chariot. Hold on tight round my neck, you know. Yes, like that. Goodbye, you mother dear.'

'Goodbye, my darlings. Goodbye, my heart's own,' said Mrs. Ryan, as little Donat bestowed on her a fond embrace. Then Denys came hurrying up to fetch his brother, and Lucius got his party under way.

The short mile of distance was soon traversed, and they found themselves at one of the white gates of Oakwood Park. As the name of it betokens, oaks were the chief feature of this Park, and supposing, as is probable, that most of them were planted as vigorous young saplings, not as acorns, the oldest of them must have attained nearly the age of two hundred years. A beautiful avenue of beeches—one of the finest in England—competed with the oaks in majesty, and the rich dark foliage of Scotch firs threw up the lighter leaves of birch and elm and chestnut into strong relief. The Ryans went for some distance down the middle drive of the wood, and made their way to their favourite resort, a quiet little crested knoll where the jays were chattering in the fir-trees overhead, and which was quite out of the usual beat of strangers. Mokeanna was unharnessed and tethered to a tree, while the babies were put down on the ground to amuse themselves with poking in the soft dry sandy soil, with gathering daisies for themselves, or with the ferns and wild flowers and other rural treasures with which their elders rapidly supplied them. Then presently the luncheon basket was brought forth and unpacked, a cloth being spread out as a table, and the seven children enjoyed a simple hearty meal. When this important affair was ended, Lucius, Con, and Denys indulged in a great deal of climbing, and searching for birds' nests, one or other of them being careful to remain meanwhile within earshot of Meave, in case she needed help in looking after her small charges. They often ran up just to enliven her with a casual remark, and this was one which Denys made in one of his short calls.

'What a lot of lads and boys there are here to-day; and I suppose there isn't one of them who doesn't earn his own living in some way. I wish I could ask them how they would advise me to set about getting twelve pounds together.'

'What would be the good?' said Meave. 'You couldn't sweep out an office, or work in a factory, without going to live in Milborough, or some such place; and I fancy I see father and mother letting you do that. It must be something you can do at home, and out of lesson-time too, I suppose—if you have ever found out what time lesson-time is.'

Meave and Denys could each be very severe on the shortcomings of the other's education.

'Two pounds weekly and upwards may be easily and honestly realised by persons of either sex, without hindrance to present

occupation, on application to—" began Denys, quoting from a newspaper advertisement, but before he could finish, Meave interrupted him, with her cheek flushing.

'That's no good,' she said, decidedly. 'No good at all.'

'Why not?' said Denys, with suspicion, noticing her blush. 'How do you know?'

'I'm sure it isn't,' said his sister.

'Do you *know* it isn't?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Then, Meave, you have answered that advertisement already, or else you wouldn't *know*. Go on. Make a clean breast of it at once.'

'I couldn't help it,' said Meave. 'It was the beginning of last winter, when little Madge and Emmie Metcalfe were looking so lovely in their new blue velvet suits. And I thought Norah and Geraldine would look far, far lovelier than they did, if they had suits like them, and I knew mother could never afford them in an ordinary way, and it would be a delicious surprise for her, too. And that advertisement was always tempting one. So I wrote, and it was such a horrible disappointment.'

'What was?' said Denys.

'Why, the answer, of course—asking one to tout for orders from gamekeepers for some food for pheasants, and promising a very, very little money on each packet sold. If all the pheasants in the country ate this food and every one of them through me,' said Meave, indignantly, 'I don't believe I should earn anything like two pounds a week! Next time perhaps you will believe me when I say a thing's no good.'

Denys only sighed. 'Well, Whitsun-week is a holiday,' he said presently, 'but on Monday I shall make a point of earning something for the harmonium—one way or another.'

But the way of earning money which first suggested itself on Monday came not to Denys but to Meave, and she greeted him with the idea when, just before dinner, he emerged from the room where he had been doing lessons with his father. For once he had really taken trouble to prepare his tasks, and Mr. Ryan had been pleased with him, and altogether he felt a little bit elated.

'Denys, I know a way in which we can get something for the harmonium!'

'Well?'

'By giving up butter and sugar altogether. Carrie and Matty Colliber earn sixpence a week that way, and, if we asked mother to let us do it, I'm sure she would. It would save her more than that in housekeeping. And it is such an easy way, too.'

Denys did not look as pleased as she expected. Boys *do* care more than girls for the good things of this life, and he liked to eat a great deal of butter and sugar—as much as he could get of both, in fact. 'I should think mother *would* save more than that in house-

keeping,' he repeated. 'Meave, I don't believe I *could* give up sugar, even for Mark. Tea would be so horrid and bitter and nasty without it. Let us begin with leaving off the butter first.'

'As you like,' said Meave, offended. Denys had not given her one word of praise or gratitude either for the brilliancy of the suggestion, or for her own intended sacrifice for the cause he had espoused; and she felt she had a right to be hurt. 'Only I thought you said you wanted to do all you could for Mark.'

'And so I do!' said Denys, with sudden resolution. 'All right, Mab, you make the bargain with mother, and we'll have sugarless tea and butterless bread until we have amassed our splendid fortune. Heigh ho! How awfully nasty it will be—not the fortune, but the tea.'

'I believe you wish I'd never thought of it,' said naughty Meave; and Denys did not contradict her.

'I suppose we may as well ask Lu and Con to do the same?'

'You can *ask*,' said Meave, expressively; 'but even if they promise to help, they won't keep it up for long—at least Lu won't, and Con would hate it so. Let us wait, and get them to join us near the end, when we want to put a spurt on.'

'Perhaps I shall go down to Aldham this afternoon, and see whether anyone wants a horse holding,' said Denys.

CHAPTER VII.

MONEY-MAKING.

ALDHAM, described in the county guide-book as a pleasant, clean, and cheerful, and by no means modern town, had a very modern look. It was an uninteresting place, said to be a mile from Bogedon, and even after that intervening space became filled up with shops and houses, Aldham and Bogedon each retained their special characteristics. Aldham was always a town, if but a small one, and Bogedon remained quite in the country, although for the country an unusual number of houses might be seen.

Denys's intention of going to Aldham was deferred by the distraction which offered itself of taking part in a scuffle which was only just not a regular fight, between some of his old schoolfellows—boarders versus day-scholars. When this affair was settled, he came back to Sunnyside, heated, dirty, torn, and altogether disreputable in appearance; and was seen by Meave, who was in the garden by herself. She had just put on a very pretty pale-blue cotton frock, and was gathering a wee dainty bouquet to fasten at her throat. Now, if ever, she could afford to be critical. She went down the steps to meet him, and they stood together on the public footpath.

'What a mess you are in!' she said, disdainfully, overlooking him

from top to toe. 'You look exactly like one of those horrid ragged little street boys.'

Denys's face grew radiant. 'Do I?' he said. 'How jolly! Are you *sure*? Then I shall just go to the station, and turn cart-wheels beside the cabs as they come out. How much do you think I can get by it?'

'Threepence,' answered Meave, who, though taken by the notion, did not dare to set her own hopes high, nor encourage Denys's beyond the bounds of probability.

So of course he was disgusted.

'Threepence!' he indignantly repeated. 'I bet you sixpence I get more! No, no, I don't,' he added, hurriedly, 'and you didn't say "done" in time. You see it would make me feel so foolish if I only got fivepence halfpenny, and had to give you that and a halfpenny of my own as well.'

'I shouldn't think that would be a new sensation,' Meave answered loftily, but she was well aware that she had spoken to conclude the bargain a little bit too late. 'You'd better be off at once, Den, or you will miss the first gentlemen's train from Milborough. I suppose it wouldn't quite do for me to come along with you.'

'Not *quite*,' said Denys, sarcastically. 'Your respectability, my dear, would spoil the business as it is at present constituted. If you want to enter into partnership, you ought to make up a few posies—"bunch of wi'lets, a penny, sir,"—and such like, and stand near the station door where the shoeblacks are.'

'But, Den—' Meave interrupted.

Denys made her a low bow. 'We can settle terms this evening,' he resumed. 'Just now I have no time to wait for you to gather the flowers, and get your frock to the necessary shade of dirt by climbing a few trees. Choose out those with the blackest and greenest trunks, and go up one of each alternately, and they will soon make your dress a pleasing colour. Now, good-bye; I'm off. If mother asks for me, tell her that you can't say where I am, but you believe that I am turning an honest penny. See this now!'

And two or three cartwheels, with little runs between, took him quickly out of sight; and Meave was left trying hard to resign herself to the inevitable dulness of being 'only a girl,' when, to her great surprise, she saw him reappear round the corner.

'I've been thinking,' he began, which in the inverted position of his brains was a somewhat difficult and clever thing to do, 'I've been thinking that it is awfully hard lines to leave you all alone while I go and enjoy myself. So, look here! as you've been tidying yourself up—I suppose for the benefit of Reggie Moss and Guy Cheetham—to look "like a lady's child," (this was quoting a phrase of an old nurse of theirs) 'you need only get a hat and walk up quietly to the station. I shall be outside, and if I wink at you, like this, you must murmur pityingly, "Poor little boy!" half aloud, you know, and stick your

hand in your pocket and come up to me and pretend to put a halfpenny in my hand. Only really, you know, I shall put the halfpenny in yours. The wink will mean that I have got one, and am ready. Then you can go on to the bookstall and buy a halfpenny evening paper, and come out again unfolding it, and pretending that there is something in it that you are in a tremendous hurry to read. That will give you a chance of watching me over the top for ever so long, if you manage properly.'

'So it will,' said Meave. 'But if you *don't* wink, and *haven't* got a halfpenny, what am I to do?'

'Don't be brutal,' said Denys, reprovingly; and this time he did really disappear. The station was not more than half a mile from Sunnyside, and Meave, having put on a hat and veil, and taken a parasol for the sake of her complexion, was not long in arriving there. It was a small, unpretentious building in those days, but a great many gentlemen who worked in Milborough, and lived at Bogedon to secure fresh air for their wives and families, made use of it in the mornings and evenings. A number of them were coming out as the girl went forward, four or five of whom were acquainted with her and took off their hats. A couple of cabs, a dog-cart, and a pony-carriage stood in line, and on the pavement not far off, Denys Ryan, the curate's son, was turning somersaults with the ease and freedom of a born street-arab. Meave's heart swelled with pride as she felt that she would never have suspected that this was not the real thing. He winked. Ah! here was proof positive that sisterly partiality had not exaggerated his merits as a performer, for a halfpenny at least must have been tossed to him in recompense.

'Poor little fellow! How shabby he is!' she remarked, almost too loudly for a quiet natural soliloquy, though in the way approved of on the stage. 'I really think I must give him something.'

And with composure which did credit to her powers of acting she went close to him, and for a second their hands met.

The boy touched his forelock and said something, whether 'five-pence' or 'thank you,' Meave could not be sure; but there was the promised halfpenny safe within her palm, and she passed on to the interior of the station. When a minute or two later she came back from the bookstall with the *Milborough Evening Mail* in her possession, she was struck with the bright intelligent countenance of a little girl, apparently about her own age, who was looking out of the window of one of the two cabs, close by the 'way out' door. A couple of heavy boxes had been placed already on the roof of the cab, and porters were bearing others from the platform in the same direction. 'A. L.' or 'B. L.' the trunks were lettered; and Meave had noticed the same initials on a pile of luggage near to which a middle-aged gentleman was standing. She thought him pleasant-looking, in spite of a tendency towards sarcasm in his expression. He and the girl must be father and daughter, and were strangers to

Bogedon, she was certain : they must be coming for a good long visit, or they would never, surely, have brought such a heap of things. Porter after porter kept bringing up the packages, and a maid took charge of some of them in the second cab.

'Father,' said the little girl, as the gentleman approached her vehicle and popped therein a dressing-bag and a bundle of wraps; 'father, there is a boy down there turning somersaults so cleverly. Do let me have sixpence to give him as we pass.'

Sixpence! Meave could hardly restrain herself from saying 'thank you.' That meant the re-enjoyment of butter and sugar three and a half days sooner to Denys and herself. What a dear, generous little girl!

'Sixpence, Bruna! You extravagant child!' said the father. 'Here, take my purse then, and get it out yourself. Now that is all, I think. Is there any room for me inside? Right, cabman! No. 8, Far View Villas.'

'Then they are going into lodgings, I suppose,' thought Meave, who was almost as good as a directory with regard to the houses and inhabitants of Bogedon. 'How hot it is! I can't think how Denys can stand being out in the sun like that. Ah! he's got the sixpence!'

For a little coin was flung forth from the window of the cab, and though the sunshine in his eyes just then was dazzling, Denys did contrive to mark its rolling course into the gutter, and rescued it, and put it in his pocket.

It was late in the evening when he came home, looking terribly weary and exhausted. 'I hadn't a notion it was such hard work,' he said to Meave, who was looking out for him over the garden wall, and proudly walked beside him up the path. 'I am so stiff I could hardly get home. Is there any tea left?'

'Yes; I've taken care of that. Mother said that she expected you were having tea with the Actons, but I went and told Ellen that I knew you weren't, and so she's got it ready in the kitchen. You'll have to make yourself a little tidy first though, won't you? Well, how much did you get?'

'I don't know yet,' said Denys. 'I wouldn't look until we were together. Come up to my room with me, and we'll turn out my pockets there.'

'I know you have a sixpenny-bit in one,' said Meave. 'Wasn't that a jolly little girl that threw it to you?'

'Handsome is that handsome does,' said Denys, warmly. 'But I couldn't see her. The sun was in my eyes.'

And the sun must have been, too, in some other eyes! For, when Denys came to turn out the contents of his pockets upon the blue and white counterpane of his narrow little bed, there was no such thing as a silver sixpence to be found. There was fivepence-halfpenny in pence and halfpence, no silver, and—and—a gold half-sovereign!

Meave and Denys, sitting a little way apart on the same side of the bed, stared blankly at each other.

'That is instead of the sixpence,' said Meave.

'It is. How shall I get it back to her?' said Denys.

'Oh, that's easy enough!' said Meave. 'She is at No. 8, Far View Villas. I heard her father giving the address to the cabman.'

'All right, then,' said Denys, easily. 'You can just go across with it in the morning, and explain the mistake.'

'No; I can't,' Meave answered, crimsoning with shyness, and the difficulty of refusing anything to Denys.

'Why not?'

'I really can't.'

'Why not?' again said Denys. 'Oh, Meave, I know!' shaking his head at her reproachfully. 'You are ashamed of saying I'm your brother. How about the dignity of labour, and of earning your own living with the sweat of your brow? You don't know how hot I was.'

'Yes; I'm sure you were! dreadfully hot,' said Meave. 'But, Den dear, wouldn't it do to write a letter about this, instead?'

'And how would you direct it?'

'Miss Bruna L——,' said Meave. 'I heard her father call her Bruna, and there was L. upon the boxes.'

'And what would you say in the letter? "If the young lady who threw half-a-sovereign in mistake for sixpence to a little street boy at Bogedon station, on Monday the eleventh instant, will apply either personally or by letter to Master Denys Ryan, Sunnyside, Bogedon, she shall, upon payment of sixpence, hear of something to her advantage."'

'Nonsense!' said Meave, sharply.

'Well, then, you go for me. Do, that's a darling; and I'll tell you something Reggie Moss said yesterday.'

But Meave was superior to bribery. 'No, Denys, I really couldn't, I really couldn't go,' she said. 'And, please, don't sing that thing again! I am so tired of it,' she added, as her brother broke into the air and words of a pantomime song which was often peculiarly suitable to the relations between him and Meave.

'Some girls do, and some girls don't,
Some girls will, but my girl won't,
I've asked her often, to see if she would;
But she said she really couldn't, and I don't think she could.'

'No. I shall have to go myself,' said Denys, in conclusion. 'Tomorrow afternoon. Perhaps in the meantime the police will institute a search for it among the professional street boys. But anyway I shall hold out for getting the sixpence. There is no reason why we should lose that.'

CHAPTER VIII.

BRUNA.

MEAVE RYAN was right in her surmise that No. 8, Far View Villas was a lodging-house. It was one of a row of neat, white, little buildings, overlooking Bogedon Down, with its hedgerows, and its windmill, and its fields of ripening grain; and in almost every dwelling a card with 'Furnished Lodgings' or 'Apartments Furnished,' presented its face to passers-by.

Bruna Luxmoore, the little girl who had kindly wished to throw a sixpence to the active perpetrator of the somersaults, was sitting with her father in the parlour of No. 8 on the afternoon which followed their arrival. Or rather, he was seated at the centre table, looking through the printed lists of house agents and other papers, and occasionally jotting down a pencil memorandum, while she was curled up lazily upon a sofa near the open window. She supposed herself to be making a little sketch of the distant landscape, but at least three fourths of her attention was being given to the passers-by. The girl was well named Bruna, for brown she was in eyes, hair, and complexion; and it was only this warm tint of her skin, and the natural animation of the *piquant* little face, that prevented one from noticing at the first glance that she was looking very delicate. She was, in fact, but just recovering from a long and severe illness, and a close observer would have gathered proof of weakness from the attitude with which she sought and found support, even from this hard uncomfortable sofa; she was aided by a couple of pretty cushions which assuredly were not the landlady's.

'Father,' she said, pleadingly, 'you will be ready to come out again directly after tea, won't you?'

'Yes, if you like, my dear,' he answered. 'Where do you want to go?'

'Why, house-hunting, of course,' said Bruna. 'Not to go inside any of the houses, if you think it is too late for that, but just to walk along and see the situation of them, and make up our minds where we should like to live. Then to-morrow we can go over those we fancy.'

'You are in a great hurry, child,' said Mr. Luxmoore, smiling. 'Can't you be happy for a long time with Miss Elmer in these tasteful lodgings?'

Miss Elmer was the governess.

Bruna laughed. 'Miss Elmer isn't coming for two days yet, and it would be very nice to surprise her when she comes with the news that a house is already taken. You see I don't suppose I shall know any children here until we are settled, and people come to call upon us; and though I shouldn't mind much if you could always go about with me, it will be a wee bit dull for Miss Elmer and me if we don't know a soul, and you are away in Milborough all day. Besides, we

should have nothing to tell you when you came home in the evenings, and you wouldn't like that.'

'No, I shouldn't, Bruna. I should be frightened. If you ceased to chatter to me, I should know that something serious was amiss.'

He pushed his chair back, and came and stood near to her. His wife and a second little daughter had been taken from him. Bruna was all that he had left to him in the world.

She smiled at him very tenderly. She was an unselfish little girl, and had early grasped the idea of the duties and responsibilities belonging to her position of a widower's only child. So all the petting and indulgence she received did not spoil her, but merely deepened her sense of what she owed to him for the love he showered upon her. She was extremely happy in the governess who had been selected for her, and in the woman who was now her maid, and had had the charge of her since she was a tiny child; but in that part of Milborough where she had dwelt, there were no nice companions within easy reach, and so when the doctors declared it was imperative that she should live in country air, and recommended Bogedon, she had not much to regret in breaking up her home.

'Father, you remember that pretty girl whom we saw reading the newspaper at the station yesterday?'

'Considering how often you allude to her, she is not likely, I think, to fade from my memory. What about her now?'

'Only this! That I have made up my mind to know her, so you must discover some way of beginning an acquaintance,' said Bruna, merrily.

'Won't a boy do instead?' said Mr. Luxmoore, looking out of the window. 'Here is a not unfavourable specimen coming up to our very door.'

'Perhaps he wants lodgings,' said Bruna, following her father's gaze. 'I am afraid his visit is to the landlady only.'

But a minute or two afterwards the door of the sitting-room was pushed open, and the maid-of-all-work, who was an adept in the practice of 'killing two birds with one stone,' entered, bearing the long-expected tea-tray and making the announcement 'a young gentleman to see you, miss.' And to Bruna's great astonishment, the boy came in, colouring a little, but with more self-possession in his manner than is usual for lads of his age. He of course was Denys Ryan, but Denys looking his very best in his Sunday suit and with a rose-bud in his button-hole. When he made up his mind to be tidy at all, he was always very tidy indeed!

'How d'ye do?' he began at once to Bruna. 'It was you, wasn't it, who only came to Bogedon yesterday?'

'Yes,' said Bruna. 'And——'

'Yes,' said Mr. Luxmoore, with a twinkle of his eye which Bruna knew full well. 'We are quite new-comers. It is very kind of you to call so soon.'

'Oh, but this isn't a call exactly,' observed Denys. 'Mother will do that. You know you gave some money to a boy at the station?' he continued, still to Bruna, but she was not allowed to answer him.

'Dear me!' said Mr. Luxmoore. 'I begin to understand. Pray be seated, sir. You have come for a subscription. Bruna, my dear, you must really be more careful. If you begin life in a new place by throwing away sixpences to common little street boys, people will naturally conclude that you are a millionaire, and expect you to aid them liberally in every sort of enterprise.'

'Yes, but it wasn't sixpence, and it wasn't a common street-boy,' said Denys. 'That's just it!'

'Indeed?'

'No. It was half-a-sovereign, and it was *me*,' he said, emphatically. He ought, of course, to have said 'I'; but, as a fact, he didn't.

'You?' said Bruna, opening her brown eyes very wide. 'You? Why were you doing a thing like that?'

'Yes, why?' said Mr. Luxmoore. 'It is very rude to ask questions, and my daughter should not do it, but I must really put another question of my own. Not only *why* do you do it, but who are *you*?'

'I'm Denys Ryan,' the boy said, smiling, and feeling quite at home already with these strangers. 'And here's the half-sovereign.' He laid it on the table as he spoke. 'My father is senior curate at the Old Church here, and he does the Vicar's work. Mr. Massey is always ill, and generally away.'

'Then, Mr. Denys Ryan, do pray take a seat, and explain to us, if you have no objection, what has made you take to the agile and interesting profession we saw you practising of late. It is not a common one for boys in your rank of life to choose.'

'No,' said Denys, laughing, 'but I wanted money——'

'A common want,' said Mr. Luxmoore, in parenthesis.

'Not for myself, but for a friend of mine who's blind.'

'Oh, poor fellow!' said little Bruna, softly. 'Is he a boy like you?'

'Not now,' said Denys. 'He is nineteen; but he was only twelve when he went blind. Perhaps you could help him. He makes baskets of all sorts—work-baskets and clothes-baskets and game-baskets and plate-baskets and bottle-baskets—and hampers and mill-skips; and he sells them cheaper than you can get them at the shops. He does, really. Now for instance a good strong Southport vegetable-basket in brown wicker, for which you would have to pay two shillings in an ordinary way, you could get from Mark for eighteenpence.'

'I don't think we want anything of the kind just now,' said Bruna. 'Not in lodgings. Perhaps afterwards, when we go to our new house——' She paused and looked inquiringly at her father.

'Yes, Bruna,' he replied. 'This seems to be a real case for charity, or his friend would not require to come to his assistance as an acrobat. You may safely promise to give an order, provided only that you have not paid away all my half-sovereigns by mistake beforehand.'

'Oh! I am so sorry about the half-sovereign, father,' said Bruna, thus reminded. 'Thank you for bringing it back to us,' she said to Denys. 'The sun was in my eyes, and I thought it was only sixpence.'

'And so, naturally, my accounts could not be made to balance last night,' said Mr. Luxmoore, 'though I did not happen to mention the fact to Bruna. Thank you for relieving my brains from the necessity of racking themselves further.'

Denys stood up in a great hurry and grew crimson. This was the part of the visit that he did not like. 'But your accounts won't balance now,' he said, desperately.

'Why not?' said Mr. Luxmoore.

'Because you have sixpence over—the sixpence that *you* gave me,' he said, looking mischievously at Bruna, who came promptly to his aid.

'Of course, father: you do owe him sixpence.'

Mr. Luxmoore accordingly handed over the silver coin, and Denys was then about to withdraw, when Sarah Ann, the domestic, appeared with the tea-pot and muffins. But his new friends would not hear of his departure, and another cup and saucer was demanded.

'Don't you see that tea is ready? You must certainly join us, and tell us meanwhile, if you will, more particulars of your blind friend. I suppose he is very badly off?' said Mr. Luxmoore, as they gathered round the table, Bruna pouring out the tea with a pretty little air of dignity, which Denys noticed and admired. He and she were sitting so that they could look out of the window; Mr. Luxmoore had his back to it.

'Not very,' said Denys, in answer to the question about Mark. 'He can make more than enough to pay for his keep and clothes, and he lives at home with his father, who is a labourer and has a cottage upon Bogedon Down, and so Mark hasn't to pay rent. But the thing is that he doesn't like his work, and he *must* be a musician.' And then out came the whole project of the new mission-chapel, and Denys's design of making his blind friend the organist. 'He could manage capitally,' continued Denys, 'if he and I could only get a few lessons—and the harmonium. I should sit beside him through the services, and tell him what to do; and you don't know how happy it would make him. Why, he is starving for want of more music in his life.'

'And is the whole sum to be collected through your turning of somersaults?'

'Not quite,' said Denys. 'Why, I couldn't think how it was that your tea and muffins tasted so particularly good, and of course it is because I haven't had any sugar or butter since yesterday. At least two of us are going without them at home until we have made up the money, and we shall each get sixpence a week by that. You know all this is a secret?' he said, suddenly. 'You won't say a word to any one?'

'Not a word,' said Mr. Luxmoore, solemnly, and his little daughter murmured gently, 'It is like a story-book.'

'No, Bruna,' said her father, but so that only she could hear. 'It is just as much like life. For friendship and devotion and self-sacrifice happily are not purely ideal, but are still living and taking shape in action in the world. A little more tea, if you please.'

'Didn't you say you are going to a new house?' asked Denys. 'Is it here in Bogedon?'

'We fondly hope so,' said Mr. Luxmoore. 'But we haven't found it yet. We have come down to look out.'

'I know of one! Next door to us. Oh! do take that,' urged Denys. 'It is a very nice one.'

Mr. Luxmoore made him a little bow. 'The situation is a great advantage,' he observed, politely, 'but still I should like just to see it before I positively decide. Seriously, what sort of a house is it? How many rooms, do you suppose?'

'Three sitting-rooms downstairs, four bedrooms and a dressing-room upstairs, and a bath-room; and higher up, the servants' rooms—attics,' said Denys. 'It is a bigger house than ours, and better every way. And the rent is £100 a year. There is a good bit of garden, too. The house is called Rose Lawn, and there really are some roses. Ours is Sunnyside.'

'It sounds delightful. Do let us look at it at once,' said Bruna, eagerly, holding out to Denys the cup she had just replenished for him.

But he did not take it. A cab was rolling past the window rapidly, and his glance fell upon the figure of a girl—apparently by trade a flower-girl—who had been seated upon the back-bar of the cab. At the moment, though, that he caught sight of her, she was trying to get off and regain her feet, an undertaking difficult and dangerous, without a degree of skill and science. Rashly she sprang forward! and the motion of the cab giving her great impetus in a wrong direction, she fell heavily in the middle of the road, first in a sitting posture, and then upon her head. The cabman, knowing nothing of the occurrence, drove on swiftly; but a little knot of people, who were walking near, quickly gathered round the girl. Her flower basket had rolled to a little distance, and a few stray bunches of pinks, and carnations, and mignonette, and roses, were lying scattered in the dust.

'Oh! there's an accident!' cried Bruna. 'Father, look!' But almost before she could get out the words, her visitor had sprang up from his seat, leapt through the open window, and was beside that bright-haired flower-girl in the road.

'Meave!' he said. 'Oh, Meave!'

THE STORY OF CURLY.

BY A. WEBER, AUTHOR OF 'THE OLD HOUSE IN THE SQUARE,' 'FLORENCE,'
'AT SIXES AND SEVENS,' &c.

'He is invulnerable, that is struck and not hurt. A gallant man is Fortune's match.'—SENECA.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis in vain to feel,—
Go and prepare the chicken for our meal.'
—CRABBE.

It was the great siege of the haystack in the Vicarage rickyard. And the haystack was being stormed by a boy with dark eyes and dark wavy hair, and it was defended by Curly, the vicar's son, whose garrison consisted of two very small people in shady straw hats and red-striped pinafores. Seven years ago those two little maidens had been sent over to England from India, where their parents both died in one week from cholera; and because the Vicar of Cranethorpe and his wife were dearer friends than any nearer kith and kin, it was to them that the ayah had been told to bear her charges, each looking pitiful enough in her little white frock and black ribbons, over which hung the silver locket containing photographs and hair of the father and mother. But all that was long, long ago; the ayah had gone back to India; Minna and Brenda had grown out of babyhood, and knew no father and mother but Curly's. That other boy, the besieger, was the doctor's son, and he lived in the great red-brick house at the corner of the town. He was not at all like Curly, being a gentle boy, who always spoke with a lisp, and had a way of sniffing very much when he had a cold. And what was Curly like? Wait, and find out as you go along, which, after all, is the only way to know people properly.

Such a piping hot afternoon it was to hold a fort! But who could resist a haystack with a top corner cut out of it, and a ladder leading up to the landing place? Not Minna and Brenda, as they sat in their cool Galatea pinafores and their queer all-out-of-shape sun hats, playing with their dolls under the drooping willow branches in the garden. They could not say 'no' to Curly when he popped his red face in between the boughs and said—

'Such a jolly slice cut out of the haystack! I'll besiege if you two will be the garrison.'

Long ago they had learnt the meaning of those words, because Curly was always talking to them about when he would be a soldier.

Up jumped Minna and Brenda, letting their dolls go anywhere if Curly called them; for somehow he always made them feel that dolls were so essentially girlish, and yet they felt sure that even if he were going to be a soldier, surely they would always be girls.

Then the doctor's son had come. 'Always coming when they didn't want him!' said Curly wrathfully. His name was Fitz-Herbert Jones, but he was known at the Vicarage as 'Fitz.' He was such a constant playfellow that Minna and Brenda looked upon him as belonging to them in a way. But Curly looked upon him as a 'molly-coddle,' because he wore long curls like a girl, and because he did not like dirty hands, nor to sit on the pig-sty door. Once he had tried it and had fallen over inside, and the result had been a process of boiling in a bath at the Vicarage before they could send him home. It was not very strange that, after such an experience, Fitz should never care to sit on a pig-sty wall again.

Curly stood on the ladder with his back against it as Fitz came across the yard, and he said, like a commanding officer—

'I say, Fitz, now you are come and we never asked you, you must be the enemy to attack.'

'You're not going to be on the stack against me!' cried Fitz, terror-struck.

'I'm certainly not going to be with *you* against *them*,' retorted Curly contemptuously.

'Let me be inside with them against you!' pleaded Fitz.

'What, *you* inside with them, and *me* outside alone? I should think not! They are never on your side against me,' was the scornful reply.

Curly was in command as usual, and Fitz had to obey. The game was this: the storming party must endeavour to set both feet on the landing-stage before he could be victor; whilst the besieged, with knotted handkerchiefs and handfulls of hay dragged remorselessly out of the stack, buffeted him most uncomfortably before he could set even one foot thereon. Minna and Brenda against Curly were not dangerous; Curly against Fitz was.

Once, in the heat of the combat, the old cowman passed along with that peculiar tread which sounds as if both knees were dislocated, and as if his boots were slippers down at heel. He stood still for a minute, and watched the battle with his dreamy blue eyes, so like a baby's. As he pulled off his battered hat, and, taking out a red pocket-handkerchief, mopped his hot face, he said warningly—

'Jest ye take care, Mairster Curly, Mairster Jones bain't no match for ye. Ye're too mairsterful. Eh, fightin'—fightin'—allers fightin'!' he soliloquised, as, hat on his head once more, he went on through the stable gates. 'It's the way o' the wairld, I'm thinkin'; and yet we're made for peace, pairson says so.'

The afternoon sun blazed hotter, and the battle waxed fiercer. Minna and Brenda prepared the balls of hay which they handed to

Curly, but with each assaulting hay-ball went a whack of his handkerchief on Fitz's shoulders.

'Curly, does it hurt him, do you think?' asked Minna, a little awe-struck when she saw Fitz suddenly slide down the ladder and turn away from them.

'Hurt him, no, unless he's a coward!' And Curly, as he spoke, threw an armful of hay over him.

Brenda laughed her jolly hearty laugh. She thought it looked so excessively funny to see a boy standing still as a post whilst hay fell upon him like rain.

But when that boy slowly moved a little further away, and, still without turning his face, went and leaned up against the haystack with an arm across his eyes, Brenda's laugh suddenly stopped, and her great eyes grew bigger. Curly began to whistle, with his hands in his pockets, and Minna's little delicate face flushed. In another minute she had tripped down the ladder, and was standing beside him with her hand in his. Curly slipped one arm through the ladder and looked down upon them round the angle of the haystack.

'Going over to the enemy! That's not fair, Minna, unless there's a truce; and I've not unfurled my white flag yet.'

Minna came and stood at the foot of the ladder, and said, looking up at him—

'I'm not coming back again. You are very unkind, Curly! You've put some hay into both Fitz's eyes, and I shall fight on his side now.'

If one of the Duke of Wellington's gallant guards on the field of Waterloo had gone over to the French, the shock would scarcely have been more severe. Of course that is speaking comparatively, which is necessary when such variable weights as shocks of feeling are measured. Poor Curly watched Minna go back to Fitz, and he saw her take out her handkerchief—not for her eyes, but his—and then Curly retired, and he sat down in that delicious haystack corner which they always declared was better than any armchair.

'Oh, Curly, are you going to faint?' cried Brenda. Curly's ruddy cheeks did really look white from rage and sorrow together as he said, clenching his hands—

'That beastly Fitz!'

'But he can't help having hay in his eyes!' said startled Brenda.

'It isn't *that*; it's Minna going over to his side!' came from Curly in smothered tones, as he leaned his head on his hands—such brown hands, with such grimy nails, spread over his white forehead; and then his fingers were pressed tightly against those clear blue eyes of his, but not before Brenda had seen that a very terrible thing had happened, terrible, because she had 'never in all her days,' as she said—which were eight years—seen such a sight before: Curly was crying! By which I do not mean to say that he was 'blubbering,' as he would call it. No; there were simply two big tears that had welled

up into his fiery eyes, and had silently rolled down his cheeks before he could dash them away beyond the reach of Brenda's steady grey eyes. But she had seen them; and, after staring in startled amazement, she said, in a stage whisper—

'Curly, shall I call mother?'

'No, I should think not! What ever for?'

'Because you must be hurt. I've never seen you cry—*ever*.'

'No, I'm *not* hurt; and if I was, why shouldn't I cry if I liked?'

'Why, because you always say that a soldier is always brave; and you're going to be a soldier. And, you know, you're the bravest, *bravest* boy that ever was, Curly, aren't you?'

Curly said he didn't know, but Brenda might think so if she liked. Then he got up and thrust his hands down into his pockets, and went and peeped round the haystack again to see what the enemy was doing.

Minna was holding a stick of chocolate up to Fitz, who was biting off the end of it. Brenda was peeping over Curly's shoulder.

'Oh, what a big bite he took!' she exclaimed, with a jump.

'And I gave her that chocolate this morning!' groaned Curly. 'And didn't I give her my knife too?'

'Not the one with three blades and a corkscrew?' gasped Brenda.

'Yes, I *did*,' said Curly; 'and didn't I tell her she should always have the new hassock in church now, the one I have always used lately, because that nasty old straw thing pricks her knees, and so I told her I'd use it, though I can't bear it either? And when we were running the race on the lawn yesterday evening for father and mother to see, didn't I run slow on purpose so that she might come in first? And now, she goes over to Fitz and lets him eat her chocolate—that *pig* of a boy! I know what I'll do'—and Curly began vigorously pulling off his jacket—'I'll go down and fight him!'

Then Brenda shrieked out—

'Fitz, Fitz, don't eat any more chocolate; if you do Curly will come and fight you! Oh, *don't*, Curly, don't—*don't*!'

But Curly was already down the ladder, and he called back to her—

'It's not for the chocolate, it's because he is a sneak.'

Fitz fled at Brenda's warning cry like a flash of lightning; he darted round the cowhouse, behind the barn, out at the stable gate, and so home, with all that was left of that stick of chocolate in his pocket. And all that Curly found was Minna standing crying.

He went up to her and put his arm round her, and pulled her pinafore down from her eyes, and kissed the hot tears as they rained down fast.

'Curly, I think you are very, very unkind,' she sobbed; 'you hurt poor Fitz so much!'

'You hurt me,' said Curly. Then Minna stopped crying, and her

dark brown eyes looked at him surprised through her tears as she said—

‘Did I? Where?’

‘I don’t know where,’ he replied, with his arm round her neck and his cheek against hers; ‘but it’s better now. Only, I say, didn’t I give you my knife?’

‘Yes,’ she faltered; ‘it’s in my pocket.’

‘And haven’t I given up the hassock in church to you that’s got no prickles in it?’

‘Yes,’ sobbed Minna.

‘And has Fitz ever done anything like that, or given you anything so jolly?’

‘No, Curly, never,’ she sobbed, ‘but he was hurt, and I couldn’t help going to him and giving him the chocolate.’

‘Well, never mind now, it’s all over, and I’m not going to fight him this time. I dare say he’s crying about it all over again to his mammy!’ added Curly contemptuously. ‘But promise me one thing, Minna—promise that you’ll *never, never, never* fight on his side against me again. If you do, I’ll *never* call you my little sweetheart again!’

‘But, I can’t promise that, Curly,’ said Minna, shaking her head and wiping her tears away, ‘because p’raps I may.’

And Curly thought that so exceedingly fair and just of Minna that he could say nothing against it, only he wished that such a boy as Fitz had never been put into the world.

Then the great bell on the roof clanked vociferously, which meant that the children’s tea was ready. Minna ran away indoors to bathe her red eyes, and Curly, as he turned to follow more slowly, like a somewhat exhausted warrior, saw grey-eyed Brenda hanging over the pig-sty meditating. She had been there all the while, behind the scenes as it were; and she had an expression on her face that children have when they want it to be a fine day, and, lo and behold, it is a pouring wet one; for the battle of the haystack had been such a short one, and she had seen Curly cry, and she did not like it.

She left the pigs now and walked along with him.

‘I am the only one who hasn’t cried this afternoon,’ she said gravely. ‘Am I brave, Curly?’

‘Yes, for a girl. But you had nothing to cry for,’ he made answer; ‘and don’t say that I cried, Brenda.’

She wondered what he would call it; but, with a delicacy of feeling that was worthy of a woman, she did not ask him.

‘Curly,’ she said, after a silence, in which the blackbird in the near orchard had been singing one triumphant bar of rich music over and over again, ‘I wish you had a pretty name for me like you have for Minna. You only call me “Dumpling,” and that’s not so pretty as Sweet Heart. Call me “Faithful Heart,” like the boy in the book we’ve been reading.’

'All right,' said Curly, taking an apple out of his pocket and biting a bit out of it with a crunch which Brenda would have thought sounded delicious at any other time, but she was not thinking about it now.

'Do you love a Faithful Heart as much as a Sweet Heart?' asked Brenda solemnly.

'Don't know,' said Curly. 'Here, take a bite, Bren, it's an awfully good one'—and he held the rosy-cheeked apple between the little white teeth, and Brenda's face shone like the sun again.

* * * * *

The children never dreamed—how should they?—that a controversy between two bipeds on a lower scale of creation had been going on during their battle. It was the controversy which never came to a full stop between the barndoor cock and the blackbird in the orchard.

The cock always argued that competition, self interest, is the great law of life. 'Everything has to take care of itself,' he chortled, as he strutted about the rickyard. 'Everything must fight for itself (and its hens of course—my hens are myself). Don't pity anything that gets in your way. Kill off the weak things that would run off with your grain. Let the strong survive, and be the strongest yourself. Do your duty in that way; crow at sunrise; these are the facts of life; what more would you have?'

But the blackbird repeated its usual refrain, a little self-confidently perhaps, but then he had the courage of his convictions.

'There is something more,' he whistled; 'something that is as necessary to all true life as the blossom is to the fruit. It is sentiment, and it is something more.'

'Absurd, perfectly absurd!' retorted the cock. 'Now look at that wretched little whining boy who comes in here to play with our children.'

'He has not got what I mean,' sang the blackbird; 'no, the other boy has it.'

'Not he,' said the cock; 'he will be ashamed of the foolishness you sing about when he is a man. It is a foolish thing, and, as I always say, it is a foolish world. Peck your grain, be civil to the hens, crow in the morning, accept the facts of life; that's all we have to do.'

But the blackbird continued to sing of the beauty of a world where there is room for something more than grain and hens and cock-crows, something that can transfigure even the earthly things, and, by refining away the dross, can leave the purest gold.

CHAPTER II.

' My idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.'

—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ALL the corn was out, hop-picking had begun, beech trees were turning yellow, and the poor partridges were trembling. September had come in with rain, and people were grumbling; but then, some will grumble whatever the weather may be; some grumble when they get cream because they wanted much more, and others take the skim milk and say 'thank you' for it.

The blackbird did not grumble, for worms had never been so abundant; and, after a dry, hot summer, a harvest of worms is such a refreshing surprise. His throat had been getting just a little sore, and he and his family just a little weary of waiting; but, was it not foolish to despair of anything? Faint heart never won fair lady, or, according to the blackbird version, faint throat never won fair worm, and so the event had proved.

And now he intended to sing songs of their wonderful deliverance from famine, so long as the power of song was left.

'Tut, tut,' said the prosaic cock, as he pecked amongst the slush and the straw, 'why make such a fuss about it? Why not just accept the facts of life as they come—those *great* facts: blossoms, drought, grain, worms? These are *matters of fact*, we can see them, smell them, taste them, *eat* them. And that's what we are put into the world for, to eat and to get our own living; not to make a song about it all, and say "there's something more." It looks so foolish, and often makes one feel very small. You should hear what the venerable Brahma cock says on that subject. He comes of a good old Oriental stock, and the motto of his family was always, and is now, "peck, and crow not," by which he did not mean "*triumph* not," but "don't sing and twitter about what you feel, it wastes good material. Just peck your grain, and peck to your own advantage, and of course to the advantage of your hens."

'What an uninteresting life,' whistled the blackbird.

'Who wants life to be interesting?' asked the cock. 'What more do we want but our food, and strength to fight for it?'

'More, much more!' sang the blackbird, flying to the very top of the ribstone-pippin tree; 'but you know nothing about it, that *something* which is like the early spring and the sunshine and the dew.'

'I'm not going to stand out here any longer in this pouring rain,' said the cock crossly; for who likes to feel that he is being worsted in an argument? 'I am going to retire to the barn where I see my wives are "waiting till the clouds roll by." And they *may* wait.'

'So they *will* roll by, at last,' sang out the blackbird; 'but I am sorry for those two poor children up at the nursery window.'

'What's the good of being *sorry* for them? It won't do them any good,' said the cock as he stalked away, serene in his indifference to all but his own concerns.

* * * * *

Minna and Brenda thought they had done all that could be done on a wet day to make it as good as a fine one. They had had a spring cleaning through their doll's house. Minna had insisted upon it. Brenda declared it was quite unnecessary; and, in dragging out the drawing-room carpet, she had unfortunately pulled over the drawing-room lamp, and its glass globe had smashed to bits. Minna bore the crash with her usual sweetness; Brenda said ruefully—

'It would *never* have happened if we had not had a spring cleaning in September,' not seeing what many wiser men and women fail to see, the truth that it is almost impossible to do great good without doing a little evil.

Then they had washed their doll's things.

Nurse, who was a grave sad woman, and took a depressing view of things in general, said—

'The nursery carpet can't be made worse than it is, my dears, even if you *do* splash it; and if you say it will be such a treat—well, I'm sure there ain't many treats in this troublesome world!' She was a mistaken old woman. Curly's father once overheard her expressing some such opinions, and, being a gentleman of most calm and happy temperament, he had asked her what her opinion of life was on the whole. Her answer had been—

'A bad bargain, sir, and we must make the best of it.' Upon which he had laid a hand on the heads of Minna and Brenda, who stood by with questioning eyes, and said—

'Nurse makes a mistake, my darlings; for life is good, and we spoil it.'

Minna and Brenda thought life was very good, as they splashed their doll's wardrobe into the bath before the nursery fire, and scrubbed frocks, petticoats, nightgowns, cashmere, muslin, lace, with a new cake of Calvert's Toilet Carbolio Soap.

After that great undertaking, and on the same principle that life was a dreary wet day requiring indulgences, nurse allowed them to have a feast, and went herself downstairs to the kitchen foraging for them. She returned with unlimited luxuries, in the shape of jam, candied peel, biscuits, almonds and raisins, and, joy of joys, the precious little dinner-set which was stowed away from birthday to birthday in the china cupboard downstairs.

'But it's nobody's birthday!' exclaimed Minna and Brenda in an ecstasy.

'No, my lambs, but it's a wet day, and very dull for you,' sighed nurse as she turned over a mass of stockings waiting in her work-basket to be darned; 'and who knows where we may all be when next birthday comes?'

'Curly's comes first,' said Minna, quietly disposing of her sweets to the best advantage, whilst an almond that had dropped on the floor found its way into Brenda's mouth.

'Curly's birthday is on the first of November, All Saints Day,' said Brenda, chewing her almond; 'and we go to church in the morning, and we have this dinner set in the afternoon, and Curly makes toffee for us. So he will this year, as he *always* does.'

Brenda spoke with a decision which she always felt when nurse used to speak in that dismal way, as if full of some grim foreboding which would come sweeping over the most soap-suddy doll's wash, over the cheeriest feasting in old china, like the distant low surge of the sea sweeping across the inland hollows on some calm summer day.

'Curly doesn't care for this best dinner-set any more,' observed Minna, with the least possible sadness about her sweet red mouth, as she snipped off the raisins with her small round-pointed scissors that were used for divers purposes; 'he is getting too old. He likes cricket and riding, but he doesn't care for our play. He says it smells of bread and butter. I'm sure *this* doesn't, for there isn't any on the table.'

Brenda sat holding an Osborne biscuit crowned with raspberry-jam poised in mid-air, horror-struck at the thought of Curly ever growing too old to care for their play. At last she found words—

'But he would eat almonds and raisins always,' she cried, 'I know he would; and I shall go and find him, and tell him we've got some.'

Just then Curly's step was heard coming down the passage, and he was whistling as they had never heard him whistle before—it only wanted the drum to sound like a fife and drum band—for he had heard some news which made his spirits go up even higher than usual.

He had done his lessons that morning with his father in the study, as he did always.

Curly's father was tall, and he had stooping shoulders and gentle grey eyes—eyes that would look into your very soul as he spoke. He more often spoke to your soul than to your dress or your face, as some people do. He was one of the happiest men I ever knew, never in rollicking high spirits, but always serene and at peace.

And he had looked searchingly at Curly very often during lessons that morning. Once he had asked him what was the day of the month, and when Curly replied, 'The third of September,' he had said thoughtfully—

'Just a fortnight to the seventeenth.'

Then he would look at Curly again and again, until at last the boy said—

'Father, has anything gone wrong?' Upon which his father pulled himself together, and got up, and took his pipe off the mantelpiece, and White's 'Natural History of Selborne' from the bookshelves;

and he went and sat away from Curly and his sums, only glancing at him occasionally as he puffed his smoke away, and read how Mr. Gilbert White marked the day when the swallow is last seen, and when the tortoise begins to bury himself, and many other noteworthy events in the life of birds and beasts at Selborne.

Curly confided to Minna that something was wrong with father, he was quite sure; for, when did he ever smoke a pipe at twelve o'clock in the morning if things were right?

Nurse overheard this as she brushed Minna's hair, and she said gravely—

'It's nothing but the changes and chances of this mortal life, Master Curly, and we should all be well out of it.'

Brenda, wonderingly, asked her 'Where?' and Curly told her to 'speak for herself,' but he said it affectionately, and she kissed the top of his head as she tried to brush his wavy hair down—it *would* stand up, that wiry self-asserting hair of his. And she 'blessed his heart' as she brushed.

All this, you must remember, was during the wet morning, before the spring-cleaning, and the doll's-wash, and the feast. Then dinner-time had come, as it always does come, whether things are all right or all wrong; and the children forgot about things being right or wrong, for their mother, who also thought that a succession of wet days needed cheering influences, had given them their favourite dinner—mutton-chops, brown mashed potatoes, and apple-dumplings.

It was after dinner that the mother put an arm round each little girl, and asked them what they were going to do so as to forget the rain that was beating pitilessly against the windows. Stay, have you seen that mother yet? No; and I will try to bring her before you, for I can see her as I saw her in those days, small, and delicately made, with bright eyes full of fun, and a mouth trembling with tender feeling for all creatures. She looked always more like Curly's elder sister than his mother. I suppose other mothers have loved their children as much as she loved Curly; and perhaps, too, other boys have thought as he did, that there was no such little mother as his, and no such great father. But he never said so to anybody. When Minna and Brenda told her of the spring cleaning and the wash that were to be, how she laughed! And how she listened when Brenda said coaxingly—

'Curly, you *will* come and beat our carpets for us, won't you?'

'I should think not!' he said contemptuously. 'I'm going with old Sam to see the young calves, and then I shall help John to clean the harness.'

'Fitz beat our carpets for us last time,' said Minna, 'and he hung up the pictures beautifully, and put up two new partitions.'

'Fitz is a duffer,' said Curly, as he walked out of the room.

But Brenda's heart swelled; and the mother, standing by and noting it all, kissed her, which is very good for a swelling heart.

'Girls don't think things are stupid, as boys do,' said Brenda, 'and I am glad they don't.'

'Women are always the weaker vessels, my dear little girl,' observed the Vicar.

'I don't know what that means,' said Brenda, a little huffily; 'but I know Curly will be strong when he is a man, and brave too!'

'Amen,' said his father gently, at which Brenda burst out laughing, and said—

'Oh, father, how funny you are! I wasn't saying grace.'

'No, my darling; but to me it was a prayer,' he said, so gravely that the two children looked up wondering, and then they skipped away up-stairs to their doll's-house. Directly they had gone, the little mother turned to her husband, and she stretched out her hands to him, helplessly for one so heroic as she was, saying—

'It is the first break! I am very silly, James, but I dread it!' And then she cried quietly in her husband's arms.

Over that very same thing an hour afterwards Curly was laughing, overjoyed when his father told him the great news, that on September 17th he was to go to Harrow. Never in all his after-life has he forgotten that moment. The hour in which the news comes to us of some great change that is to be in our life is always remembered with everything that was around us at the time. Curly can see it all now—his father's study with those shelves running along one side filled with the authors he loved, the cheery fire crackling and throwing its radiance on the quaint-tiled hearth, the rain dashing against the windows, the September gale howling round the house and tossing the autumn leaves helter-skelter about the lawn, and his father standing on the hearth with his hands behind him and his head slightly bent.

'You are too old to be with me any longer, my boy,' he was saying; 'it is time for you to begin to fight your own battles, and learn the difficult lesson of self-mastery without the shelter of home. You will be in the school where your father was before you, and where some of England's best men have learnt that same difficult lesson, and gone out in their country's service all the stronger for having learnt it. They have left their names on the wall in the Fourth-form room; but they have left them too on something more durable. Your mother and I wish you to be great, my boy, as they were; but, most of all, we want you to be good. To quote the words of another father to another son, "Be a good man, my dear."'

'Is Fitz going?' asked Curly eagerly; 'then'—as his father answered in the affirmative—'I shall try and lick him in everything!'

Before his father could reply to this—from a friend and neighbour—his mother came in.

'In a fortnight, mother,' cried Curly, perched on the corner of the table, hands in his pockets, swinging his legs—'in a fortnight, I shall be a Harrow boy!'

'And we shall be *minus* Curly,' she said, with just a quiver, that was all, about her mouth; then, with a hand on each of his shoulders, she said more gravely, 'Dear, I know that your father has been saying more to you than I can say; but I just want to say one thing *now*—whatever the new life at school may show you, whatever great and grand things you may learn to do there, still you will come back to us always "our Curly;" the boy who is too brave to be a bully, and too brave to be afraid of doing what he knows to be right; the Curly of the Vicarage home, where the father and mother and the two girlies mention his name morning and evening in their prayers.'

And then his mother could see his face no more as he stared at her with his starry eyes and lips parted; and then he flung his arms tightly round her neck and said—

'Why, little mother, of course I shall! But, may I tell Minna and Brenda?'

So that was how they heard him come whistling along the nursery passage. Into the nursery he came, where those two little play-fellows, his Sweet Heart and his Faithful Heart, sat feasting. He popped his fingers down into their dish of almonds and raisins, to Brenda's infinite joy, who clapped her hands and cried out—

'I told you so, Minna! I said he wasn't too old for almonds and raisins!'

'I've got something to tell you,' he said, crunching them so rapidly and ruthlessly that Brenda's eyes involuntarily were turned on the little blue and white china plate like a sentry keeping guard. There were only two almonds left now, and one small bunch of raisins; she devoutly hoped he would not touch them, for there were no more to be had. Both children waited, open-eyed and open-mouthed, for his wonderful news. But he went on to say—

'I'll give you three guesses.' And then he stretched out his hand once more to the almonds. Self-contained Minna flushed up to the roots of her hair; but Brenda spread her fat hands over the treasures, and almost shrieked out—

'No, *don't*, Curly, please; they're all we have left!'

Curly's hands went into his pockets at once, and he turned sharply away to the window, saying—

'I don't want the stupid things! I shall be able to buy lots after the 17th, because I shall have heaps of pocket-money *then*, because I'm going to Harrow; I sha'n't want any stupid girl's things then, so you may keep your almonds and raisins, Brenda!'

The glory of his news, the rhapsody of guessing, had all been spoilt by that unfortunate little gesture and cry of Brenda's.

She felt it to the very soles of her shoes, and all the more because it was *such* an announcement; so crushing was the news, that she always looks back to that wet day as a day on which she first experienced the sensation of being stunned.

Minna, whose conscious rectitude gave her self-possession, exclaimed—

‘Oh, Curly, are you *really* going to Harrow? Then, may I have your sliding pencil? You always said I might when you went to school.’

‘Yes, come along into my room,’ he said, throwing an arm round her, ‘and we’ll look through all my things, and see what I’ve got, because of course I shall have a lot of new things, you know.’

Brenda, uninvited, followed them, stupefied.

To be taken into Curly’s room with a sort of free order to pick and choose amongst all his things would have been such an untold privilege, such a climax to the spring cleaning, the doll’s wash, the feast, on any other occasion, but not now—not now, when he seemed not to know she was there, and when her heart was breaking because she had been so unkind to him! She stood up against his washing-stand, one foot crossed over the other and her hands behind her, watching them whilst Curly turned out a drawer and Minna turned over its contents.

There was an old cricket ball burst at one side.

‘You don’t care for *that*, Minna!’ he said reproachfully. ‘You will when I am captain of the eleven.’

‘It looks so nasty,’ she said, touching it daintily; ‘it looks just like one of the rotten apples in the orchard! Ugh!’

Brenda would have kissed that ball had it been offered to her. Curly laughed, and turned out next his paint-box; once it had been full of paints and brushes, now it was a mass of soft sticky mixed colours, with one brush and a half.

‘You shall have that paint-box, Minna, for your very own,’ said Curly nobly, and it was accepted with delight.

Then came string, *that* he could not spare. Then a rough frame, carved by himself with a fret-saw out of a piece of oak, very rude and imperfect, but an art-treasure in Minna’s and Brenda’s eyes. He held it out at arm’s length gazing at it admiringly, and finally gave it to her, but reluctantly.

‘It will do for your photograph, Curly,’ she cried; so that too was closely hugged in her arms. Brenda was almost choking. Next came a writing-case.

‘I know I shall have a new one,’ he said grandly; ‘so you may have this, Minna, and I’ll buy you some jolly small notepaper with “come early” on it, and some red sealing-wax; the ink was once spilt all over it inside, but that doesn’t matter, does it? Pretend it’s lined with black paper. And here’s a bread-seal I once made, and coloured it myself. There, you shall have it all!’

Brenda felt that lump in her throat swelling and swelling; had she not always longed for that frame and for that bread-seal? But their loss would be endurable if only a certain briar switch were not given away in the same manner! He had cut it out of the hedge one afternoon last winter when they were all three walking together

along the Perford Road—a day when they had heard the first thrush and seen the first lamb. And Curly had peeled and notched this switch into such a beautiful walking-stick, and he had said then—

‘When I go to Harrow, Brenda, you shall have this for your very own.’

Anything—anything—but to see *that* given away.

Ah, little Brenda, it is often so in this world! ‘Take anything but *that*! Spare me *that*!’ we cry. And ‘*that*’ is taken.

She watched Curly fetch the stick from the corner by the fireplace, where it stood always, and where she had almost bowed down to it and worshipped it. For was it not marvellously well made, with a beautiful mottle on it where each thorn had been sliced off, and with a crutch handle just like mother’s umbrella, and so smooth and so shiny since he polished it the other day. He used to make her feel that to possess such a treasure would be almost to possess some great national memorial; but, whenever she had stood gazing at it from a respectful distance, noting all its beauties, there had always arisen one haunting thought at last, which had the effect of driving her away from such worship; for the price of such a treasure would be Curly’s going to school, and how could she care for anything then?

But *now* she would have grasped at it eagerly, if only he would stretch out his hand and give it to her; because it would be a sign that he remembered his promise to his Faithful Heart, and was not really cross with her about those almonds and raisins.

And Curly *did* reach out his hand for the stick. Brenda almost gasped as she made an involuntary movement.

But Curly put the stick into Minna’s hand, and said, without so much as one glance at Brenda—

‘You may have this too, my briar walking-stick. It will do to drive the cows in with, won’t it?’

Then sweet, thoughtful Minna turned to look round for Brenda, and was on the point of saying—

‘But, Curly, you promised this to Brenda.’ But Brenda had vanished.

She rushed straight into the nursery, where the deserted banqueting table stared at her in ghastly mockery. Seizing the two almonds and the bunch of raisins, she flung them straight into the fire, and then swept off plates, dishes, and cloth, in one revolutionary heap on the ground.

‘The horrid things, I don’t want to see them ever again!’ she stormed.

Then she went in a succession of blind headlong stumbles to their bedroom, where she proceeded to lace up her boots, after which she threw on her little waterproof cloak, for it still rained hard, thumped her Tam o’ Shanter on to her head, and pulled open a drawer, from which she took an old leather purse, once Curly’s, now her’s; she shook out its contents, one shilling, four halfpennies, three farthings.

Surely all *that* would be enough for her purchase. It was clasped tightly in one firm fat little hand as she scampered down the back stairs and out at the back door; the servants were at their tea in the kitchen, and did not hear her. Fortune favours the brave, and also the Faithful Hearts. In another moment she was out in the lane, trotting through slush and puddles and blinding rain, with all her worldly wealth grasped in her hand, on her way to 'the shop.'

But, what if Mr. Grigsby did not keep almonds and raisins? Such a doubt never entered Brenda's mind. She went in the firm faith of an honest purpose, which was not disappointed on that day.

A round, rosy face, with damp hair clinging to the cheeks, peeped above Mr. Grigsby's counter when he entered the shop from his snug back parlour in obedience to the sharp summons of the tinkling bell on the entrance door.

'Why, little missy,' he exclaimed, 'what was they adoing up at the Vicarage to let you out on such a day as this?'

'How much are your almonds and raisins, please?' was her only reply.

'Raisins is sixpence the pound, missy, and almonds is half a crown,' he said, leaning his large broad hands on the counter, and beaming down upon her.

'Please, I want to spend all *that* for them,' she said, not without a tremble in her voice—although it was for Curly that she was spending her last mite—as she put down the shilling and the four halfpennies and the three farthings in a row on the counter. It was an abstruse calculation for Mr. Grigsby, and he compromised matters by giving her a pound of raisins and a quarter of a pound of almonds, and returning her all her halfpence.

'There, my dear,' he said kindly, 'I don't want none of your coppers.'

'But I want to give it *all* to Curly,' she cried passionately. 'So *there*!' and she pushed all the halfpence back again across the counter, so that they rolled over and ran away, and hid themselves among sundry candle-boxes and bars of soap; and Brenda left Mr. Grigsby on his hands and knees looking for them, whilst she trotted home carrying her burden—the burden of a pound and a half weight and of a very sorrowful heart.

Tea was ready; tea-cakes—more consolation for the wet day—were toasted; and they were searching high and low for Brenda.

Curly had gone to dine with Fitz; for, although he loved him not, boy like, he loved having late dinners, for Fitz always dined late, and the doctor used to talk to Curly as if he were a man.

The Vicarage household was beginning to be very uneasy about Brenda's disappearance, and everybody was hunting for her in the front of the house when she crept in at the back, and, after hiding away her almonds and raisins and throwing off her cloak and cap, she appeared suddenly amongst them all with grave bright eyes, a

puckered mouth, and soaking boots encased in mud. Nurse screamed out—

‘Oh, the dear child, it’s her wraith!’

But the Vicar explained that a wraith does not often indulge in muddy boots, as he took Brenda up in his arms, then instantly set her down with the exclamation—

‘Her legs are quite wet, so is her frock!’

Alas for Brenda’s habit of buttoning one button only of her cloak, and that the top one! It was not giving the waterproof the ghost of a chance when the wind blew great guns, as it did that evening.

Brenda shivered; and thoughtful Minna said—

‘There’s a nice hot tea-cake, Bren dear; and where have you been all this time?’

The mother knelt down beside her, and folded one arm round her whilst she felt her frock with the other hand, and said soothingly—

‘Yes, she is very wet. Where have you been, dear? She must have taken a chill, she is shivering so. I think we will have her fire lighted at once and pop her into bed, and give her some hot tea and tea-cake there. Tell us where you have been, Bren dear.’

But Brenda could only nestle her head down on her mother’s shoulder and burst into a terrible fit of crying, in which the only audible words were ‘Grigsby’s. It wasn’t anything wrong, mother, really it wasn’t! Only I don’t want to tell. It’s nothing naughty.’

So they put her into bed, with many kisses, and in her red flannel jacket. And a cheery fire was soon lighting up pretty paintings from Christmas supplements, and Christmas cards and angel-heads framed on the walls. And Minna was allowed to bring her tea into that cosy room, and to have it on a tiny table by Brenda’s bedside. Brenda thought it was all ‘very delicious,’ although her sturdy little frame still shook from those mighty sobs, for a storm cannot die away in a minute. Minna, who had carefully put away all Curly’s bequeathments, that ‘poor Brenda’ might not see them, talked on about the future prospects of their dolls, and about other children, and she never reproached Brenda with having broken the largest dish in their dinner service, because she guessed how it had happened; and she had sighed one sigh for Brenda, and one for the china. And nobody asked Brenda again that evening where she had been.

But, when it seemed like the middle of the night to Brenda—when she had heard Curly come home and go into the drawing-room to say good night, then run upstairs to bed—when Minna had been in her little bed and asleep long ago—when Brenda felt sure that everybody in the house must be in bed too, she hopped out of her warm nest, put on her little slippers and her flannel dressing-gown, opened a creaking drawer in the wardrobe very gently, and then stole along the passage hugging her packet of almonds and raisins once more in her arms.

Curly’s door stood ajar. All was dark inside, except where the

moonlight stole through that chink between the shrunk green calico-blind and the window-frame.

'Who's that?' called out Curly, trying to feel very brave, but not half liking that sound of pattering feet creeping up closer and closer to his bedside. Then Brenda, in the dark, *plumped* her package on to his chest, saying, in a loud whisper—

'It's only me, Curly dear; and I got some almonds and raisins for you at Grigsby's, and here they are. And they are all for you; please do eat some now!'

When Curly could fully realise the position, he pinched the parcel all over, and said—

'Why, what a lot you must have bought; and what a lot of money you must have spent! Where are you? I can't see your face to kiss it.'

'Stroke my head, like you do Ponto's!' said Brenda, with a half sob, half chuckle.

A hand was stretched out in the dark till it rested on the tossed and tumbled head of hair, which was stroked caressingly.

'Curly, you'll give me a keepsake, won't you?' she said fervently.

'I'm afraid I've given everything to Minna now. I don't think I've got anything else to give away,' he said remorsefully.

And he could not tell her that Minna had refused the stick, for he knew instinctively that it had lost its precious value now, since his promise had been so lightly broken.

'Haven't you *one* thing left for me?' cried little Brenda.

'Well, there is *one* thing,' he said at length; 'but I don't think you'd care for it, Bren. And that's my old button-hook that hangs on the stag's antler. It's a rusty old thing now, but if you care for it——'

'Oh, thank you Curly!' said grateful Brenda. 'I have no buttoned boots, but I *do* care for it!'

'And will you please put the raisins in my drawer before you go,' he said very humbly.

Such noble appreciation of her offering seemed to Brenda almost too great an honour, although she very nearly fell into his bath on her way to the chest of drawers.

'You shall have some to-morrow, Bren,' he said. 'Good night.'

And she crept back to her bed, thinking him the very kindest boy in the world.

CHAPTER III.

'Thus times do shift, each thing his turn do's hold;
New things succeed as former things grow old.'

—HERRICK.

The early autumn days crept on in their still beauty of soft mists and mellowing fruit and crimsoning leaves until they had almost reached

the time when days and nights are equal; and it was Curly's last day at home before going to Harrow.

A marvellous problem was exercising the brains of Minna and Brenda as they sat on the nursery window-seat together playing with their dolls, a problem that they might puzzle over for ever and ever, but would never be able to solve, if they left out one all-powerful factor, the human heart.

'Now we are close to the day,' Minna was saying; 'to-morrow he will be able to say "it is to-day;" and yet he looks as if he didn't want it to come one bit. And do you know, Brenda, at dinner-time to-day when you said, "I wonder what you'll have for dinner at Harrow, Curly," he looked at mother, and mother looked at him, and I do think their eyes looked like crying.'

Brenda thumped her poor doll's head down on the window-sill in her vehemence as she answered—

'Curly cry! he's much too brave, 'cept when you hurt him that day we had the haystack battle.'

'I didn't mean to hurt him,' said Minna, in gentle indignation; 'and I'm sure I haven't hurt him to-day.'

'But he's *not* crying to-day,' said Brenda, again so vehemently that her cheeks burned with zeal for him. 'How *can* he cry, when you know he likes going to Harrow so much?'

Yes; but you do not know, little Brenda, nor did he until it came to the point, how officious that thing called a heart can be. Curly really did not know he had anything so soft about him. A brave boy, going to be a soldier, what did he want a heart for? And yet, here it is obtruding itself in the most offensive manner, pushing everything else out of the way to make room for its own uninvited self.

Look at him now, strolling in at the stable gates, hands in his pockets, straw hat at the back of his head. It is after tea, the sun is going down, and Curly has to start away to-morrow after a very early breakfast. So he is just saying good-bye to a few things now, taking a look round.

He hangs over the pig-sty for some time, listlessly scratching the black pig's bristly back with his stick. His pigeons wheel off the house-roof with a sudden flapping and whirring, and drop down, some on his head and shoulders, some at his feet. He turns out his pockets, and throws out a handful of peas and crumbs; then, leaving them all absorbed in picking, he saunters away from the pig-sty towards the stable, trying to whistle. But, why do his lips refuse to shape themselves, and only tremble strangely instead as he stops on his way, and, leaning over the railings, looks into the home-fields, across which the cows are coming now slowly and gently, and old Sam coming slowly along behind them?

It is a sweet home-picture.

Everything seems to be going home.

The glorious old sun is going, sinking calmly behind the woods,

kissing soft clouds that linger in the evening sky until they glow rosy red, and throwing long shafts of light across the fields between the shadows from hedgerows and trees. Rooks are flapping their steady way home to the rookery in the old elms by the church just outside the stable gate. Along the lane plod the homeward-bound feet of the fathers returning from field-work, and with some patter the little feet of the children who have run out to meet them. A delicious dewy scent goes up from the damp earth as the sun goes down, incense that mingles with the evening hymn sung by some enthusiastic hedge warbler. And Curly stood leaning over the railings still, even when they vibrated all along as the gate swung back on its hinges, and the gentle cows shamled through, sweet-breathed and mild-eyed, with old Sam, asthmatic and rheumatic, shambling after them. He saw the boy who stood there silently saying good-bye to the pleasant home-pastures with a lump in his throat and a mist before his eyes. He did not even turn to say a word to Sam; and that astute old man only addressed a passing remark to his cows when they stopped to crop the short grass that bordered the path, and he drove them on to the cowhouse as though Curly had been blessed with an invisible mantle.

But, standing in the shadows of the stable gate, were two little figures, watching; and when old Sam drew near they pressed towards him, for he was one of their oldest friends, and would always tell them where the best apples were to be found.

'Oh, Sam,' they cried out, in a loud whisper, 'what was Curly doing when you passed him? We don't like to go to him, 'cos he doesn't want us, we don't think.'

'And Minna says she's *sure* he's crying,' said Brenda, with scorn at the very idea; 'but he *isn't*, Sam, is he?'

Sam shut up his cows without a word; then, opening the stable gate, said, as he held out a hand to each—

'Don't 'ee go to him now; you come along wi' me and see my missus a bit, and I'll tell 'ee a secret as we goes along.'

Little fingers were thrust into each of Sam's brown, knotted hands when he had closed the stable gates behind them; but he walked with them in silence until they were half way across the churchyard on the way to his cottage. Then he stopped, and stared up at the church weathercock, whilst the children naturally stared up in the same direction. Then he said, slowly and solemnly—

'Maister Curly's got a soft heart, and he never knowd it till he'd got to go to school.'

'But he likes going to school to be a Harrow boy,' cried Minna, 'and to play at cricket and football with other boys. So it can't be *that*.'

'And he isn't crying, Sam, whatever you may say; and you're a stupid old man!' said Brenda, her own grey eyes filling as she spoke. 'As if dear, brave Curly would cry!'

'But the bravest is those what's got hearts and ain't ashamed to show it,' said the old man; 'only they keeps 'em tight in their weeskits. But, for all they do, there's them confounded watery eyes when they thinks of 'ome and ma and pa and little missies. Eh, my dearies, never you heed Mairster Curly to-night, he'll be right as a trivet to-morrow.'

But to Minna and Brenda it was a trial by fire, this ordeal of going to school, now that they had made the painful discovery that Curly could cry about it.

'Let's give him something of ours that's *very, very* nice,' said Minna soothingly, as they walked back down the carriage-sweep together, having politely declined going to see Mrs. Sam that evening; for Sam, unwittingly, had thrown a pall of such sympathetic sorrow over them in the churchyard as they had never known before.

'Bread and butter and sugar he does like still,' said Brenda doubtfully, as though it might be a questionable delicacy for a Harrovian. But bread and butter and sugar it was.

When that evening came to an end for them, after games at 'Grab' longer and later than had ever before been allowed, so that Brenda, in her excitement at 'grabbing' the whole pack of cards, twice cried out, 'I wish it was always Curly's last night!' and then dissolved into tears because she had said it, and because they all laughed at her for saying it; when she and Minna stole away at bedtime up to the nursery, there they found, as usual, two plates of bread and butter, each slice thickly sprinkled with brown sugar.

But, alas, when Minna, on tip-toe, peeped into the cupboard for the loaf, that she might cut and prepare some of the same delicious refection for Curly, there was no bread to be seen!

'Let's give him half ours,' said Brenda magnanimously.

'Let's give him the whole—both pieces,' said Minna, 'cos he's going to school.'

Brenda was beginning to think that going to school might almost be made into something very like a holiday; but she agreed to Minna's proposal, if not cheerfully, yet ungrudgingly, although she did think, too, that it must be easier for Minna to be so generous, because she had had tooth-ache all day.

So the two slices were put together on one plate, and with them a joint letter; but Minna began it, of course, because she was the eldest, and could write and spell better than Brenda.

'Dear darling Curly,' said the letter, 'We give you our bread and butter and shugar because it's the best we've got, and because your going to scool to-morrow.

'Your loving

'Sweet Heart and——'

(this in Brenda's writing)

'Fatful Hart

'who says, if you have too much suger leve it and a crusst on the plait for your

'Faitful Hart.'

CHAPTER IV.

'O, Timothy Tomkins Tuck,
I sincerely admire your pluck;
I wish we'd a few
More fellows like you,
Timothy Tomkins Tuck!'

—F. E. WEATHERLY.

So the 'first break,' which the mother had dreaded so much, came and went, and there were no serious damages in consequence, because, you see, it was only a break in the chain of outside circumstances, which need not inflict any injury on the essentials of life, which are love, and faith, and courage, and other good things too many to mention.

Curly's letters every Monday were hailed with as much delight as if he were at the other side of the world, instead of being only two hours' journey by rail.

Queer spelling was never criticised by the mother as she read it through tearful smiles, and the scholar father only shook his head as he smiled too, and the children, who could not criticise because they were children, used always to kiss his name at the end; his letters would never have been properly read without that sealing kiss as a finishing touch.

Fitz always wrote to Minna; such copper-plate handwriting, such faultless spelling, and such clever little drawings at the top of the note-paper! And he used to send her dried specimens of the wild flowers he found on his botanizing expeditions, and Minna used to put them away between the leaves of her prayer-book.

And Curly would write in his untidy blotted handwriting—

'Fitz is an awful muff. Of course he'll get up in the school, because he's always at work. He never goes in for games one bit. I can lick him in cricket and football, and I don't mean to stop there. I mean to lick him in everything!'

Then his mother wrote to Curly, and gently reminded him that his great aim in life must not be 'to lick Fitz,' but to do his duty like a gentleman.

One day a terrible letter—so the children thought—came from Curly.

'Next half-holiday,' he wrote, 'I am going to fight Fitz, because he has done a beastly sneaky thing to me.'

If Curly had seen how bitterly Minna and Brenda had cried when their mother read that letter aloud, that alone would have checked his sanguinary propensities, but the check came in a letter from his mother, who wrote:—

'To fight poor Fitz for being sneaky will do him no good, my boy, and would do you much harm. Revenge is not courage, Curly dear,

and forgiveness and self-control may show the greatest courage of all.'

After that letter, which had more and very beautiful words in it, not meant to be read by any eyes but Curly's, how could he deliberately stand up and fight Fitz?

Still, he could not all at once reach his mother's sublime height of charity.

The 'sneaking thing' of which Fitz was guilty was a breach of confidence. He had borrowed a Cicero from Curly, and between its pages careless Curly had left a letter from Minna. Fitz read that letter. It was only about birds'-eggs and a new family of kittens; but Curly, who caught him in the act, considered it an unwarrantable liberty. Fitz had made matters worse by declaring that he and Minna were greater chums than she and Curly were. It was the sting of that insinuation which had nettled Curly far more than the breach of confidence.

At the time appointed they met within a select ring of spectators. Fitz was white. Curly, perfectly cool, walked up to him. Fitz, surprised, receded a step.

'You needn't be afraid,' said Curly contemptuously. 'I'm not going to touch you. I've changed my mind. You're too mean for me to touch! Who cares to fight a sneak?'

Then Fitz flew at him like a fury; but Curly leapt lightly on one side, and the next moment Fitz repented his rashness, for he was lying on the ground with his nose bleeding.

Curly did no more. He was the first to go to him with the sponge, and he held his head on his knee, and assured him, as he bathed his face, that he was not killed, and that he really never meant to hurt him, only he was obliged. And when Fitz staggered to his feet again, Curly, remembering his mother's letter, and feeling very sorrowful from the consciousness that he had not, from first to last, done at all as she wished, held out his hand and said, 'Shake hands, Fitz, won't you?' and Fitz, having what his mother called a very 'amenable spirit,' was only too glad to make peace at any price.

But Curly wrote home and said—

'DARLING MOTHER,

'I did try not to fight Fitz; I told him I didn't mean to, because he was too much a sneak to touch, and I'm afraid he didn't like that, for he flew at me like a wild cat, and then I gave him one—only one. But his nose bled a good deal, but he is all right now, and he won't do it again. But I'm sorry I did it, because I know you will be ——'

When Minna and Brenda, with many expressions of horror, told nurse the story of the fight, she threw up her hands and exclaimed solemnly—

'The old Adam, my dears—the old Adam!' which set both children wondering what Adam had to do with it.

* * * * *

There was one hour in that boy-life marked by Curly with the mark of his first tremendous victory; or, rather, it was the beginning of a campaign against an enemy more difficult to subdue than any other. And yet it was such a peaceful looking hour! What could there be that was warlike associated with a fair spring evening at home, and with a willow wren's nest, and with Minna?

In the hawthorn hedge just outside the Vicarage gate, Curly had discovered the most marvellous little miracle of a nest, built by a tiny wren, who, having accomplished that feat some time ago, now sat complacently on her eggs. With the discovery Curly made the resolution to keep it a grand secret until the young birds appeared. Then, and not till then, should Minna be led there in triumph by him, to see the tiny birds she loved so dearly, and after that they would tell Brenda. But it was to be Minna's treasure, never to be touched of course, and not often looked at, but he knew she would delight in calling it *her* 'willow wren family.'

Meanwhile the caution and circumspection required on his part was infinite.

Every evening at sunset, when Minna and Brenda were washing their hands and having their sashes arranged, he would stealthily go and look at his treasures.

How should he dream of any one else being equally circumspect and cautious? How could he tell that another boy had also discovered the nest and kept it secret, and had also resolved to wait until the precious little birds were hatched before leading Minna to the hawthorn hedge, and there showing her what would give her such delight? But Fitz, being always up in time, used to visit the nest early in the morning, and that was how the two boys never met on the spot.

At last the evening came when a faint twittering told Curly the small birds had arrived. Yes, the eggs were hatched; he could see now some tiny gaping bills, and the little mother bird was brooding tenderly over them.

He could scarcely restrain an exclamation of intense pleasure at the thought of Minna's pleasure, but he *did* restrain it, and stole away quietly, saying to himself exultingly—

'To-morrow morning I'll get up early, Minna will be dressed at half past seven. I'll tell her there's a wonderful sight for her to see in the garden, and no one knows it but me; then we'll take Brenda afterwards.'

Just an hour ago Fitz had discovered also that the eggs were hatched. It was too damp for Minna to be allowed to come out then, he must wait till to-morrow morning. But he sent her a note marked 'Private,' which Minna, much impressed, read alone in the

nursery, after Brenda had gone down to the drawing-room before dinner.

'Dear Minna,' wrote Fitz, 'will you meet me alone to-morrow morning, seven o'clock, at your stable gate. I have something beautiful to show you, I have kept it for you—all for you.'

'FITZ.'

Often that night Minna woke, and wondered what she was going to see; but Curly slept the sleep of a boy not troubled by imagination, and who had had a long ride with his father in the afternoon, and stood at his wicket all the morning. Once he woke himself certainly, by laughing in his sleep at the thought of what Minna's joyful surprise would be.

It was not often that Curly was up before the prayer bell rang, but the next morning he was in his bath by seven, and, hurrying through his dressing, he thought he would just go and see that the little nest was all right before summoning Minna. Alas for his castles in the air! What meant those whisperings the other side of the hedge? He swung through the gate, and beheld Fitz standing there with proud exultation in his face as he bent over Minna, who, kneeling on the hedge-bank, was feasting her eyes on the little olive-brown head of mother willow wren.

'That's my nest!' burst from Curly.

'No, it isn't,' retorted Fitz; 'it's mine!'

'I've been watching it for Minna for a week!' said Curly wrathfully.

'And so have I!' said Fitz resolutely.

'Every evening I've looked after it for her!' groaned Curly.

'And so have I every morning!' said Fitz.

Minna stood between them.

'Hush, hush,' she whispered entreatingly. 'You'll frighten that dear little mother-bird if you talk so loud.'

Then she held up her face to Curly with her good-morning kiss upon it for him, and said, still in a hushed voice—

'I shall only love it all the more, because you've both taken such care of it for me. Shall I fetch Brenda now? She will so like to see it.'

She went away on tiptoe to fetch Brenda; but when Brenda, all eagerness, came back with Minna, her shoulders up to her ears in her strenuous endeavours to trip lightly, Curly had gone.

'I'm afraid he was disappointed,' said Fitz, kindly; 'he said nothing, but went away.'

Disappointed is not the word, Fitz, when you get such a tremendous reverse of fortune as Curly got that morning. There was nothing for it but to say nothing and go away.

In at the stable gates and into the orchard he went, and there Curly met face to face, in a hand-to-hand fight, *that* enemy.

But how? What enemy? For Fitz was outside in the lane by the hawthorn hedge with Minna and Brenda.

My dears, it was a worse foe than poor Fitz would ever be—a foe who is often invulnerable, to rule whom makes a man great indeed.

And Curly that morning went into breakfast greater than some who have subdued cities.

* * * * *

‘He’s degenerating, that boy!’ said the cock angrily, strutting among the straw; ‘he’s degenerating into a sentimentalist; and then, what sort of a man will he be?’

‘It has been handed down by our family,’ whistled the blackbird, ‘that this Vicarage boy is to be one of the bravest of men!’ whereupon the cock crowed him to scorn.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

‘So all day long the noise of battle roll’d.’

The Passing of Arthur.

SOMETIMES it seems a pity that the children should ever grow older; but, as they must, there is no use in wishing about it. And, if one thinks about it at all, why, just imagine the blossoms that we admire so much in the early spring-time always remaining on the boughs because we could not bear to see them disappear; in such a state of things we should never have any fruit at all.

So the Vicarage children grew older; but, as they out-grew the sweets of childhood, there were the sweets of maturer years that took their place.

Compensation is one of the merciful laws of life. They all learned that; but they did not learn that lesson at school, although one of them went through a pretty stiff examination before getting that lesson quite by heart.

One part of Curly there was which had not grown a bit older, although his school days were long since over, and so were his days at the Royal Military College; yet, this one thing had not grown older. What was it, do you ask? Ah, you must find that out as you go along! I can only tell you this—that it was the same part which poor Minna had unconsciously hurt long, long ago, in that famous battle of the haystack.

Curly and Fitz were both gazetted now to the —shire Regiment, and were, this Christmastime of which I write, ordered abroad on foreign service. And that means—tears for the women, and for the men, what they call ‘glory,’ i.e., doing their duty valiantly, often with the price of blood, and sometimes of life.

Minna had left school for good. Brenda had still another year 'to serve,' as Curly called it; but now it was Christmas-holidaytime everywhere, and Christmas Eve at the dear old Vicarage found the two boys at their two homes for the last time—for how long? Who knows?

There ought to have been snow over the land, and ice over the water; hoar-frost should have been glittering on the leafless branches, and sketching fairy-trees on the window-panes. But the weather was not in keeping with the season; for there was mud and moisture, and low grey clouds, and high temperature, and no sunshine. And, as Minna said, it was doubly difficult to keep the tears out of her eyes when she saw them hanging in the hedgerows.

It was late in the afternoon of that misty, moisty Christmas Eve, when wars and rumours of wars were filling the land; but in a certain little country church it all looked peaceful enough. How could it be otherwise, when they were wreathing the pillars with evergreens, draping the font in ivy, and putting up texts on the walls, all of which spoke of a time that celebrates the birth of peace and good-will on earth, of a state of things which might make heaven of now.

The tall figure standing at the top of the ladder against one of the pillars is Fitz. How very much altered! Of course he is. Surely you don't expect to see him in long curls now? They were cut off when he went to school; but *then*, there was not any hair on his upper lip, as there is now. Minna, sweet, pale-faced, dark-eyed Minna, stands below holding the ladder, crying out gently and fearfully every minute—

'Oh, take care; don't go any higher!' which brings sunshine into the face above her, and a cloud over another face bending over the base of the font with Brenda. That is Curly. You cannot see that clouded face of his, because he is on all fours; but he has grown into something very much larger than he was when we saw him last, fighting that tremendous battle with himself in the orchard.

Curly's fingers must be sore, Brenda thinks, with tugging at the rope she has made her wreath on, and trying to make a tight knot; and he just now hammered his thumb instead of a nail; and he also knocked his head against the basin of the font when he first began operations at the base; all of which, taken together, might fairly account for the cloud on his face, as he gave one glance in the direction of Minna and Fitz.

'Curly, we shall never get it to meet if you don't pull it tighter!' said Brenda, who was kneeling on the other side, and could not see his face.

'Tighter? I like that, when I have almost cut my fingers in two with this beastly rope! You're not as careful for me as Minna is of Fitz's precious limbs!'

Brenda knew then what Curly's face was like, because she could

hear it in the tone of his voice. They both tugged in silence for some time after that; but the silence was broken at last by Brenda saying—

‘It is getting so dark; shall we light the candles?’

Curly—the wreath being tied at last—stood on his feet, and, looking round, saw that all the pillar decorations were finished, and that Minna and Fitz, with heads bent together, were sauntering into the dark shades of the chancel.

‘Fitz,’ came in Curly’s tone of command, ‘you are doing nothing, suppose you light up the chancel for us! Brenda and I are coming to put up the text.’

When Fitz was a very little boy, his mother used to say of him, ‘Dear Fitz is such a sweet gentle nature, that even when he has to swallow a dose of physic, much as it goes against him, he only whines a little, and then takes it like an angel.’

The whining was outgrown and put away with other childish things in the nursery, but the gentle nature remained. ‘One of the last fellows,’ Curly’s mother used to say, ‘I should have ever thought of as being a soldier, so very gentle.’ ‘But no coward, mind you,’ Curly, with his keen sense of justice, always said for him. ‘Though, I don’t understand his dreamy poetical rubbish.’

So the gentle Fitz, with the heavy dark moustaches, lit the candles that were few and far between, and the shade of the chancel looked all the darker for the thin streaks of light that crossed it here and there. Minna stood at the foot of the broad chancel-steps, and the light from the two nearest candles just caught her face, still and pale and sad, as she watched the tall dark figure doing Curly’s behest, each clank of his heels on the pavement falling with a dull sound of warning on her heart; for, would not his step be beyond her hearing before the New Year?

Curly and Brenda came up from the dark western end of the church carrying the long text between them.

‘You look like pall-bearers,’ said Fitz, laughing, as he came down the steps to join Minna and watched the two—grey suit and fair hair, smooth face, and such a determined one, walking at one end of that length of frosted cotton-wool in its holly framework, whilst at the other end walked Brenda, whose frock had grown into a dress, but whose face beneath the drooping feather, all out of curl as usual, was the same that had looked at Curly with its beseeching eyes one wet day, long ago, when she had said—

‘Curly, you *will* come and beat our carpets for us, won’t you?’ And yet there was a difference in his face and hers since that day; but then dim candle-light in a dark church has an odd effect sometimes on the human countenance.

‘Don’t try to be funny, Fitz,’ said Curly grimly; ‘it doesn’t suit you.’

Minna coloured, because Fitz did.

'Thank you, Fitz, for lighting up,' said Brenda kindly.

'We two are going home now,' said Minna gravely. 'Mother said she would order tea later on purpose, but it is half-past five now. Are not you coming too?'

'Oh, dear no! Bren and I are not nearly ready,' said Curly coolly. 'I am not such a swell as Fitz at these things, he can do everything.'

Curly was still very young, you see; so were Fitz and Minna, for it would have been more considerate on their part had they just waited to hear what Curly had to say, instead of strolling off down the dark church aisle, heads together again and hands too; only Curly could not see. There was perfect silence in the church after they had left it, except for the hammering, and an occasional word—'A little higher;' 'it is not even at your end;' 'is that straight?'

At last it was finished; Brenda stepped back to see the effect, and Curly with her.

There it was, shining upon them in all its beauty of glistening holly leaves and gleaming berries and feathery yew, the old, old Christmas wish—'Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men.' And Brenda gazed and gazed until it all became one dim blurred mass of green and white, for, she thought, how could it be peace on earth, when Curly and Fitz were both going away to fight, and when she knew, what was almost worse, that there was war in Curly's heart.

If she had been able to turn undimmed eyes upon Curly's face then, she would have seen it like the face that went away from the bird's-nest into the orchard once upon a time on a fair spring morning. For were not those three last words shining out at him as if they stood alone—'Good-will towards men?'—and was not Fitz one of those men?

'Let's go home now, Brenda,' he said, in low tones, slipping his arm through hers. But Brenda was fumbling in her pocket, and, without moving, drew out something that was carefully folded in white tissue paper. Her eyes were quite bright again as she said, in a low tone like his, for somehow those Christmas words had awed them both—

'Curly, I have something to give you—a very little thing—and I don't want to give it amongst all the Christmas things; I would rather give it to you now. When you heard first of all that you would very likely be ordered out at the end of the year, and they wrote and told me at school, I went and looked in my purse to see how much I had got for giving you anything, and there was *such* a little, Curly, because'—and poor Brenda's eyes filled again—'I had been spending such a lot on chocolate with the other girls, and cakes for bedtime; because, you know, the bread is *awfully* dry there sometimes, and it was you who said to me and Hilda Barrington last Easter holidays, "Why don't you go in for private stores?" But then I never dreamt of your going abroad, Curly, you know'—here the

eyes overflowed—‘and when I heard I said, “Girls, no more goodies for me this half!” and I saved and saved till at last I had enough to buy you a match-box. It is real silver, and it is not too large for a breast-pocket, is it? I should like you to think of me whenever you light a pipe or a cigarette, Curly.’ The fingers that had been firm enough for working at decorations trembled now as Curly’s closed over them, and held them and the silver match-box together as he said—

‘Dear little Faithful Heart! It ought to be the pipe of peace after this.’

Then they lighted the Vicarage lantern and blew out the candles, and trudged home together along the damp churchyard path, across the muddy moist lane, and up the carriage-sweep. And Brenda’s heart swelled proudly within her as ‘the bravest boy she ever knew’ guided her by the puddles and steered her through the darkness.

She was old enough to know something of that worst enemy Curly had again had a hand-to-hand fight with, but she did not know that she herself, and the Christmas wish, had come to the rescue.

CHAPTER II.

‘And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed.’ . . .

The Passing of Arthur.

It was the time of year when in England the first daffodils are blowing under a doubtful dappled sky, and various bird-songs are heard in the gardens and woodlands; but, miles away from England, in the English camp on a low flat sandy beach, the sun was hot enough to strike remorselessly. The sky was of a cloudless blue, but a breeze from the sea made the climate perfect for those who loved great heat, and endurable to those who hated it.

Curly wrote home to his mother that he was never better or fitter in his life, and certainly his letter sounded like it.

He wrote of the jolly time they had had going out, of the capital fellows there were on board, of the singing and acting in the evening, in spite of the heat. Later, he wrote, saying how jolly it was to pitch one’s tent on the sands, and have an early dip in the sea at daybreak. Not a word about Fitz. But then Fitz wrote to Minna; Curly only wrote to his mother. Curly was in exuberant spirits, and evidently found it far too hot to write to ‘the girls.’ There were messages to both of them, to the effect that stewed mule, by way of variety, was excellent; and that, ‘if only Brenda would try it, she would soon get attached to tinned beef and biscuit every day, with the occasional luxury of one entrée in the shape of Brand’s meat-lozenges with potted peas.’

Fitz wrote charming letters to Minna; not so amusing as Curly's, for there were no details of diet, no description of the landing of the troops, and the mules and the stores; nor of the 16,000 gallons of water condensed daily, and how it was done, with a graphic word-picture of the swamps over which it had to be carried. No such local colouring did Fitz give to his letters, for, like the singer of the old Scotch song, his heart was not there. So his letters were all about 'home,' and spring-time, and how all the home-haunts were looking, and about Minna herself, going over and over recent passages in their life together.

'Fitz seems to be writing a novel,' wrote Curly at the end of one letter; 'he goes in for romance as usual, whilst I am the plain correspondent.'

And all the while that big child-heart of Curly's was in the old home-country quite as much as the other's; and was there not a secret gnawing at it, which made it just impossible for him to pen any but plain facts, and equally impossible to write to Minna?

As to himself and Fitz, they shared the same tent, slept side by side, and yet they never exchanged words that were not absolutely necessary. There was a thin but impenetrable wall of partition put up by Curly, which defied that 'gentlest of natures,' and only something stronger than wounded feeling, something larger than self-pity, would annihilate that wall of division.

One night Curly wrote this sentence at the end of a letter to his mother—

'All troops and stores are landed, generals arrived, and we have marched out to Fort Z——, three miles. So here we are bivouacking on the ground for the night. We start to-morrow at daybreak. I will tell you what happened afterwards.'

It was Curly's first battle that happened afterwards.

Fitz wrote that same night in his letter to Minna—'To-morrow we shall probably have our first brush with the enemy. If anything happens to me—but I won't write it, I can't! God bless you, my darling, and send me home to you in any plight, so long as I have eyes to see'—which may sound foolish and sentimental, but Fitz did his part like a man in that first battle, as well as that other young subaltern with the starry grey eyes and the smooth face.

Rolled up in his blanket the night before that early morning start, Curly lay as still as if he were in the little bedroom at the Vicarage, but he was not asleep. All sorts of home pictures and home touches passed rapidly before him, each one saying, 'Do you remember? Why did you not make more of this whilst you had it?'

And 'this' would be, sometimes an extra kiss from his mother, which perhaps he had scarcely acknowledged, it was so easily got; or, a pressure of the hand from his father on his shoulder, of which he rarely took the slightest notice, it rather bothered him. What would he not give to feel that pressure now! Is it always so in this

world? Do we never set a true value on the only things that are really valuable?

Then, there were flowers in his room, from the girls. Stay, he always thanked Minna for hers, and sometimes more than thanked her. Yes, but how about Brenda? Who put that creamy rosebud and spray of maidenhair on his table the last evening he was at home? Who stole it from the greenhouse for his sake, and hung about the stairs before dinner, expecting just one little word of acknowledgment? And what had he said for it? He had dashed out of his room at the sound of the dinner-bell, and told her, as he slipped his arm through hers and ran her downstairs, that he was 'ravenously hungry.'

'Poor old Brenda!' he murmured.

Then, by some strange rebound of ideas, there came before him that long-ago evening of a certain wet day at the Vicarage, that day when he was 'such a little brute,' and when, in the dead of night, little Brenda stole into his room with the packet of almonds and raisins, having spent her all upon him. Further back still, he laughed as he reviewed the battle of the haystack, and heard again that quaint question so solemnly put, with all a little child's earnestness—'But which do you love best, Curly? A Sweet Heart or a Faithful Heart?'

O, Sweet Heart! Sweet Heart! and Curly rolled over and buried his face.

There were other men, that night, doing the same thing that he was doing, anticipating a possible good-bye on the morrow to this earthly show of things, by taking a last look that night at the old home.

But, who would have imagined that such dreams had been dreamed by those men who started at daybreak the next morning, laughing, singing, whistling.

And when it came, how did it come? How did it find them? It has all been described by better pens than mine; how the enemy suddenly opened a tremendous fire from a ridge on their left, and in an instant shells and bullets were screaming and whistling all round, over and about; and Curly's first thought was, 'Is this Hell?' Then the man beside him went down, shot dead; and if he had had time to reflect, Curly would have turned deadly sick; but with the danger the excitement increased. There was a certain position to be stormed, there were guns to be taken. Stormed and taken they were, and Curly and Fitz were in the thick of it all.

Then the enemy retired a few hundred yards to the village, where they had another battery of guns. It was there that the hardest fighting took place.

The hill up to the village was honeycombed with pits and trenches full of Arabs, who charged down on the square with dauntless determination, and were shot by hundreds upon hundreds. Frightful

slaughter, marvellous pluck on the enemy's side; equal pluck, less slaughter upon ours.

Then it was that Curly saw a sight which blinded him to all beside. It was Fitz attacked by two Arabs, who sprang upon him and got him down, after severely wounding him with a spear. He saw Fitz trying, with his one free hand, to fire off his revolver, which would not go off.

Whose voice was it Curly could hear in his dizzy swimming head, his thumping turbulent heart? A voice that said, 'Take care, please take care, Fitz!' He could never be sure whether he actually heard the voice, nor whether he actually, in that grim moment, saw Minna's pale sweet face as he saw it on Christmas Eve. 'Good-will towards men, peace on earth.' 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off.' No man could *think* all this in such a moment of life and death, but in one *flash* it was all there, in his heart or in his brain, or both, as he rushed to the rescue of the friend and neighbour whom he was jealous of with a deadly jealousy.

Singlehanded he engaged the two Arabs. When his sword snapped he fought them with his fists. Courage, Curly, 'bravest boy that ever lived!'

Help is coming. Only just in time though, and not in time to save Curly from a grievous spear-thrust aimed at his heart, but something turned it off—the little silver match-box that was to strike a light for the pipe of peace for the bravest man she knew, the boy who was too brave to cry, even when Minna went over to the enemy's side.

It saved Curly's heart in more ways than one, but there was a ghastly wound inflicted on that strong right arm of his.

* * * * *

'My dear Madam,' said old Colonel Featherstonehaugh of Yarrow Court when he called at Cranethorpe Vicarage a fortnight afterwards to offer his congratulations, 'your son will get the V.C. most certainly for this.'

But how could his mother, or Minna, or Brenda think of the Victoria Cross when they had read in the paper that morning—

'Return of casualties in action of 27th, before El—. Officers wounded: Lieutenant Fitz-Herbert Jones, seriously wounded.' Then through blinding tears came Curly's name, and against it this one word, 'amputation.'

But had they known all, from their hearts would they have said—

'Better is it to enter into life maimed or halt, rather than having two hands or two feet,' to live the living death of a gnawing jealousy.

CHAPTER III.

'Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint,
 As from beyond the limit of a world,
 Like the last echo born of a great cry,
 Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
 Around a king returning from his wars.'

The Passing of Arthur.

EASTERTIDE was late that year. On its fourth Sunday the decorations were still up in Cranethorpe church. The girls were determined to renew them until the boys came home. For had not this Easter made its message more fully understood by the little home circle at the Vicarage than it ever had been before? How could their hearts be otherwise than full of the Resurrection and the Life, when their own had been given back to them from the jaws of death? It is through earthly love and earthly symbols that the Divine Love and the Divine things grow clearer to our eyes.

But, what long months of waiting it seemed since Fitz had written a certain letter to Curly's mother, a letter written on board the troopship, which was taking the wounded, himself and Curly amongst them, to the hospital at Suez.

Fitz wrote that letter on his back, and Brenda was angry because she thought he did not say nearly enough about Curly in it. He wrote—

'A troopship is one of the most comfortable places in the world, with fine weather and not overcrowded. And we are only hundred-and-twenty wounded and sick, no passengers save a few medical and other officers. Climate is perfection just now, cool nights and a fresh breeze blowing all day.

'The attention and care bestowed upon us could not be exceeded; in fact, we are in paradise; and the dear old fellow to whom, under God, I owe it that I am now on my way *Home*, says he never felt so jolly in his life.'

At the end of the letter, beneath Fitz's signature, was a cross, with 'Curly, his mark,' written in the style in which, as a school-boy, he used to direct his valentines when he did not wish the handwriting to be recognised.

And Curly's mother and Fitz's mother, and the girls, being women, cried over that poor little signature, and thought the time would never come when the paragraph in the daily paper, headed 'Invalided Home,' would gladden their eyes. But it came at last, as all good things *do* come if we only wait patiently.

It was good to come home at the time of year when a promise breathed in every blossom and sounded in every bird note.

The swallows arrived first; they travel by a faster route than any troopship can go by, and were already building; you could see them all day long fitting in and out of the barn-eaves in the Vicarage

yard. The garden shrubberies were alive with the busy life of innumerable warblers. From the fields and woods rang the loud double note of the cuckoo, challenging any bird to suggest anything more essentially spring-like. Wild cherry-blossom hung over the hedgerows like snow. The promise of many apples blushed amid uncurling green leaves over and over again in the orchards. Little golden celandines starred the grass; and as to the cowslips and great bunches of velvety-brown wallflower, the school children were bringing them all day long to Minna and Brenda, 'for Mr. Curly when he comes home.'

The very air seemed to be filled with a rippling flood of song and a delicious nosegay of scent.

As to the cock and the blackbird—the original cock A.D. siege of the haystack had long ago slept with his fathers, and the original blackbird had sung its appointed song, and then for ever held its peace. But inherited tendencies may show themselves in birds and beasts, as in the higher organisms; and the same prosaic doctrine was preached by cocks that came after, and the same sweet controversy was maintained by other blackbirds, who saw, like their ancestor, that a life of hard so-called fact, merely pecking up grain, is only one side of life, and a very small side; that there is still the indefinable *something*, which, according to blackbird metaphor, was like the early spring, the sunshine, and the dew.

* * * * *

It was Sunday morning, the first morning that the boys were home. Never had Cranethorpe church been so full. Grandfathers and grandmothers and grandchildren, young men and maidens were there; some had come to stare open-mouthed at *their* 'Master Curly' who had so distinguished himself, others had come to thank God who had brought him safe home. In the chancel the words of the Easter text faced them all—

'If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.'

Minna stood singing from the same hymn-book with Fitz, in his father's pew; and they said it was pretty to see her whisper to him that he had better sit down if he were tired, and to see him smile back upon her. Though, how people could see and hear anything of the sort when they were singing hymns is difficult to understand.

And Curly stood between his mother and Brenda in the old Vicarage pew, and Brenda found his places for him.

After church, when all the greetings had been interchanged at the church-porch, Curly and Brenda went home by the stable-gates. Just inside stood a haystack, as in the olden days, with a slice cut out at the top. And they both stood and smiled at one another. They saw Fitz and Minna strolling on together under the blossoms in the orchard.

Minna had gone over to the enemy as she had on that long-ago summer afternoon at the siege of the haystack. But Curly had no enemies on this Sunday morning. He took something out of his pocket that gleamed silver-bright in the sunshine. As he showed it to Brenda, he murmured—

‘You saved my life through this, Brenda.’

‘But you did better still, Curly,’ she answered, in her honest simplicity, ‘for you saved Fitz when you did not love him, though you do now; and I think you braver than I ever thought you before!’ and she kissed his poor empty coat-sleeve whilst her happy tears rained down upon it.

He stroked the soft hair in the old boyish way, and, as he gently lifted her face to meet his, he felt as humble as he had felt that night years ago when she had asked him if he had ‘not one thing left’ for her, having spent her last mite upon him.

* * * * *

All that day the blackbird whistled, singing until the sun went down.

And the song raised the hearts of those who heard it above all low aims and ambitions, above all self-interest, higher, far higher, until they dwelt upon the blessedness of a faithful heart, the holiness of home, the glory of self-mastery.

And are not these some of the Divine things?

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXVIII.

1645.

NASEBY AND BRISTOL.

THE spring of 1645 dawned sadly for all Britain, with war in every part of it, and doubts on all sides whether the struggle ought ever to have been begun; and especially this was felt by the moderate men, who had only meant to oppose tyranny, but who found that they were being forced to give way to a party with no regard to the old constitution they had hoped to preserve.

The Court at Oxford had become a sad place since the Queen with her buoyant spirits had left it. It was still full, fuller indeed than ever, since it was the refuge of many families driven from their houses, both lay and clerical; but there was little gaiety, and much depression; and provisions were scanty and dear, while money was hard to obtain. There were weddings, but often chiefly for the sake of providing a protector. Sir John Harrison gave his eldest daughter, Anne, to her second cousin, Richard Fanshawe, who had just been sworn Secretary of War to the Prince of Wales, with a supposed pension, while her portion was called £10,000, but between them they had only £20, just enough to provide pen, ink, and paper for Mr. Fanshawe's work.

She wrote a memoir of her husband through these years of privation; and, on the other hand, we have those of another good lady on the other side, Lucy, the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, last Governor of the Tower. In 1638, before the troubles began, she had made a marriage, altogether of affection, with John Hutchinson, a son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson of Owthorpe, but who had been chiefly brought up by his maternal uncle, Sir John Byron. Both father and uncle were churchmen and royalists; but the son, though he had tried to purchase an office in the Star Chamber, had by force of study of controversy, under a tutor of his own choosing, become a strong Calvinist; and under the influence of the grave and reserved John Ireton, his politics followed his religion. Living so near Nottingham, he was often involved in difficulties with the Cavaliers, before he finally made up his mind to take up arms. He was made Governor of Nottingham for the Parliament, and his wife and children joined him in the old Castle. The people of the town were inclined to the

King, and the garrison often were put to straits for supplies. His father was much displeased, and left all but the estate of Owthorpe away from him; and his gentlemanly and humane instincts got him into trouble with the more furious Roundheads. When some Cavalier officers, who had been made prisoners, supped at his table, there was one Captain Palmer who could scarce eat his own meal for grief at seeing the wicked thus preferred, and he was equally angry with Mrs. Hutchinson for extending her surgery to Malignant prisoners.

The Self-denying Ordinance was being put in force all that winter. Some of the troops, especially those at Reading, who were chiefly from the estates of Lord Essex, showed great displeasure at their Earl being displaced, and five regiments were likely to go over to the King; but Skippon was appointed major-general, and he was popular, and Essex himself did his best to pacify them. Sir Thomas Fairfax, who was not in Parliament, could continue in the army of the North; but the Ironsides declared that they would not serve under anyone save Oliver Cromwell, and he set out, declaring himself about to perform the last service to the House by inducing them to submit.

It was decided at Oxford that the Prince of Wales, who was now fifteen years old, should be sent to Bristol as generalissimo of the West, with Lords Capel and Digby and Sir Edward Hyde to take care of him; and thus the father and eldest son parted never to meet again. Again we get a peep into a family home. The Secretary Fanshawe had to go with the Prince's little court, leaving behind, with many tears, his young wife and a sickly infant not a week old, and which died two days later. The poor mother was unable to walk for ten weeks, and pined to follow her husband. On the day of her churching, she received a letter and fifty gold pieces from him, and full of joy, she went, leaning on her father's arm, to sun herself in the gardens of St. John's College. There she saw the escort sent to fetch her riding in. The officer bade a salute be fired, not knowing that one of the musquets was loaded, until two bullets were found to have pierced the bark of a tree just above Mrs. Fanshawe's head.

Her father and sister both went with her to Bristol, where her lodgings were much better than those at Oxford. There was a gleam of prosperity, so that her husband put into her hands a hundred pieces of gold, saying, 'I know thou who keepest my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands, as God shall bless me with increase.'

There was something else that the young wife expected to have confided to her. She was inspired by a kind but gossiping old friend, Lady Rivers, to think it a slight that her husband would not answer her when she asked what was in the letters that the Prince received from his father or mother. She sulked at supper, and cried at bedtime, declaring that he did not love her, though he stopped her mouth with kisses, and she wept while he went to sleep. She would not answer when he rose in the morning, though all the time he treated

her with unalterable good humour. At last he spoke seriously, and once for all: 'My life and my fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart, in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the Prince's affairs. Pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' And she did. It cured her for ever.

The King had really sent his son away in case he should himself be made prisoner, and had given charge to the gentlemen of the Council, to take the youth to the Continent in that event, even though they should receive apparent orders to the contrary. He had the Duke of York still with him, and the two younger children, Elizabeth and Henry were at St. James's palace, watched over by the Parliament as a sort of hostages, while little Henrietta was still under the care of Lady Dalkeith.

The Self-denying Ordinance much rejoiced the Royal party, who thought it would deprive the enemy of all their best and most experienced generals; whereas, it was, in fact, only an engine for getting rid of all the incompetent.

In the end of April, Fairfax, then at Windsor, was about to take the field, Cromwell came to him to kiss his hand, and resign his own command, as being still a member; but Fairfax said, 'I have received from the committee of the two kingdoms a message concerning you. It orders you to march directly with a few regiments of horse, to keep the road from Oxford to Worcester, to intercept communications between Prince Rupert and the King.'

Thus the Self-denying Ordinance made the really able general an exception, and Cromwell set forth that same evening.

Charles was also taking the field, intending to march northwards and meet Prince Rupert, raising the siege of Chester.

Cromwell, five days before any other troops were in motion, did what the Roundheads called 'uncatting' the neighbourhood of Oxford. He won three skirmishes, defeating 2000 men sent by Rupert to convoy the king, and summoned Blitchingden. There the Governor, Colonel Windebank, unfortunately had his young wife, whose tears and panic terror unnerved him, and he surrendered hastily. 'Will no one bring me this Cromwell, dead or alive,' cried the King. He had Windebank tried by court martial and shot, the colonel leant against the wall of Merton College, and shewed coolness that proved that he had not failed for lack of personal bravery. His wife must have been the most miserable of all the women of the war!

Princes Rupert and Maurice came together to escort the King from Woodstock; Rupert receiving on the road a letter from Lord Jermyn from Paris, telling what the latter called, 'a romance story that concerns your highness,' namely, that the next brother of the family, Edward, had married privately Anne de Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Nevers, a brilliant coquettish woman, with whom half the

court had been in love, including Gaston of Orleans. She must have been a good deal older than Edward, and she brought him over to the Roman Catholic faith, to the grief and despair of his mother Elizabeth, and the delight of the French Queen Anne, who forgave the private marriage in favour of the conversion. 'La Princesse Palatine, as she was called, did not cease to be a prominent figure in all the French intrigues.

On the 7th of May, the Princes joined their uncle at Stow-in-the-Wold, and a council of war was held to decide on the plan of the campaign. There was only one army now, and succour was wanted by the Prince of Wales and Bristol, the besiegers at Taunton, and the besieged at Chester, besides that there was need to hinder a junction between the Scottish army and that of Fairfax.

Goring was sent off to finish the siege of Taunton, and to collect troops to keep Fairfax in check; while the King's army went northwards, the siege of Chester being abandoned on their approach, though, on the other hand, their absence had enabled Fairfax to invest Oxford itself. This made Charles pause in his northern march, while on the night of the 31st of June Prince Rupert took Leicester by assault, though not without desperate fighting in the streets, ending in the plunder of the town, with much loss of property to the inhabitants, but very little of life. There was great rejoicing over this success; the King wrote to his wife that his 'fortunes had never yet been in so flourishing a condition.' And the Londoners, fearing their turn might come next, petitioned Parliament to stem the mighty torrent of the Cavaliers' successes. There was a rapid gathering of forces. Fairfax left the siege of Oxford; Cromwell was sent for from the Isle of Ely, where he was training the Militia into his terrible Ironsides; and the Royal army debated whether to go on northward, or to meet the enemy in the south. The northern march was decided on, and the King on the 14th of June slept at Lubenham, and Prince Rupert at Harborough, leaving an outpost at Naseby, a village in the midst of a slightly undulating plain, covered with unenclosed cornfields, only divided by landmarks—then in their summer green. The old oak table where this outpost supped is still preserved. In the midst, a troop of Ireton's horse dashed in on them, killing or making prisoners all except one, who rode off with the news to the King. Charles hurried to Harborough and consulted with his nephew. Rupert advised retreat, which would enable the Royal army, only good men of position, to gather reinforcements at Melton and Newark, but Digby and Ashburnham were against him, and the King was in high spirits, having had good news from the north. He decided to fight, and the scout master was sent out to reconnoitre at dawn, but brought back word that not an enemy was in sight. Rupert then rode out himself, and espied that the enemy were in some force, beyond Naseby—but he did not know that Fairfax had been joined by Cromwell in the night, and thought he

was retreating, when he was only changing his position, and he sent word to the King to come on as fast as possible.

By nine o'clock in the summer morning the royal troops were all drawn up on one low hill in line, the opposite party on another about a mile distant. Rupert's desire was to meet Cromwell, whom he expected to find on the left wing, but Ireton had taken that post, while Cromwell was on the right, Fairfax was in the centre with the infantry, and a strong artillery, while the King had only twelve small guns, which do not seem to have been used at all. The Royalist word was 'God and Queen Mary,' the Puritans' 'God with us.'

Both armies advanced simultaneously. It was the old story, Rupert and his troopers rushed against Ireton's horse, and drove them backward; their colonel, with a wound in the face, another in the thigh, and his horse killed under him, was made prisoner, and the Cavaliers reached the artillery, but instead of securing it, dashed on to seize Naseby, and on wheeling round to take possession of the guns were kept at bay by a heavy fire.

The King himself and Sir Thomas Fairfax had encountered in the centre, and here the battle raged most hotly. Skippon was severely wounded, but when Fairfax pressed him to retire, he answered, 'No, as long as one man stands, I shall remain here.' Fairfax lost his helmet, and when Charles Doyley, the colonel of his guard, offered him his own, he said, 'It is very well as it is, Charles, I do not want it;' then, pointing out a division of the royal infantry, 'What, cannot those people be got at? Have you attacked them?'

'Twice, General, and without success.'

'Then take them in the rear, while I take them in front.'

And they met in the middle of the unfortunate battalion.

Cromwell on the right had broken Sir Marmaduke Langdale's troop, and leaving two regiments to prevent their rallying, turned to assist Fairfax, falling upon the blue-coated Yorkshire men, who did not give back a foot, but were all slain or made prisoners where they stood. The royal life guards were still in reserve, Charles rode to their head, calling out 'One charge more, gentlemen, one charge more, and the day is ours.' But as they began to move, a panic seems to have seized the Earl of Carnwath, and he snatched the King's bridle, crying with an oath, 'Do you want to get yourself killed?' turning him to the right. The Cavaliers around followed his example, and all was confusion.

Rupert, who had ridden to the top of the opposite hill after his attack on the artillery, saw the royalists giving way on all sides, and hurried across the valley to join the King. There was a halt, and a rally, Charles and Rupert tried to get their men together for another charge, but all in vain. They had to follow the flight, an utterly disorderly one, as the best mounted galloped on to Leicester, and some even to Newark, closely pursued by the Roundheads. Five thousand prisoners were taken, almost all the colours, the artillery

and baggage, including [the King's carriage, with all his private papers, and all the camp followers. There were many ladies, wives of officers who—with homes broken up—had followed their husbands to the war, and besides these women of a lower and disreputable grade. The fierce Puritans assumed that all were base Irish women, killed a hundred, and slashed the others with their swords about the face and nose, one of the few instances of cruelty to women during the war. Fairfax wrote a short simple despatch to Parliament, announcing the victory, Cromwell wound up with a little sermon in which, after praising the General, and the 'well disposed' he expressed his hopes that 'he who hazards his life for the safety of his country may be able to trust in God for the liberty of his conscience, and in you for the liberty in the name of which he fights.'

This was a protest against the Presbyterian exclusiveness which wanted to silence Independency, such as was hotly professed by most of Cromwell's 'well disposed,' who carried Bibles in their buff belts, and expounded and prayed fanatically. It was thought somewhat impertinent by some of the Parliament, for a Lieutenant-General to commend his General, or to draw morals to them; but the victory was so decisive that the censure was forgotten, and Cromwell was asked to continue in command three months longer.

Sir Thomas Fairfax wished to respect the privacy of the King's papers, but Ireton and Cromwell sent them to the Parliament, who appointed a committee to examine them, and finally published selections of them. It was a great insult, and Charles wrote in his diary that he should have thought 'the freedom and secrecy of private papers commanded a civility from all men not wholly barbarous.' . . 'Yet since Providence will have it so, I am content so much of my heart (which I study to approve to God's omniscience) should be discovered to the world, without any of those dresses or popular captations which some men use in their speeches and expresses. I wish my subjects had yet a clearer sight into my most retired thoughts . . . Nor can any man's malice be gratified further by my letters than to see my constancy to my wife, the lawes and religion. Bees will gather honey where the spider sucks poison.'

The letters were not put forth entire, only the portions that the Parliament thought would serve their cause—and some of the omissions would have explained the parts published—with plentiful annotations, from which the public gathered that the King was insincere throughout, and merely intended to crush all who resisted him. The Parliament declared, and probably believed, that his correspondence shewed that he had never intended to make peace, and that no oaths could bind him.

Indeed the battle of Naseby was in every way the mortal blow to his cause, as it was the decisive step in Cromwell's road to greatness. Charles, Rupert, and the remnant of the army reached Ashby de la Zouche, where 2000 men joined them, and orders were sent to raise

troops in Wales, but there were more promises than men. There the uncle and nephew parted, Rupert going to Bristol, and the King to Ragland Castle, where the magnificent old Marquess of Worcester entertained him splendidly for three weeks. He and the King held a long controversy upon Romanism and Anglicanism, and though each retained his own opinions, the conversation was afterwards printed. The constancy and faith of those who clung to the English church and maintained her Catholicity were admirable at this time, when Puritanism seemed to have triumphed, and Roman Catholics could declare that a religion could not stand which was neither the one thing nor the other.

The peasants, especially in Dorset and Somersetshire, were rising, not on either side, but to indemnify themselves for the losses they suffered. They set up as an ensign a torn sheep with the words—

“If you take our cattle,
We will give you battle.”

And they threatened to plunder Bristol. Rupert tried first to gain them for the King, and then made raids among them which put them down. The plague was at Bristol, and the Prince of Wales had been sent away to Barnstaple to escape it. Rupert had assured the King that he could hold out the place full four months, and the King was moving about between Ragland, Hereford, and Oxford collecting troops, and hoping to be able to join Montrose and his Scots.

In the end of August, Sir Thomas Fairfax marched to besiege Bristol, intending to blockade it by sea and land. To the astonishment of the foes, and the dismay of friends, Rupert surrendered the place as rapidly as Fiennes had done, yielding it up on the 10th of September, and obtaining the lives and liberties of all within.

The King was bitterly grieved, and his anger flamed out more hotly than on any other occasion. He was at Ragland Castle when he heard the news, and he immediately, on the 14th of September, formally dismissed Rupert from his command, and wrote him a letter of reproach. ‘Though the loss of Bristol is a great blow to me,’ he wrote, ‘yet your surrendering it as you did is of so much affliction to me that it makes me not only forget the consideration of that place, but yet is the heaviest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me. . . . My conclusion is to desire you to seek your subsistence until it shall please God to determine of my condition, somewhere beyond the seas, to which end I herewith send you a pass, and I pray God to make you sensible of your present condition, and give you means to recover what you have lost, for I shall have no greater joy in a victory than a just occasion without blushing to assure you of my being your loving uncle and faithful friend—CHARLES R.’

He wrote on the 20th to Prince Maurice, who was recovering from the plague at Worcester, to assure him of continued affection, and

speaking less angrily but more sadly of Rupert, whose 'judgment,' he thought, 'had been seduced by some rotten-hearted villains.'

The truth seems to have been that in each case Bristol was a difficult place to hold out. In the statement made, and signed by Rupert's officers, it appears that the fortifications were more extensive than the garrison could man; that many of the troops being raw Welsh levies, had already deserted, and it was only too easy to the rest to do so; that provisions and powder both were insufficient, and there being little or no prospect of relief, they had all agreed that there was nothing to be gained for the King's cause by the slow and dreadful process of exhaustion, which involved so many persons of no special devotion to royalty. Rupert, believing that his disgrace was chiefly owing to the representations of Lord Digby, who had always been his enemy, resolved to see his uncle and justify himself. To do this, he had to make his way through the midst of the enemy to Newark, where the King was. He had eighty horsemen with him, and Maurice met him at Banbury. There were attempts to intercept him, especially at Belvoir Castle, but he broke through them all, and safely reached Newark, where all his friends came out to meet him.

He made his way to the King, and declared he was come to give an account of the surrender of Bristol, but Charles would hardly speak to him, and as the two Princes stood by the royal chair at supper, only Maurice was addressed.

Rupert demanded to be tried by a court martial. This was done, and the whole state of Bristol having been made known he was completely acquitted, and the King signed a paper, declaring that 'Our right dear nephew, Prince Rupert, is not guilty of the least want of courage or fidelity to us, or our service in that action.'

Rupert however, was not restored to his post, and the former affectionate familiarity was withdrawn from him. Charles no doubt contrasted his surrender with the desperate fidelity shown by the old Marquess of Winchester, who held out Basing House to the last extremity, though he was so feeble and gouty that he had to be carried out on a chair. But the Marquess had a small place to defend and a devoted garrison of servants, and all was his own. It was not like being a hated, distrusted foreigner, dealing with a large commercial city. There followed a hot dispute in the King's presence, occasioned by his superseding the governor of Newark, Sir Richard Willis, whom Rupert supported till Charles called out, 'Nephew, I command you to be gone.'

A large party followed Rupert and Maurice to Belvoir, whence they sent a request to Parliament for passports wherewith to leave the country, but these would only be granted on condition that they would pledge themselves not to serve the King again. This they would not give, and their passion have cooled, they remained at Woodstock, waiting for some opportunity of nobly winning their pardon.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXIV.

THE CONSECRATION AND COMMUNION.

Susan. We are come to the most sacred part of all our worship.

Aunt Anne. There are three germs, if we may say so, as absolutely necessary, and unvarying forms ordained directly by our Blessed Lord, of which we have circumstantial evidence.

S. The Lord's Prayer, and the words of Holy Baptism, and the Holy Eucharist. Yes; any tolerably instructed child can tell the when and the where of the ordaining them, and find the reference.

A. Moreover, observe that while two Evangelists give the injunction for the outward Ordinance of Baptism, and three for the Eucharist, St. John supplies the discourses in which our Blessed Master had previously taught the import of each.

S. You mean the conversation with Nicodemus in the third chapter, and the lessons on the Bread of Life in the sixth.

A. Yes. That discourse took place near the time of the Passover, previous to the great eternal Passover. Then our Lord has said, 'Whoso eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day' (John vi. 54).

S. And the people asked, 'How can this Man give us His Flesh to eat?' I see; they had the answer when He said, 'This is My Body.' But I have seen some explanations which said the sixth chapter of St. John was not meant to be taken literally at all.

A. Chiefly, if not entirely, by those who deny that the sacred words of institution are to be taken in earnest.

S. That has been the great controversy.

A. Vital, as we may say; but all arising from the determination to define, instead of simply accepting by faith. The verse ascribed to Queen Elizabeth—

'Christ took the Bread and brake it,
He gave the Word and spake it,
And what that Word doth make it,
That I believe and take it,'

expresses what was sufficient of faith for the Christians of old. They believed their Lord to be really present in the Sacrament. How, they did not know, nor say. It was not till the 9th century that one, Pascasius Radbertus, declared that by the words of Consecration, the

Bread and Wine were absolutely transformed into the sacred Flesh and Blood, only invisible to human eyes.

S. That is Transubstantiation.

A. The term was not used till later. The doctrine was at once combated as of late origin by one, Rabanus Maurus, the pupil of the English Alcuin, and by the divines of the English and Irish Churches (so says Dean Hook in his 'Church Dictionary'); but at the so called Lateran Council of 1215, under Innocent III., the word transubstantiated was first used, though not necessarily with the meaning afterwards attached to it.

S. And what is Luther's doctrine? I know it is called Consubstantiation.

A. Dr. Hook says, 'He and his followers maintained that after the Consecration of the Elements, the Body and Blood of the Saviour are substantially present together with the Bread and Wine.' In point of fact, Consubstantiation was only a term of reproach invented by the Zwinglians, who denied the presence altogether.

S. And our own doctrine is in the Catechism that the inward and spiritual Grace is the Body and Blood of Christ.

A. Christ's Body and Blood spiritually, and therefore really and absolutely present, so that we actually partake of them.

S. That is what is meant by the Real Presence.

A. Yes. We mean that in some manner, apart from the general Omnipresence of God, Christ in His human Flesh, which suffered for us, becomes present, and gives us to eat of the Body which was broken on the Cross. How we cannot tell, but by eating of the Bread and drinking of the Wine we are made to partake of the Body and Blood which were offered for us. You remember that to eat of a Sacrifice was usually needful to make the offerer participate in it.

S. Not with whole burnt offerings.

A. No; but in many cases, I think in all, there was a second animal besides the one consumed, which was eaten in token of reconciliation.

S. Everything had to be in part.

A. Many shadows cast from the very image (Heb. x. 1) in those days when the Jewish ritual was a parable for the time now present (Heb. ix. 9, Rev. Ver.).

S. Then the Holy Eucharist is our means of partaking of the Great Sacrifice as in the peace and meat offerings.

A. Observe the great words of institution, 'My Blood of the New Testament.'

S. New Covenant, I suppose, because all Covenants were sealed with the blood of sacrifice.

A. And, again, this *do* is *Touto poieis* in Greek, and the verb *poieo* is a far more expressive one than our *do* has become. It means primarily to cause or create, it is that from which the word *poet* comes, and in Alexandrian Greek, the Greek of the Septuagint

remember, it means to sacrifice.* So that we may quite fairly understand the word as conveying 'offer or sacrifice this as My Memorial.'

S. Did not the early Church call it the unbloody sacrifice?

A. Yes; in their belief that in their worship

'Flocks and herds shall bleed no more,
Staunched the flood of reeking gore.'

And thus arose the term *host*, from *hostia*, a sacrifice.

S. But is not that doctrine that the Holy Communion is a continual sacrifice, one of those Roman ones so strongly objected to?

A. I do not think the technical doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, as to the commemoration of the Sacrifice being offered, differs from ours.

'One offering, single and complete,
With lips and heart we say;
But what He never can repeat,
He shows forth day by day.'

I believe we agree in that—and that that Church owns, like ours, 'the one perfect and sufficient Sacrifice once offered,' and never renewed; but the belief in the physical transmutation of the Elements, together with the bespeaking Masses continually for special purposes, altogether led to a confusion in the popular mind, and each Celebration has been fancied to be a sacrificing of our Blessed Lord over again, instead of a commemorative showing forth of His Death and Sacrifice, giving all generations means of participating in the offering. Then Calvinism, more especially raged against the idea, and to this day repudiates the term priest, and refuses to recognise any kind of sacrificial purpose, but confines the Feast to an emblematic commemoration, and as it has been called, a club feast.

S. And it was popular exaggeration that led to the reaction which caused all those acts of sacrilege that we read of in histories of the Reformation.

A. That and what had come to be really held and defined as to transubstantiation. Adoration of the Host, as an actual portion of our Lord's Body, seemed to the minds of the Reformers to break the second Commandment, and they spoke scornfully—as you remember poor Lady Jane Grey did, and forbade the slightest token of reverence, even kneeling at the reception, and taking off the hat when the Host was being carried through the streets to a sick person. On the other hand, the Romanists' intense reverence was almost confined to the Host. That reserved, is what they hold to be the consecrating presence in a church. Our Prayer-book was arranged just at the time when controversy on the subject was at the hottest, and we trace this in the changes between the books of 1549 and 1552.

S. You said that in the first of these the Consecration was in one with the Church Militant prayer.

A. As in the Sarum liturgy. It came much earlier in the service than it now does, but the words are substantially the same as ours

* VIII in Liddell and Scott's Lexicon.

are still, except in one particular. The opening, confessing the completeness of the one Great Sacrifice, is identical.

S. 'A full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.'

A. Sacrifice, being the expiation or Atonement of which the burnt offering was a type; oblation, the peace offering; satisfaction, the sufficient satisfying of Justice upon sin.

S. As we learn about the 85th Psalm, so that Righteousness (or justice) and Peace have kissed one another.

A. Thus, then, the Great Sacrifice is pleaded, and these words are followed by the mention of our Lord's command at the time of the institution.

S. The *Do* this—with the full meaning of *do*.

A. In every liturgy there was an invocation of the Holy Spirit to descend and sanctify the Elements. Our book in 1549 had, 'With Thy Holy Spirit and Word vouchsafe to bless and sanctify these Thy gifts and creatures of Bread and Wine, that they may be unto us the Body and Blood of Thy most dearly beloved Son.' This was left out in 1552, in deference to the foreign reformers, but was restored in the Scottish liturgy. Bishop Cosin tried to have it replaced at the revision at the Restoration, but could not succeed for fear of alienating the Puritans. However, Bishop Wilson bids us use the invocation privately, and so do most of our best manuals.

S. Why was the objection to anything so right and suitable?

A. The almost frantic fear of countenancing the idea of a change in the substance of the Elements. The words, 'these Thy creatures,' were given in in 1549, and were meant to acknowledge God's creation of the Bread and Wine, in distinction to the Roman statement—meant piously, but repellant in terms—that *Sacerdas creat Deum*. Our prayer entreats that receiving God's created things, Bread and Wine, we may become partakers of Christ's Body and Blood. Then ensues the action of the priest.

S. The breaking of the Bread, in memory of our Blessed Lord's Body being bruised and wounded, as He said, 'This is My Body, which is broken for you' (1 Cor. xi. 15), and the laying his hand over the Wine in the Chalice, with the repetition of our Blessed Lord's own words over them.

A. The Priest is representing to us the Great High Priest once entered into the Heavens presenting His own wounded Body before the Mercy Seat as the atoning Sacrifice, and giving us to eat of it. It is the continuation, through all time, of the scene in the upper room.

S. The words are not exactly the same with those in any of the four versions in the New Testament. It is most like St. Paul's—in 1 Cor. xi.—but he has not the 'Likewise after supper,' nor, 'which is shed for you and for many.' Indeed, St. Luke alone has for you, and

St. Matthew, 'for the remission of sins'; and St. Paul only has, 'This do as oft as you drink it.'

A. We have, in fact, a collation of all the versions, going most by St. Paul's, which seems to have been the liturgical one, and, moreover, there is reason to think was taught by direct revelation from Heaven. The point is the continuance to us of our Lord's own personal consecration and administration.

S. It is the most solemn time of all in our worship—when He becomes above all present with us.

A. In His human nature, uniting the Great High Priest and the Lamb, 'as It had been slain,' receiving the adoration of all beings in Heaven and earth, as we read in the Apocalypse. But here, again, I have to tell you of our unhappy divisions. To mark, honour, and protract this solemn time was once the object. The priest, standing in front of the altar, raised the Host on high, and a little bell was rung—

S. The Elevation bell?

A. Yes; to warn the people who had been going on with their own prayers independently, not attending to the Latin service, that the actual consecration had taken place, so that all knelt with intensified prayer. Then came the commemoration of the departed, the Lord's Prayer, the *Agnus Dei* (O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, etc.), and the summons to the communicants, with their confession and absolution. But the Reformers, first in 1549, introduced the rubric, 'turning still to the altar, without any elevation, or showing the Sacrament to the people.'

S. To prevent their adoring it.

A. To prevent the confusion between the real spiritual presence of our Lord with that material presence in the Host, which reaction against the gross corporeal form of explanation made them more and more ready to deny. And then in 1552, the whole order was changed, so as to leave no space at all between the Consecration and Communion.

S. It was a loss.

A. A loss brought on us by the errors of those who encouraged a material rather than a spiritual worship. But remember, that all that is essential is saved.

S. I know the kneeling to receive was not saved without a great effort, lasting up to the Rebellion; and there is a rubric about it.

A. Many persuaded themselves that the Apostles sat at the first reception; but besides that this idea arose from supposing it to have been at the Supper, even thus the Eastern habit would have been to sit on the floor, so that the Apostles would rise on their knees to receive.

S. The Scotch sit round tables, I know.

A. All Calvinists do, and very hard was the struggle that the Laudean Bishops had, for the Puritainical clergy tolerated and even

favoured the practice, fancying that kneeling was superstitious and idolatrous; but after the Restoration the battle proved to have been won, and there was no more difficulty. The words, too, have their history. In early times it appears that the deacon proclaimed '*Sancta sanctis.*'

S. The holy for the holy.

A. The people answered, '*Unus Sanctus, unus Dominus Christus.*' Then the clergy communicated, the people meanwhile washing their hands and faces. They then went up, the men holding out the right hand hollowed, with the left hand crossed under it, 'making the left a throne for the right,' as St. Cyril called it; the women holding a linen cloth between their two hands. To each was said, '*Corpus Christi;*' the answer was, 'Amen.' In the 6th century the addition was made, 'The Body and Blood of the Lord avail thee for the remission of sins and for everlasting life.' The Sarum missal had, 'The Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life.' This in King Edward's first Prayer-book was divided so as to suit the Communion in both kinds, and 'Which was given for thee' was inserted. Then in 1559, the counter influence prevailed to give up this ancient part, and use instead, 'Take this,' and 'Drink this,' with the latter part of the present form; but Queen Elizabeth restored the original affirmation, without forbidding the latter portion to be used.

S. Why do Roman Catholics only communicate in one kind?

A. The laity you mean. It is very hard to say, especially in the face of our Lord's injunction, 'Drink ye *all* of this,' and in point of fact they have so little to say in defence of the deprivation that they have been willing to grant the Cup when it has been made a condition of Communion. They did so to the Bohemian Calixtines, and I think they have done so in the case of Eastern bodies of Christians; but I am not sure. It was almost granted to the Germans at the first meeting at Trent. Indeed, it was not till the 13th century that the habit of denying it began, and it did not become universal till the fifteenth.

S. But why was it?

A. First, it seems, because one chalice would not hold enough for all, and also because of anxieties as to the danger of spilling, and it was argued in defence, what I suppose was true, that when the Holy Eucharist was sent by little children, as by Tarcisius, to martyrs in prison, it could have been only under the species of Bread.

S. Surely it might have been dipped.

A. Perhaps; and though I should be far from saying that none of the good and obedient children of Rome can make a sufficient Communion, I do say, as Dr. Pusey did, that the privilege of Communion in both kinds is one of the greatest of our Church.

S. Another thing, was not water used with the Wine?

A. Certainly. The Passover cups were known to be of mingled water and wine, and there is no doubt that all Churches mixed them, referring to the Blood and Water when our Lord's side was pierced. There was a rubric enjoining it in 1549; but this was omitted in 1552, though the custom was not prohibited anywhere, but it was seldom carried out, and though it is now done, in many churches, as in accordance with primitive and truly Catholic practice, it is not thought well to restore it, where congregations are too ignorant to understand it, since it would be a crime to shock a person at such a sacred moment.

S. And the Bread. Ours is ordinary bread, but Roman Catholics have the wafer. You said, when we were talking about the Offertory, that the people brought it, so ours must be nearer to the old practice.

A. I see it quoted that Cæsarius, Bishop of Arles, said a man ought to blush at communicating from another person's oblation. The bread, however, was made with special care by the heads of the family themselves, if pious and scrupulous. We know of the Emperor Valens so doing. He was an Arian, but it shows the custom; also we hear of a lady doing so in the time of St. Gregory the Great. She even ground the wheat herself, and so did St. Radegund, the Frank Queen, for whom the hymn *Vexilla Regis* (the Royal banners) was written. The pieces would naturally be made small, as each was only to serve a family, and there is reason to think it was unleavened.

S. The original Bread of the first Eucharist *must* have been unleavened. And the custom most likely went on, as St. Paul says, 'Not with the old leaven, or the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.'

A. I suppose carelessness must have come in, for in the 9th century a Latin canon forbade the use of any bread except that made by the priests or their attendants in their own presence, whilst appropriate psalms were sung, and the materials were to be offered by different families in turn. Then carelessness increased; money was taken instead of corn, and the priests ceased to watch the making. It became, however, the custom to make each piece sufficient for one communicant, a circle of the size of a penny, and stamped with our Blessed Lord's figure, and the monogram. The Greeks stamp it with a cross.

S. That is the Host or Sacrifice.

A. Yes. In the first English Prayer-book the bread was prescribed to be unleavened, round, but not stamped, and large enough to be broken and divided. The second, as you see in the rubric at the end, says that it should suffice to have ordinary wheaten bread of the finest kind, provided at the expense of the parish, so as to keep up the participation in the offering.

S. The leavening is not mentioned.

A. Remember that leaven is a very different thing from our yeast.

and absolutely makes bread so sour, as to remind us of malice and wickedness.

S. Have not attempts been made to restore the use of the wafer bread?

A. Yes, in one case leading to the awful sacrilege of a stranger reserving a piece and producing it in a court of law. I know people feel differently about it; but to my mind, the ordinary wheaten bread is in accordance with primitive custom, and a consecration of our daily food, like the offering the first fruits. But wafer bread is really no other than fine wheaten bread.

S. I must go now.

A. I am sorry that dwelling on this highest and most sacred part of our worship has involved us in so much recollection of controversy rather than devotion. But so it is. All that is best has been secured to us by a struggle, and we must know the rights of that contention in order to understand what we may have to defend.

Let me add some corrections of mistakes in the last. Anaphora denotes the offering of the Bread and Wine on the Altar. Then though *Trisagion* and *Tersanctus* have the same meaning they do not refer to the same hymn. Our *Tersanctus* is called by the Greeks the Hymn of Victory or Seraphic Hymn. Their *Trisagion* is Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy on us. Also, I was wrong about the proper Preface. Proper is used in contradistinction to common, which is the title of the ordinary preface. And the syllable *-face* comes from *fari* to say, not *facere* to do. I am thankful for these corrections.

EVERY-DAY JERUSALEM.

So much has been written about Jerusalem from every point of view, that it would be superfluous for any one to write a fresh account of their travels in the Holy Land. But it seems to me, as a humble lover of the old, old city, that there are some popular misconceptions repeated in almost all such books, which may be well worth the while of such a one to endeavour to remove. They are almost all due to the fact, I think, that most people who go to visit Jerusalem do so at the same time of the year—during the late winter and spring, when the great Easter pilgrimages take place. This in itself is partly due to one of these popular misconceptions, I think—the idea that Jerusalem in summer is unbearably hot. Many a man, who cannot easily get a holiday except during the months of July, August, and September, would put aside the idea of Syrian travel at such a time as out of the question, for this reason.

Six or seven years ago my brothers and I rode from Jaffa to Ashdod, from Ashdod to Gaza, from Gaza, through smaller villages, to Gath, from Gath to Hebron, and from thence to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, in July. Except just the middle of the day, when we generally rested under cover, it was never too hot, and in the early mornings there was often a cry for great coats and blankets. This summer, in company with a clergyman of the Church of England and a nursing sister on leave from her hospital, I spent three weeks in Jerusalem in late July and August. We used to go out at nine every morning, and come in about eleven, go out again between three and four, and come in after sunset. In the evening it was sometimes too cold to sit on the balcony without warm cloaks, and always we had a fresh north breeze blowing.

But a far more serious misconception is that Jerusalem is the abode of rival religious factions at enmity with each other, and it is generally added with a shudder that Mohammedan soldiers are necessary to preserve order in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. I can only say that till I went to Jerusalem I never really understood what Christian unity could be; and both my companions of this summer most heartily agreed with me. One can readily understand that at the time of the great pilgrimages, when thousands of densely ignorant men of rival nationalities jostle and cross each other in Jerusalem, it may be necessary to station extra guards at all the principal places; just as in the case of any great ceremonial occurring in London, whether religious or otherwise, we double the number of the men appointed to preserve order. But for three

weeks we went almost daily into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at all hours of the day—for even if we had only a few moments to spare we felt that we gained much by the visit—and in all that time we never saw a Turkish soldier near the place, nor any sign of disagreement between the many sects who frequent it habitually. We saw, indeed, a doorkeeper, who might have been a Mohammedan, but whom I have every reason to suppose to be a Christian. I only say he might have been a Mohammedan, because these doorkeepers, or boabs, as we call them, form almost a separate class in the East, and are employed to sit at the entrance of every public building and almost every private house, without the smallest reference to the religion or nationality of the family whom they serve. The English church in Cairo has such a boab, but he is merely a ‘hewer of wood and drawer of water,’ and no one would dream of empowering him to keep order.

But though in every-day Jerusalem you see no Turkish soldiers except in their own barracks and guard-houses, you are wonderfully impressed with the entirely Christian character of the old Jewish stronghold. Morning and evening church bells sound from tower to tower, the symbol of the Cross meets you at every turn, and if there be a rivalry between the various branches and divisions of the One Great Church of Christ, it is a rivalry of good works. Almost all are more or less actively employed in Christian work; but it may be roughly said, perhaps, that the Greeks have the best libraries and colleges, the Latins the best hospitals, and the Reformed Church the best schools and workshops. And all without exception meet and worship in one common church, in the Holy Sepulchre of Christ.

This is the great lesson of Jerusalem, and the one almost inevitably missed by those who only go there at the fashionable time and understand none of the languages which they hear spoken around them. Daily and hourly, year after year, and generation after generation, prayer goes up from that central altar of Christendom in every tongue spoken on the face of the earth—Persian and Hebrew, Greek and Latin, Arabic and Armenian, Russian, Italian, Spanish, German, French, and English, besides countless dialects. Very rarely will you find the tiny shrine, which is called the Sepulchre itself, untenanted, even for a moment. Perhaps a woman, so shrouded in black robes that it is hopeless to discover her nationality, crouches in the corner, her only audible prayer a broken-hearted sobbing. Then a youth in Turkish dress comes in hastily, and standing upright before the altar, lifts his arms to heaven and bursts into his petition with passionate cries, yet in a tone hushed by intense reverence almost to a whisper. He is followed by a Latin monk who kneels and crosses himself in earnest, if formal devotion. After him a shepherd from the Judean hills, in the rough but picturesque garb of the East, treads the marble with brown unshod feet, and reverently removes the turban which he would doff for no human dignitary, as he repeats his simple prayer.

Then a Greek priest pauses at the entrance to take off his black cap and shake a flowing mass of hair upon his shoulders—so worn, as they believe, in imitation of our Saviour. A young girl, with a white lace veil upon her head, and evidently in festal dress, comes in attended by one friend—the shrine will not hold more than three people at a time—to consecrate her day by an act of devotion. All these and many more I watched myself during the quiet hours of meditations which we spent in the church. There was a reality and an earnestness about it all which lifted one far above the depressing influences of the hideous architecture and the tawdry decorations. The daily service of the Latins is a processional one, and leads them round to every chapel and holy place in the church. At each station they repeat a prayer and chant a hymn which in more than one case is the original of hymns sung in English in our own churches. The Greeks do keep to their own chapel, which is by far the handsomest in the church; but the Patriarch upholds the idea of Christian unity by always going first with his attendant priests to offer up a solemn prayer at the shrine of the Sepulchre. Here also the officiating robes are brought to him, and he is solemnly invested with them at the shrine before he passes into the Greek chapel. The utmost courtesy prevails; whether you ask for information from a Latin or Greek, you are sure to meet with a quick readiness to serve and help you. One morning we had been sitting for a little while in the Chapel of the Calvary, which is raised many feet above the ground-floor of the church, and is reached by a steep flight of steps. When we moved to descend one of the Greek Priests who had been at his prayers there beckoned to us to wait a moment; and bringing a light at the end of a pole, directed our attention to a curious old mosaic on the ceiling, which we had not observed. Afterwards, being demoralized by the ways of the East, we offered him backsheesh; but he drew back with a smiling dignified gesture and refused it. This happened to us several times in Jerusalem, till we grew very shy of offering what in all other Eastern countries is demanded as a right. Nor were we ever molested by guides or people anxious to take us round the different sights except once—at a ruined Christian church, now turned into a mosque, with the addition of a minaret, on the top of the Mount of Olives—where the Mohammedan custodians clamoured and quarrelled for backsheesh in the usual way. Also at Bethany the children were a little troublesome at first, but soon desisted from following us. As a rule we wandered where we liked without hindrance or even followers.

We spent two nights at the Latin Convent at Bethlehem, and here, in the grotto of the Nativity, there was certainly a Turkish soldier. I thought this was curious, and I afterwards asked the cheery old monk who waited upon us, if the soldier was a Mohammedan. He expressed the greatest surprise, almost indignation, at the supposition, and assured me that by a special arrangement with the Government

none but Christian soldiers were ever allowed to do duty in the Christian holy places. As far as Bethlehem is concerned, indeed, almost all the inhabitants of the place are Christian. In the early mornings the corridors of the convent are full of mothers and their babies. All such are doctored here gratuitously, for the sake of the Blessed Babe and His Mother.

It is of course a special advantage in any Eastern travelling to be able to speak Arabic. We needed no dragoman and when we did want a guide, almost any urchin out of the street would serve our purpose. While at Bethlehem we walked to Solomon's pools, much to the astonishment of our monk, who, though he promised to have dinner ready for us at eight o'clock, evidently did not in the least expect to see us back at that time. We chartered a small boy to carry our tea-things, and show us the path over the hills, and of all our walks this summer we enjoyed few more. These are the hills on which the shepherds watched their flocks by night, eighteen centuries ago, and further back still young David roamed over them in charge of his father's flocks. And shepherds wandering over the stony hill-sides with their herd of mingled sheep and goats, exactly as they have done for so many centuries, were all we met to-day. The air was full of the scent of wild thyme, and every now and then the openings into Solomon's old conduit gave us glimpses of the purest and coolest water. But I will not write of the pools, or the sealed fountain into which we descended, lest I should weary you with what must seem stale description. As we came back, some discussion arose between us concerning a distant hill of a peculiar outline, which we identified with a certain mountain mentioned in Josephus. We asked the boy for its name in Arabic, and he gave us a word signifying in English 'Paradise.'

'Is it possible to ascend it?' I asked.

'No,' he answered immediately. 'No one can go up there, because there are two angels with fiery swords guarding it, who would kill any one who came too near.'

The boy made this surprising statement in a perfectly indifferent tone, as if he had informed us that Turkish soldiers guarded the Mosque of Omar. Whether or no he represented the prevailing belief in Bethlehem, we did not remain long enough to discover.

Jerusalem is full of strange people, some of them English, who are attracted there in some mysterious way, and never seem able to leave it. Of those who are alive, and with whom we made acquaintance, it would not of course become me to speak here. But one grave in the English cemetery touched us very much. It was marked by a large cross rudely made of rough wood. The man who lay beneath it was an Englishman who had fallen ill in Jerusalem, and never left it afterwards, though he lived for many years. Every Friday he went through the streets of Jerusalem bearing this cross upon his shoulder, and calling upon every one to repent. When he died they

set up the cross which he had borne so long, as the most fitting monument to his memory.

Another day we engaged a dragoman, more out of compliment to the friend who had recommended him, than because we really wanted him, and put ourselves under his guidance. He said he would show us the best view of all Jerusalem. We followed up the steep streets without inquiry, and were a little embarrassed to find ourselves suddenly introduced into what was evidently a private house inhabited by an English speaking family, of whose American nationality there could be no doubt. Naturally we drew back, and began to make apologies and explanations, but were left no time to finish them. One member after another of the family came forward to welcome us as heartily as if we were personal friends, and we were entreated to rest in their cool Syrian room, with its arched stone ceiling, before proceeding to the roof to look at the view, which is very extensive and fine. By this time we had grown so accustomed to finding that almost every foreign resident in Jerusalem was actively engaged in Christian work of some kind or other, that I concluded we had been brought unawares to some school or institution. But when I asked the question of the lady who was talking to me, and whom I afterwards learned was their 'Prophetess,' she answered that they did not feel called to any work of that kind.

'We were living in Chicago like other people,' she said; 'we were not relations or closely connected in any way. But we had a call from the Lord to come and wait here for His second coming, and we just left everything and came. We have been here about four years now, one or two others have joined us, and we are just waiting for the Lord.'

She spoke of slander and misrepresentation, and, indeed, I must confess that the single uncharitable speech which I heard uttered by any one we met during those three weeks of our stay at Jerusalem was in connection with this American colony. They all seemed wonderfully happy and content in each others society. There were nearly twenty members of the community altogether I should think, they filled two houses, standing close together. I could not help thinking of the much larger band of Americans who had come over with the same idea some years before, under the leadership of Mr. Adams, and how sadly that had all ended. But I did not recall that history to her. And indeed they seemed to be very well off, and could probably afford to wait without fear of the sufferings which came upon their predecessors in the like faith.

Another thing struck us very much. In most celebrated cities and places which we had visited the residents, whether Europeans or otherwise, had generally seemed somewhat indifferent to the 'sights' among which they dwelt, and scarcely ever went near them unless to take 'tourists' of their acquaintance and guests. But in Jerusalem every one was keenly interested, not only with a controversial interest

in the sites themselves, but in everything relating to the country. I say controversial, but I feel that the word gives a wrong impression. For though we heard much discussion of different opinions, in no instance did we find any trace of personal animosity or intolerance. The spirit of love presides over the whole Christian Society. To us of course the discussion between two sites, only a few hundred yards from each other, was of little interest, since in neither case could that be the actual dust which the sacred Feet had trodden, or the actual buildings upon which His eyes rested. If we wanted to dwell upon the outward aspect of that awful scene when the Son of Man was crucified, we made our way to the still lonely hill outside the present city wall; and sat down to meditate among the tombs. But if we wanted to realise the meaning and consequences of the world's tragedy, we knelt at the sacred shrine, before which almost ever since the prayers and tears of the whole Christian world have been poured out, as at the Feet of its crucified Lord.

And, indeed, when we found that the question of the probability of the traditional sites being over the true ones had never been seriously raised till after the Reformation, when the Reformed branches of the Church could not bear to worship in company with the Old Catholics, we thought, if it had mattered to us, that their cause needed rather stronger arguments to support it than any that we heard adduced. But leaving that aside, the love and interest shown by the workers in Jerusalem in the country of their adoption are very great. One lady had spent the leisure hours of a very busy life for twenty years in painting accurately all the flowers she found in Palestine, from the greatest to the least. A gentleman showed us a collection of all the skins of every animal and every bird that inhabited the country. But of all things shown us by these kind and friendly people, the one which interested us most was a very curious model. It had been made by Mr. S., a German by birth and an architect by profession. He told me that it was forty years since he had come to live in Jerusalem, and that he had occupied all his spare time ever since in the study of Jerusalem, past and present. He had personally assisted at much of the work done by the Palestine Exploration Fund, and knew everything that had been discovered by it. The actual construction of his model had occupied him eight years; the study and preparation for it many more.

The model occupied a room to itself, and in its first stage presents a model of the hill upon which the present Mosque of Omar is built, showing the outline of the rock underneath the surface soil, as determined by successive excavations. Upon this he builds before your eyes Solomon's Temple, as it stood in all its glory. Then he takes away this Temple, alters the rock a little to represent some cutting work undertaken by the restorers, and builds up the Temple and walls of Nehemiah. Again he takes this to pieces and produces the Temple of Herod with all its Roman surroundings. Finally he

clears it all away, adds on a fresh covering to the rock which represents its present level, and builds the present Mosque of Omar exactly as it stands on its huge platform, and with all the surrounding buildings.

Naturally it will be said that these must be merely arbitrary creations of his own brain; and as such we were at first inclined to regard them. But as we drew him into conversation we began to understand that the wonderfully minute and patient study he had bestowed upon the subject, might well have resulted in a fair approximation to the actual facts. It is impossible to repeat all he said, but one remark may be quoted as showing the principles on which he worked. 'I found three sets of measurements given,' he said, 'one in the Bible, one in the Talmud, and one in Josephus—I never allowed myself to accept any part of my model unless it agreed with all these measurements. I never permitted myself to say—Josephus must have exaggerated in this—the Bible must have an error of transcription here. I tried every style and every form for each part of the buildings one after another, until I found the one which agreed with all.' He told us, moreover, among other things, that he had started with the preconceived idea that the sacred rock which the Mohammedan adopted as their own and reverence in their mosque, must have been the site of one particular altar in Solomon's Temple, and tried to make the measurements fit accordingly; but after many attempts, came to the conclusion that it must have been another altar—I think the unhewn altar for burnt offerings—and then all the measurements connected with it came right. Being struck with the remarkable impartiality with which he discussed subjects so near his heart, I asked him whether he held the modern opinion that most of the traditional sites in Jerusalem were entirely wrong. He answered that he certainly came to Jerusalem and began his studies with that idea, but that the more he went into the question the more constrained he found himself to admit that the Protestant theories were untenable. Now he felt sure that the traditional sites were more likely to be over the true ones than any others; as all the facts which could be discovered told in their favour.

Almost on the last day of our stay in Jerusalem we walked out to the Convent of the Holy Cross, a large Greek college and convent, which has been more subject to persecution and attack from the Turks than any other in or near Jerusalem. On one terrible occasion, I think about two hundred years ago, the place was stormed by them, and all the monks massacred in cold blood. We found some curious MS. in the library, and a large collection of modern books. As usual we received the utmost courtesy and attention from every one, and on our departure the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, who comes out every evening to sleep in the convent, arrived, and begged us all to come and see him at the Jerusalem Palace the next day. We did not fail

to accept the invitation, and had a really interesting interview with his Holiness, though he understood little but Greek, and therefore our Dean's ancient Greek had to be helped out by an interpreter who understood very little English or French. He was evidently very much interested in what he was saying, and we wished we could have understood more of it. But we understood that he was talking about the unity of the Christain Church, and how much he desired to be on friendly terms with all branches of it. He spoke of the correspondence which he had had, both with English and American clergymen on the subject, and asked various questions, most of which we failed to comprehend. But we parted on the most excellent terms, and he presented the Dean with a large photograph of himself in his black robes, and the sister and myself each with a string of mother-of-pearl beads.

My paper, however, has already far exceeded the limits which I assigned to it when I began. Many pages would not relate the lessons we learned, and the enjoyments we experienced in those three quiet weeks. I only wished to assure those who think longingly, yet doubtfully of the Holy City, that in spite of everything that can be said, and the many real disappointments, inseparable from all Eastern experiences, the spirit of Christ does indeed in the highest sense reign in every-day Jerusalem.

ABOUT NOVELS BY EDNA LYALL.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I have been set thinking by reading two books, which have been a good deal talked about lately—*Donovan* and *We Two*, both written by Edna Lyall. The books are worth reading, and very attractive in a certain way; but after two careful perusals of them, I have been forced to the conclusion that they are full of danger, and that danger the greater inasmuch as it is veiled under the very alluring disguise of high aspirations and nobility of aim and character.

To explain what I mean, I must briefly give you the outline of the stories. *Donovan* is first introduced to us as a boy of nearly eighteen, expelled from school for gambling. His father, an Indian officer, who understands something of his son's reserved and peculiar nature, dies very suddenly, leaving the boy to live with a silly unsympathetic mother, and a little crippled sister, Dot, who is the one object of his love and tenderness. During the time that his parents were in India, Donovan had been left in charge of a very odious old servant, who treated the child harshly, and let him grow up an absolute heathen; and he seems to have had no religious teaching at school. So, when he settles at home, he declines to go to church, and declares himself an atheist, to the scandal of the neighbourhood; and he is much strengthened in his convictions by hearing a lecture given by a certain Luke Raeburn, an eminent Secularist, whose history is given in *We Two*. Raeburn's father was a Scotch Episcopalian clergyman, who, when his son declined to take Holy Orders on account of religious doubts, turned him out of the house. To quote the author's own words, 'It was a curious history. First, there had been that time of grievous doubt; then he had been thrown upon the world, friendless and penniless, with the beliefs and hopes hitherto most sacred to him dead, and in their places an aching blank. He had suffered much. Treated on all sides with harshness and injustice, it was indeed wonderful that he had not developed into a mere hater, a passionate down-puller. But there was in his character a nobility which would not allow him to rest at this low level. The bitter hostility and injustice which he encountered did indeed warp his mind, and every year of controversy made it more impossible for him to take an unprejudiced view of Christ's teaching; but nevertheless he could not remain a mere destroyer.

'In that time of blankness, when he had lost all faith in God,

when he had been robbed of friendship and family love, he had seized desperately on the one thing left him—the love of humanity. To him atheism meant not only the assertion, “The word God is a word without meaning; it conveys nothing to my understanding.” He added . . . a singularly high code of duty. . . . He held that the only happiness worth having was that which came to a man while engaged in promoting the general good; that the whole duty of man was to devote himself to the service of others. And he lived his creed. . . . His zeal for what he regarded as the “gospel” of atheism grew and strengthened year by year.’

Thus his mental attitude is described: in outward appearance he ‘was very tall, of remarkably benign aspect, middle-aged, yet venerable—or perhaps better described by the word “devotional-looking” —pervaded too by a certain majesty of calmness which seemed scarcely suited to his character of public agitator.’

This is all very charming, but is it *true*? Is it a fact that, in this age of free thought and free talk, any man meets with general persecution on account of his religious opinions, especially if they are of a negative kind? And a still more serious question suggests itself. How far is this high morality without religion possible? Are the lives of the leading secularists, as much of them as is public property, so entirely edifying? Can frail human nature conquer all its evil tendencies, subdue all its weaknesses, simply from the vaguest and most abstract of motives, ‘the love of humanity’? These questions arise again and again during the reading of the two volumes before me.

I will, however, leave them for a time, and revert to Donovan’s impressions of Luke Raeburn. ‘The very first sentence which fell on his ear forced him to listen as though his whole life depended on it—“I can find, and you can give me no *proof* of God’s existence.” The words caused an electric thrill of sympathy in his heart. He stood motionless, quite unconscious of all around, his whole being absorbed in the argument of the lecturer—this man, who, through the firmness of his convictions, was spending his life in trying to overthrow what he termed the “mischievous delusion of popular Christianity.” . . . What was he upholding too? Self-restraint, self-sacrifice, temperance, truth at whatever cost. There was indeed much that was noble and elevating in his speech, only the one great blank, which to Donovan was no blank at all.’

So Donovan goes on, further embittered by his mother’s marriage with an unprincipled cousin of his father’s; and after a while the little sister—who had learnt Christianity from a good young nurse-maid—dies. At her funeral an episode is introduced, which appears to me utterly strained and unnatural. ‘Donovan was far too miserable to notice the looks of shrinking aversion or righteous indignation which some of the congregation turned on him as the procession passed out to the grave, but just outside the porch, in a momentary

pause, one whispered sentence fell on his ear—"Oh, no, atheists are always hard and unfeeling."

Presently Donovan is turned out of his home by his step-father, and for some time makes his living as a gambler and card-sharper. During a severe illness he reads the New Testament, or rather the Gospels—for throughout both stories hardly any allusion is made to any other part of the Bible. This study makes him reflect. 'Modern Christianity—or the so-called Christianity which had been brought under his notice—offered no attractions to him. The whole system seemed to him hollow and false. . . . But the life of Christ was grand! Such an unexampled career of noble self-devotion filled him with wonder and reverence. However much the misguided followers had fallen off, there could be no doubt that the mind of Christ had been—he naturally used the past tense—one of dazzling purity and beauty. . . . "Just get me that if you're passing a book-shop." The captain looked at the paper, lifted his eyebrows, but did not venture any comments. On it was written "*Renan's Life of Jesus.*"'

Through many troubles and much cruelty from professing Christians, Donovan gradually comes to a state of what he calls 'agnosticism;' and is finally led to a definite acceptance of Christianity by a clergyman called Charles Osmond, who is a principal figure in both these stories. The way in which the truth of the Fatherhood and the love of God comes to Donovan while he is watching by the death-bed of his step-father, whom he discovers to have destroyed his father's will, and yet nurses him in small-pox and forgives him freely, is very beautifully told; so beautifully that it seems hard to point out that the idea of repentance is not even suggested; and that the thought of the possibility of 'eternal loss' is firmly put aside. Donovan believes in a future life, *because* he feels that this wretched man whose whole life has been one long course of deceit and wickedness, whose 'death-bed repentance,' so to call it, is merely the terror of appearing before an offended Judge, must have an opportunity of learning to do better. The power of the Atonement is not hinted at, as indeed why should it be, when no reconciliation is deemed needful?

And this is the terrible flaw in these books. Our Lord's 'character' is dwelt on with full admiration and appreciation; but I cannot find that the writer has grasped the whole meaning of the Incarnation. The following passage in *We Two* could hardly have been written by a full believer in His Divinity. 'In moments of great agony we do not—in fact cannot—distinguish between the real and the apparent. *Christ Himself could not do it.*' (The italics are mine.)

The story of *We Two* tells of the conversion to Christianity of Luke Raeburn's only child. This is effected through the instrumentality of the same Mr. Osmond who influenced Donovan. He is described as a sort of 'liberal' High Churchman, and Erica Raeburn is baptised and confirmed at his church, and goes to early Communion.

But an even more noticeable strain of intentional vagueness of doctrine runs through this book than that which I have tried to point out in the other. For instance: 'I should call all true lovers of humanity Christians,' replied Brian, 'whether they are consciously followers of Christ or not.' Again, Mr. Osmond says, 'If He did indeed love His children, and would fain have had them for ever with Him, but could not, then He would not be all-powerful.' 'I see you are a universalist,' replies Erica, 'a great contrast to my Early Father here who gloats over the delightful prospect of watching from his comfortable heaven the tortures of all unbelievers.' Later on in the book, Donovan, who appears again upon the scenes, thus explains away the doctrine of future punishment. He and his two little children have just been listening to a sermon on the subject. These comments follow. 'I don't like God,' exclaimed Ralph, abruptly. 'Oh, you naughty!' exclaimed Dolly, much shocked. 'No, it isn't naughty. I don't think He's good. Why, do you think father would let us be shut up in a horrid place for always and always? Course he wouldn't. I spects, if we'd got to go, he'd come too.' . . . 'Ralph,' Donovan said, 'if any one told you that I might some day leave off loving you, leave off being your father, what would you do?' 'I'd knock them down!' said Ralph . . . 'Why would you feel inclined to knock them down?' he asked. 'Because it would be a wicked lie!' cried Ralph, 'because I know you never could, father!' 'You are quite right. Of course I never could. You would never believe any one who told you that I could, because you would know it was impossible. But just now you believed what some one said about God, though you wouldn't have believed it of me. Never believe anything that contradicts "Our Father." It will be our Father punishing us now and hereafter, and you may be sure that He will do the best possible for all His children. You are quite sure that I should only punish you to do you good, and how much more sure may you be that God, Who loves you so much more, will do the same, and will never give you up.' I fail to see how this doctrine can be reconciled with that of man's freedom of will; and our Lord's very awful words in St. Matt. xii. 31, 32, about the sin 'which shall never be forgiven,' are entirely left out of account.

The heading of the chapter which contains the account of Raeburn's death, firm and exultant in his secularism, is 'Mors Janua Vitæ.' Is not this, to say the least, presumptuous?

'Then is there hope for such as die unblest,
That angel-wings may waft them to the shore.'

I will not multiply quotations. I think I have already shown sufficient justification for my opinion that the books are dangerous. A bias is perceptible in every page. Mr. Osmond is the only clergyman, he and his family are almost the only Christians represented as in any way living up to the spirit of Christ's teaching. All the others are mean, selfish, untruthful or persecuting. The Secularists,

on the contrary, possess (and this, I think, without exception) the opposite virtues. They are all actuated by the noblest motives, the purest love of humanity. Comprising as they do the ablest men of the day, professors and I know not what besides, they are persecuted and ill-treated by all except a very few large-hearted Christians.

Raeburn meets his death through an assault made on him as he is preparing to give a lecture on a Sunday evening against 'the miserable delusions of Christianity,' and so 'dies a blessed martyr'—but to what? The talent of the author makes one for the time blind to the unreality of all this; our sympathies cannot fail to be with the oppressed who show themselves so far superior to their oppressors. But books which profess to deal with what French writers call '*Mœurs Contemporaines*' should exhibit a careful study of facts. And fortunately we need not evolve the facts, in this case at any rate, out of our own consciousness. Have you read the *Life of Ellen Watson*? There we have the *true* story of the gradual conversion of a noble nature from darkness to light, from atheism to Christianity. True, her atheism was never of an aggressive kind. But she herself tells us that exact science entirely satisfied her, that she felt no need of any religion whatever; and till she was about twenty-two she professed none. Was she persecuted, shunned, ill-treated? Far from it; some of her best friends were Christians, and apparently the only suffering she had to endure in connection with her religious views was the mental struggle inevitable to a mind truthful and logical as was hers. She belonged to this generation, her contemporaries are still young, every detail of her life was modern, and the argument that the times have changed will not apply to her case. And, as regards the faith that she embraced, though truly the first ray of light came from the sense of the Presence and Fatherhood of God, yet she did not stop there, but went on 'from strength to strength' and step by step to a far fuller realization of the Church's doctrines.

I trust that I may not be thought wanting in appreciation of the great charm and talent of these books. In these days, when so much aimless trash is written and read, it is refreshing to meet with novels written with a high and earnest purpose, written too with the utmost refinement of thought and language. I feel sure that the author's aim has been to inspire more charity of thought and speech towards those who differ from us, and to show the infinite harm done by the narrowness of spirit which cannot distinguish between the man and his opinions. But, in striving for strict impartiality, it is often possible to overshoot the mark, and though we are forbidden to judge, we are often reminded that there will be a judgment. Christian faith and hope and love must not be allowed to degenerate into vagueness and sentimentality.

Yours, etc., E.

THE GIRLHOOD QUESTION.

DEAR ARACHNE,

What is the life's vocation? Where is the call of God? In the outward circumstances, amid which He has placed us, or in the powers, impulses, and talents which He has also planted in our souls? Has not this question always divided the world, and do not the good girls of the past and present generations give it, in the main, a different answer? Is not this the clue to the two different types which puzzle each other alike for good and evil? Your earlier readers were taught to give the first answer. The will, even the wishes of parents, the small daily needs of the immediate home life were to be complied with at any sacrifice save that of absolute principle; happiness, taste, talents, almost *individuality* were laid down without a murmur, sacrificed for ever to the immediate outward call. And no one need look far either in the facts or in the fiction of that generation to find the true "spirit" of self-denial. "There were giants in the earth in those days." But the dwarfs *do* sit upon their shoulders, and looking perhaps a little further on through life, they think they see mistakes in some of its forms. Give them time to grow to the spirit. They do not feel sure that "one step" should limit the gaze. They see "the distant scene" more clearly. They think that strong affections, strong talents, do call them with a voice to which they must listen, and in its sound, louder if less certain, they do no doubt miss too often the softer call that sounds from without. It is only too easy to see, how obeying the call pointed out by the individual nature—the inward vocation, may deafen the ears to all calls of other individual needs, *may* in fact result in pure selfishness.

It is not quite so easy to see that these calls are intended to be obeyed, and that if disregarded they will not cease and cannot be conquered all the life through; and that, therefore, through them is the intended means of service, the only possible and harmonious way of being useful and good; that in fact these inward voices *are* God's call to a special state of life in which, and in which only, we can, literally, very often "get our own living," and certainly do our duty as He intended it to be done. And no object can be carried out without strong denial of the baser parts of self.

It is plain that these two different views point out different forms of self-denial. They can only be reconciled by its truest spirit, the spirit of "do unto others as you would they should do unto you," with its call to vigorous self-sacrifice, and also with the limitation.

implied in it, which one school of thought casts on the Gospel view as a reproach.

The one side will then see, that in domestic as well as in national or Church life, there *are* crises in which the personal life must go, which are not for marrying or giving in marriage, or for any good thing at all ; and the other will acknowledge, that as a general rule, God meant His creature to be in all its fulness the creature which He made.

This is the Spirit which turned the heart of the fathers to the children, and those of the children to the fathers.

Yours truly, both in past and present,

CHELSEA CHINA.

“BLESSED IS THAT SERVANT.”

(TRUE.)

It was a cold spring morning in the year 1873. I sprang up at the bidding of the early call-bell, and whilst preparing quickly for the next obedience, my inward eye kept searching the picture of the dream from which I had just awoke. I looked at it as one looks into a candle-light painting, in which new objects appear from the shades as we gaze. So I looked as though something more might appear in the dream-picture; but it was not so. I saw no more than I had seen ere I awoke. The form was as one of these mural tombs in old Cathedrals; a semi-circle arched above the sculptured form of him buried beneath. I saw it, as it were, dark like the candle-light painting, the figures clear light with no apparent source of light—no candle. There were three figures: one lay as the sculptured form on a tomb, but it was no sculpture; it was a real human form, a man, but I knew not if living or dead. I thought it was a living form, yet the idea of death was attached; for when I put out a finger, as though to touch the bow with which the girdle was tied in front, and somewhat unknown forbade and withheld me from touching, an idea passed through my mind, that the substance was fragile as is the material used by undertakers of funerals, which looks like lace but could not bear handling. There was not any colour in the picture except this golden-glowing light and dark. In a long white garment the figure lay still; on either side of the picture an angel, on one knee, with head inclined, regarding the central figure. As I looked, that angel, who knelt at the head, moved his hand, and then I saw that the recumbent figure lay on a long cross, his head resting at the crossing of the bars, and the angel seemed to be raising the upper end of the beam, as though they two were about to lift it.

I awoke saying, ‘One at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of JESUS had lain.’

As I looked at the picture whilst dressing, three ideas explanatory arose in my mind, but the two first only as questions. Was it a vision of my Lord in His sepulchre which He allowed me thus to look upon? Or else, was it a sight of my own soul lying verily on the blessed Cross His gift to me, and watched by the angels of His charge? The settled but not clear idea remained, that it was a person, neither my Lord nor me.

In silence passed the hours of prayer and household work, leaving

the impression unimpaired, unaltered, undimmed. Between three and four o'clock of the afternoon I and another set out together on a lonely road by the northern sea to reach a fishing hamlet where we owed some visits. I told her exactly what is here set down, ending with the two questions of explanation, but suddenly adding, without doubt: 'No, it is an ecclesiastic, and he is going to die.' As we talked together I put another question: 'But why was this shown to me? Perhaps we shall never know who it is: we must be meant to pray for him. . . .'

About fifteen miles off, in these regions, only the second parish beyond ours, a priest laboured whose works do follow him now. The day following, that on the morning of which was my dream, this priest went to visit a former parish of his, some miles further from where I lived. In the house of a lady there, whilst conversing with her, he appeared to be taken ill, and as she went for assistance and returned, in a few minutes his spirit passed. The place where he died had been the scene of much of his life-work and sacrifice, and he was reverently loved. In his pocket a paper was found recording the medical opinion given of his case twenty-three years before, warning that his end would be thus sudden. This he had not communicated to any one, but only carried the document, that none might count him surprised when the end should come.

When I learned these particulars it was impossible not to connect the case with what I had seen, and at first I foolishly imagined that there must be some impending change to us involved; for I wondered that I should thus forecast in a case with which I had no special link or obvious connection, never having seen that priest, nor up to that time heard much of him.

The experience taught me, what I have had many occasions to observe since then, that such gifts and touches are altogether independent of, and most frequently unassociated with what could be called personal interest. This characteristic removes them from the region or resemblance of all such instances as arise by any effort of desire or curiosity.

Spider Subjects.

Poor Arachne is gone out of fashion. Florinda (who sends stamps) and Roy alone have answered this time. As there is a lack of space, the Queens of Navarre have had to be omitted, as they belong more to France than Spain. Arachne hardly dares ask for a description of an ancient Roman dwelling-house.

ANSWER TO SPIDER QUESTION.

‘THE QUEENS REGNANT OF THE SPANISH PENINSULA.’

QUEEN OF ARAGON.

Petronillo, daughter of Ramiro II., mounted the throne of Aragon at the tender age of two. She was married to Raymund, Count of Barcelona, who conducted the affairs of state. She only continued to reign a year after his death, when she resigned her regal title in favour of her son, Alfonso II. She lived ten years after his accession, which took place in 1763.

QUEENS OF CASTILE.

Urraca, daughter of Alphonso VI. of Leon and Castile, succeeded her father in 1109. She was married to Alfonso I. of Aragon, who by her father's will was associated with her in the government, but *Urraca* did not long remain even on tolerable terms with her husband. Her disposition was overbearing and tyrannical and she would not brook interference from him. The latter had her closely confined in the fortress of Castellar, but she managed to inform her subjects of her position, and they (hating the Aragonese yoke) rescued her and bore her off to Burgos. War was inevitable, and though, through the intervention of friends, it was postponed for some time, it at last broke out, and Alfonso defeated her general in a battle near Sepulveda. Owing to their relationship (they were cousins) *Urraca* obtained a bull from the Pope declaring their marriage null; but this did not settle matters, and wars and disputes continued till her death in 1146, which was considered a subject for rejoicing by her people.

This was the only queen regnant of Castile before the great *Isabella*, excepting *Berengaria*, sister of Henry I., who only reigned three months.

Isabella of Castile did not succeed quietly to an uncontested throne. Her brother, Henry IV., had greatly disliked her marriage with Ferdinand of Aragon, and had several times disowned her as his heiress,

putting forward the claims of Donna Joanna, generally supposed not to have been really his daughter. On Henry's death many espoused the cause of Joanna, and civil war broke out. Alfonso of Portugal sided with Joanna, and at first gained some successes, but was finally defeated at Toro, in 1476, by Ferdinand. Isabella in her marriage with Ferdinand was careful to arrange that he should in no way meddle with Castilian affairs, and though a most loving and amenable wife, never allowed her affection for her husband to interfere with her duties to her subjects. One great act of her reign, one greatly to be deplored, was the introduction of the Inquisition; for a long time she refused to give her consent to it, but finally yielded to her confessor's urgency, and that terrible religious persecution began. Nevertheless, neither she nor Ferdinand ever submitted to any encroachment of papal authority, and suffered no interference on the part of the Roman Pontiff with the Church patronage of Spain. Another act, purely her own, was her contract with Columbus; she was the only sovereign who trusted him and supplied him with the necessities for the voyage. Isabella died Nov. 1504, much lamented by all, and justly eulogized as the purest sovereign who ever sat upon a throne.

Joanna, her daughter, owing to her incapacity, took no part in the government of her kingdom. Her father managed affairs, and on his death Charles, her son, became in reality King of Spain. She married Philip, Archduke of Austria, and died 1554.

Isabella II. succeeded her father Ferdinand VII. when still an infant. Her mother was declared regent. Her uncle, Don Carlos, usurped the throne 1836; but by the aid of the English she again secured it in 1843. She resigned her throne to Alfonso, the late King of Spain.

The present sovereign of Spain is a little Queen of about five years of age.

QUEENS OF PORTUGAL.

In 1777, *Maria* succeeded her father Joseph Immanuel. She married her uncle Peter, who reigned jointly with her. *Maria*, although not clever, was entitled to respect. Her foreign policy was imprudent; but she gave great impulse to arts, manufactures, and commerce. After thirteen years' reign she began to exhibit proofs of insanity, and her son Joam became regent. On her death, 1816, he mounted the throne.

Maria II. (da Gloria) became queen at the age of seven. Two years later her uncle usurped the throne; but *Maria* was restored in 1833. She was declared of age when only fifteen, and accordingly assumed the government. She married Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, and died in 1853, leaving Portugal to her son Peter.

Roy.

Notices to Correspondents.

Acknowledgment.—W. L., for the Daisy Chain Cot in Belgrave Hospital, 2s. 6d.

H. G. Bowers.—1. A Shakespeare talk on Julius Cæsar will appear in April. 2. The Rev. Isaac Williams's poetical works are: *The Creation, The Cathedral, The Baptistery, and Thoughts in Past Years*, all published by Parker, Oxford. We think you will find the poem you mention in the last mentioned. Also there are a few poems by him in the '*Lyra Apostolica*'; and there is a small book of Hymns on the Catechism, now out of print. Cardinal Newman's poems are all collected as '*Verses on Various Occasions*' (Burns & Oates).

Mrs. Basil Hume.—The story is probably the same with '*How four Bachelors kept House.*' It is in a book called '*Select Readings at Bath,*' edited by the Rev. J. Fleming (Simpkin & Marshall, or Peach and Bridge, Bath).—*Miss Fowler, Garland House, Corsham*, offers to lend it.

B. can find the whole of the hymn she quotes the last verse of, in '*Church Militant Hymns,*' published by Church Printing Co., 11 Burleigh Street, Strand. Price 1s. 8d., post-free; and an excellent tune to it, into the bargain. The words are by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Also in '*Church Hymns,*' S. P. C. K., No. 479. G.

Is it true that the Venus de' Medici, had she been a living woman, must, from the formation of her head, have been an idiot? On what authority is it said? M. R. S.

Picture—21"×15", of the Rembrandt School of Art, certified by expert to be an original. Beautifully painted. Figure of an old man standing near table, on which lies a globe, dead birds, and a bundle of paper. Old man points to the table. Old musket and oar in background, also a spear. What is it? Who is the painter?

ELIOLE.

Where can I find information concerning the life of Francis Quarles—a poet, who died in 1644? C. P.

Who is the author of the following verse, and where it occurs?—

'With steady mind thy path of duty run;
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou thyself would'st do, could'st thou foresee
The end of all events as well as He.'

Also the author of a piece of poetry called '*Ostler Joe.*'

CONSERVATIVE.

The date of the foundation of Scutari, in Albania: what book is likely to afford information on the subject? A. S.

An Old Reader.—There is a full biography of Lord Macaulay by his nephew, Sir Charles Trevelyan.

B. would like to know the origin of the name of 'Isle of Man.'

H. L.—St. Ninian was born in Galloway at Whithorn, spent some years at Rome, and returning, converted the Southern Picts. He lived in the 5th century, exact date uncertain.

Where are the following lines from :

'So all compassion went to that weak heart
Which needed less compassion of the twain;
And the strong soul that shewed no outward smart
Missed all the pity, and bare all the pain.'

M. A. T.

It was Pyrrhus who had but one *vide* tooth in the upper jaw, and one in the lower. See Sir Thomas Browne's 'Letter to a Friend'—note quoting Plutarch. F. J. D.

What modern tragedian wrote 'Ethelwold : a Tragedy,' from which these lines are quoted—

'In the young Pagan world,
Men deified the beautiful, the glad,
The strong, the boastful, and it came to nought.'

C. L.

A good Italian grammar. 'Grammaire Italien, Elémentaire, Analytique et Raisonnée,' par Robello. F. H. Truchy, 25 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris. Price, 5 francs.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The prize of 1885 was awarded to Gabrielle's Cross. For next year's proverb story the prize of £5 in books is offered.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for March.

9. State the principle of Solon's political reform, and give an account of his institutions.

10. "We have an instance of this, in the pyramids of Egypt, the offerings of the Cypselidæ, the founding of the temple of Zeus Olympius by the Pisistratidæ, and the works of Polycrates at Samos."—*Aristotle*.

Explain the historical allusions in this passage, and the general bearing of Aristotle's remark.

11. Write notes on the following names :—Cumæ, Crotona, Miletus, Abdera. Mention any celebrated persons who were connected with any of these colonies.

12. Quote, and explain, Milton's allusions to Doric music, and Doric architecture.

Seventy-eight answers have been received to the questions asked in January, but some came late, and it is impossible to criticise so many in the time. Therefore the class list and criticisms will appear in April. That for February, in May, etc.

P.S. 'Clio' thanks those members of the Historical Society who have forwarded stamps. All who have not yet done so, are invited to subscribe one shilling each (postal order), towards a fund for a few additional prizes.

The Monthly Packet.

APRIL, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.

WRECKED.

'They had na sailed upon the sea
A day but barely three,
When the lift grew dark and the wind blew cauld
And gurly grew the sea.

'Oh where will I find a little wee boy
Will tak my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to my top mast
And see for some dry land.'

—SIR PATRICK SPENS.

It was bad enough on the deck of the unfortunate Genoese tartane, but far worse below, where eight persons were shut into the stifling atmosphere of the cabin, deprived of the knowledge of what was going on above, except from the terrific sounds they heard. Estelle, on being shut into the cabin, announced that the Phœnician ship was taken by the vessels of Sesostriis, but this did not afford any one else the same satisfaction as she appeared to derive from it. Babette and Rosette were echoing every scream of the crew, and quite certain that all would be massacred, and little Ulysse, wakened by the hubbub, rolled round in his berth and began to cry.

Madame de Bourke, very white, but quite calm, insisted on silence and then said, 'I do not think the danger is very great to ourselves, if you will keep silence, and not attract attention. But our hope is in Heaven. My brother, will you lead our prayers? Recite our office.' Obediently the Abbé fell on his knees, and his example was followed by the others. His voice went monotonously on throughout with the Latin. The lady, no doubt, followed in her heart, and she made the responses as did the others, fitfully, but her hands and eyes were busy, looking to the priming of two small pistols, which she took out of her jewel case, and the sight of which provoked fresh

shrieks from the maids. Mademoiselle Julienne meantime was dressing Ulysse, and standing guard over him, Estelle watching all with eager bright eyes, scarcely frightened, but burning to ask questions, from which her uncle's prayers debarred her.

At the volley of shot, Rosette was reduced to quiet by a swoon, but Victorine, screaming that the wretches would have killed Laurent, would have rushed on deck, had not her mistress forcibly withheld her. There ensued a prodigious yelling and howling, trampling and scuffling, then the sounds of strange languages in vituperation or command, steps coming down the ladder, sounds of altercation, retreat, splashes in the sea, the feeling that the ship was put about—and ever the trampling, the wild cries of exultation, which over and over again made the prisoners feel choked with the horror of some frightful crisis close at hand. And all the time they were in ignorance, their little window in the stern showed them nothing but sea; and even if Madame de Bourke's determination had not hindered Victorine from peeping out of the cabin, whether prison or fortress, the Moorish sentries outside kept the door closed.

How long this continued was scarcely to be guessed. It was hours by their own feelings; Ulysse began to cry from hunger, and his mother gave him and Estelle some cakes that were within reach. Mademoiselle Julienne begged her lady to share the repast, reminding her that she would need all her strength. The Abbé, too, was hungry enough, and some wine and preserved fruits coming to light, all the prisoners made a meal which heartened most of them considerably; although the heat was becoming terrible, as the sun rose higher in the sky, and very little air could be obtained through the window, so that poor Julienne could not eat, and Rosette fell into a heavy sleep in the midst of her sighs. Even Estelle, who had got out her *Télémaque*, like a sort of oracle in the course of being verified, was asleep over it, when fresh noises and grating sounds were heard, new steps on deck, and there were steps and voices. The Genoese captain was heard exclaiming, 'Open, madame! you can do so safely. This is the Algerine captain, who is bound to protect you.'

The maids huddled together behind their lady, who stood forward as the door opened to admit a stout squarely-built man in the typical dress of a Turk, white turban, purple coat, broad sash crammed with weapons, and ample trousers, a truculent-looking figure which made the maids shudder and embrace one another with suppressed shrieks, but which somehow even in the midst of his eastern salaam gave the Countess a sense that he was acting a comedy, and carried her involuntarily back to the Moors whom she had seen in the 'Cid' on the stage. And looking again, she perceived that though brown and weather-beaten, there was a certain northern ruddiness inherent in his complexion, that his eyes were grey, so far as they were visible between the surrounding puckers; and his eyebrows, moustache and beard not nearly so dark as the hair of the Genoese who stood cring-

ing beside him as interpreter. She formed her own conclusions and adhered to them, though he spoke in bad Arabic to the skipper, who proceeded to explain that El Reis Hamed would offer no injury to Madame la Comtesse, her suite or property, being bound by treaty between the Dey and the King of France, but that he required to see her passport. There was a little blundering in the Italian's French rendering, and Madame de Bourke was quick to detect the perception of it in the countenance of the Reis, stolid though it was. She felt no doubt that he was a renegade of European birth, and watched, with much anxiety as well as curiosity, his manner of dealing with her passports, which she would not let out of her own hand. She saw in a moment that though he let the Genoese begin to interpret them, his eyes were following intelligently; and she hazarded the observation, 'You understand, sir. You are Frank.'

He turned one startled glance towards the door to see if there were any listeners, and answered, 'Hollander, Madame.'

The Countess had travelled with diplomatists all her life, and knew a little of the vernacular of most languages, and it was in Dutch—broken indeed, but still Dutch—that she declared that she was sure that she might rely on his protection—a security which in truth she was far from feeling; for while some of these unfortunate men, renegades only from weakness, yearned after their compatriots and their lost home and faith, others out-heroded the Moors themselves in ferocity, especially towards the Christian captives; nor was a Dutchman likely to have any special tenderness in his composition, above all towards the French. However, there was a certain smile on the lips of Reis Hamed, and he answered with a very hearty, 'Ja! ja! Madame. Upon my soul I will let no harm come to you or the pretty little ones, nor the young vrouwkins either, if they will keep close. You are safe by treaty. A Reis would have to pay a heavy reckoning with Mehemed Dey if a French ambassador had to complain of him, and you will bear me witness, Madame, that I have not touched a hair of any of your heads!'

'I am sure you wish me well, sir,' said Madame de Bourke in a dignified way, 'but I require to be certified of the safety of the rest of my suite, my steward, my lackey and my husband's secretary, a young gentleman of noble birth.'

'They are safe, Madame. This Italian slave can bear me witness that no creature has been harmed since my crew boarded this vessel.'

'I desire then that they may be released, as being named in my passport.'

To this the Dutchman consented.

Whereupon the skipper began to wring his hands, and piteously to beseech Madame to intercede for him, but the Dutchman cut him short before she could speak. 'Dog of an Italian, the lady knows better! You and your fellows are our prize—poor enough after all the trouble you have given us in chasing you.'

Madame de Bourke spoke kindly to the poor man, telling him that though she could do nothing for him now, it was possible that she might when she should have rejoined her husband, and she then requested the Reis to land her and her suite in his long boat on the Spanish coast, which could be seen in the distance, promising him ample reward if he would do so.'

To this he replied: 'Madame, you ask what would be death to me.'

He went on to explain that if he landed her on Christian ground, without first presenting her and her passport to the Dey and the French Consul, his men might represent him as acting in the interests of the Christians, and as a traitor to the Algerine power, by taking a bribe from a person belonging to a hostile state, in which case the bowstring would be the utmost mercy he could expect; and the reigning Dey, Mehemed, having been only recently chosen, it was impossible to guess how he might deal with such cases. Once at Algiers, he assured Madame de Bourke, that she would have nothing to fear, as she would be under the protection of the French Consul; and she had no choice but to submit, though much concerned for the continued anxiety to her husband, as well as the long delay and uncertainty of finding him.

Still, when she perceived that it was inevitable, she complained no more, and the Dutchman went on with a certain bluff kindness—as one touched by her courtesy—to offer her the choice of remaining in the tartane or coming on board his larger vessel. The latter he did not recommend, as he had a crew of full two hundred Turks and Moors, and it would be necessary to keep herself and all her women as closely as possible secluded in the cabins; and even then, he added, that if once seen, he could hardly answer for some of these corsairs not endeavouring to secure a fair young Frank girl for his harem; and as his eye fell on Rosette, she bridled and hid herself behind Mademoiselle Julienne.

He must, he said, remove all the Genoese, but he would send on board the tartane only seven men on whom he could perfectly depend for respectful behaviour, so that the captives would be able to take the air on deck as freely as before. There was no doubt that he was in earnest, and the lady accepted his offer with thanks, all the stronger since she and all around her were panting and sick for want of fresh air.

It was a great relief when he took her on deck with him that she might identify the three men whom she claimed as belonging to her suite—Arthur, Lanty and Hébert, who, in their vague knowledge of the circumstances, had been dreading the oar for the rest of their lives, could hardly believe their good fortune when she called them up to her, and the Abbé gripped Lanty's arm as if he would never let him go again. The poor Italians seemed to feel their fate all the harder for the deliverance of these three, and sobbed, howled and

wept so piteously that Arthur wondered how strong men could so give way, while Lanty's tears sprang forth in sympathy, and he uttered assurances and made signs that he would never cease to pray for their rescue.

'Though' as he observed, 'they were poor creatures that hadn't the heart of a midge, when there was such a chance of a fight while the haythen spalpens were coming on board.'

Here Lanty was called on to assist Hébert in identifying his lady's bales of goods, when all those of the unfortunate Genoese were put on board the Corsair's vessel. A sail-cloth partition was extended across the deck by the care of the Dutchman, 'who'—as Lanty said—'for a haythen apostate was a very dacent man.' He evidently had a strong compassion and fellow-feeling for the Christian lady, and assured her that she might safely take the air and sit on deck as much as she pleased behind its shelters, and he likewise carefully selected the seven of his crew whom he sent on board to work the ship, the chief being a heavy-looking old Turk, with a chocolate-coloured visage between a huge white beard and eyebrows, and the others mere lads, except one, who, from an indefinable European air about him, was evidently a renegade and could speak a sort of French, so as to hold communication with the captives, especially Lanty, who was much quicker than any of the rest in picking up languages, perhaps from having from his infancy talked French and English (or rather Irish) and likewise learnt Latin with his foster brother. This man was the only one permitted to go astern of the partition, in case of need, to attend to the helm; but the vessel was taken in tow by the Corsair, and needed little management. The old Turk seemed to regard the Frankish women like so many basilisks, and avoided turning a glance in their direction, roaring at his crew if he only saw them approaching the sail-cloth, and keeping a close watch upon the lithe black-eyed youths, whose brown limbs carried them up the mast with the agility of monkeys. There was one in especial, a slight well-made fellow about twenty, with a white turban cleaner than the rest, who contrived to cast wonderful glances from the mast-head over the barrier at Rosette, who actually smiled in return at *ce pauvre garçon*, and smiled the more for Mademoiselle Julienne's indignation. Suddenly, however, a shrill shout made him descend hastily, and the old Turk's voice might be heard in its highest key, no doubt shrieking out maledictions on all the ancestry of the son of a dog who durst defile his eyes with gazing at the shameless daughters of the Frank. Little Ulysse was, however, allowed to disport himself wherever he pleased; and after once, under Arthur's protection, going forward, he found himself made very welcome, and offered various curiosities, such as shells, coral, and a curious dried little hippocampus or seahorse.

This he brought back in triumph, to the extreme delight of his sister's classical mind. 'Oh! mamma, mamma,' she cried, 'Ulysse

really has got the skeleton of a Triton: It is exactly like the stone creatures in the Champs-Élysées.'

There was no denying the resemblance, and it so increased the confusion in Estelle's mind between the actual and the mythological, so that Arthur told her that she was looking out for the car of Amphitrite to arise from the waters. Anxiety and trouble had made him much better acquainted with Madame de Bourke, who was grateful to him for his kindness to her children, and not without concern as to whether she should be able to procure his release as well as her own at Algiers. For Laurence Callaghan she had no fears, since he was born at Paris, and a naturalised French subject like her husband, and his brother; but Arthur was undoubtedly a Briton, and unless she could pass him off as one of her suite, it would depend on the temper of the English consul whether he should be viewed as a subject or as a rebel, or simply left to captivity until his Scottish relations should have the choice of ransoming him.

She took a good deal of pains to explain the circumstances to him as well as to all who could understand them; for though she hoped to keep all together, and to be able to act for them herself, no one could guess how they might be separated, and she could not shake off that foreboding of misfortune which had haunted her from the first.

The kingdom of Algiers was, she told them, tributary to the Turkish Sultan, who kept a guard of Janissaries there, from among whom they themselves elected the Dey. He was supposed to govern by the consent of a divan, but was practically as despotic as any Eastern sovereign; and the Aga of the Janissaries was next in authority to him. Piracy on the Mediterranean was, as all knew, the chief occupation of the Turks and Moors of any spirit or enterprise, a Turk being in authority in each vessel to secure that the Sultan had his share, and that the capture was so conducted as not to involve Turkey in dangerous wars with European powers. Capture by the Moors had for several centuries been one of the ordinary contingencies of a voyage, and the misfortune that had happened to the party was not at all an unusual one.

In 1687, however, the nuisance had grown to such a height that Admiral Du Quesne bombarded the town of Algiers, and destroyed all the fortifications, peace being only granted on condition that a French consul should reside at Algiers, and that French ships and subjects should be exempt from this violence of the corsairs.

The like treaties existed with the English, but had been very little heeded by the Algerines till recently, when the possession of Gibraltar and Minorca had provided harbours for British ships, which exercised a salutary supervision over these southern sea kings. The last Dey, Baba Hali, had been a wise and prudent man, anxious to repress outrage, and to be on good terms with the two great European powers; but he had died in the spring of the current year,

1718, and the temper of his successor, Mehemed, had not yet been proved.

Madame de Bourke had some trust in the Dutch Reis, renegade though he was. She had given him her beautiful watch, set with brilliants, and he had taken it with a certain gruff reluctance, declaring that he did not want it, he was ready enough to serve her without such a toy.

Nevertheless the lady thought it well to impress on each and all, in case of any separation or further disaster, that their appeal must be to the French Consul, explaining minutely the forms in which it should be made.

'I cannot tell you,' she said to Arthur, 'how great a comfort it is to me to have with me a gentleman, one of intelligence and education to whom I can confide my poor children. I know you will do your utmost to protect them and restore them to their father.'

'With my very heart's blood, Madame.'

'I hope that may not be asked of you, Monsieur,' she returned with a faint smile, 'Though I fear there may be much of perplexity and difficulty in the way before again rejoining him. You see where I have placed our passports? My daughter knows it likewise, but in case of their being taken from you, or any other accident happening to you, I have written these two letters, which you had better bear about your person. One is, as you see, to our Consul at Algiers, and may serve as credentials, the other is to my husband, to whom I have already written respecting you.'

'A thousand thanks, Madame,' returned Arthur. 'But I hope and trust we may all reach M. le Comte in safety together. You yourself said that you expected only a brief detention before he could be communicated with, and this Captain, renegade though he be, evidently has a respect for you.'

'That is quite true,' she returned; 'and it may only be my foolish heart that forebodes evil, nevertheless, I cannot but recollect that *c'est l'imprévu qui arrive*.'

'Then, Madame, that is the very reason there should be no misfortune,' returned Arthur.

It was on the second day after the capture of the tartane that the sun set in a purple angry-looking bank of cloud, and the sea began to heave in a manner which renewed the earlier distresses of the voyage, to such as were bad sailors. The sails, both of the corsair and of the tartane were taken in, and it was plain that a rough night was to be expected. The children were lashed into their berths, and all prepared themselves to endure. The last time Arthur saw Madame de Bourke's face, by the light of the lamp swinging furiously from the cabin roof, as he assisted in putting in the dead lights, it bore the same fixed expression of fortitude and resignation as when she was preparing to be boarded by the pirates.

He remained on deck, but it was very perilous, for the vessel

was so low in the water that the waves dashed over it so wildly that he could hardly help being swept away. It was pitch dark, too, and the lantern of the other vessel could only just be seen, now high above their heads, now sinking in the trough of the sea, while the little tartane was lifted up as though on a mountain, and in a kind of giddy dream, he thought of falling headlong upon her deck. Finally he found himself falling. Was he washed overboard? No, a sharp blow showed him that he had only fallen down the hatchway, and, after lying still a moment, he heard the voices of Lanty and Hébert, and presently they were all tossed together by another lurch of the ship.

It was a night of miseries that seemed endless, and when a certain amount of light appeared, and Arthur and Lanty crawled upon deck, the tempest was unabated. They found themselves still dashed, as if their vessel were a mere cork, on the huge waves; rushes of water coming over them, whether from sea or sky there was no knowing, for all seemed blended together in one mass of dark lurid grey; and where was the Algerine ship—so lately their great enemy, now watched for as their guide and guardian?

It was no place nor time for questions, even could they have been heard or understood. It was scarcely possible even to be heard by one another, and it was some time before they convinced themselves that the large vessel had disappeared. The cable must have parted in the night, and they were running with bare poles before the gale; the seamanship of the man at the helm being confined to avoiding the more direct blows of the waves, on the huge crests of which the little tartane rode—gallantly perhaps in mariners' eyes, but very wretchedly to the feelings of the unhappy landmen within her.

Arthur thought of St. Paul, and remembered with dismay that it was many days before sun or moon appeared. He managed to communicate his recollection to Lanty, who exclaimed, 'And he was a holy man, and he was a prisoner too. He will feel for us if any man can in this sore strait! *Sancte Paule, ora pro nobis.* An' haven't I got the blessed scapulary about me neck that will bring me through worse than this?'

The three managed to get down to tell the unfortunate inmates of the cabin what was the state of things, and to carry them some food, though at the expense of many falls and severe blows; and almost all of them were too faint or nauseated to be able to swallow such food as could survive the transport under such circumstances. Yet high-spirited little Estelle entreated to be carried on deck, to see what a storm was like. She had read of them so often, and wanted to see as well as to feel. She was almost ready to cry when Arthur assured her it was quite impossible, and her mother added a grave order not to trouble him.

Madame de Bourke looked so exhausted by the continual buffeting and the closeness of the cabin, and her voice was so weak, that Arthur

grieved over the impossibility of giving her any air. Julianne tried to make her swallow some eau de vie; but the effort of steadying her hand seemed too much for her, and after a terrible lurch of the ship, which lodged the poor *bonne* in the opposite corner of the cabin, the lady shook her head and gave up the attempt. Indeed, she seemed so worn out that Arthur—little used to the sight of fainting—began to fear that her forebodings of dying before she could rejoin her husband were on the point of being realized.

However, the gale abated towards evening, and the youth himself was so much worn out that the first respite was spent in sleep. When he awoke, the sea was much calmer, and the eastern sun was rising in glory over it; the Turks, with their prayer carpets in a line, were simultaneously kneeling and bowing in prayer, with their faces turned towards it. Lanty uttered an only too emphatic curse upon the misbelievers, and Arthur vainly tried to make him believe that their 'Allah il Allah,' was neither addressed to Mohammed nor the sun.

'Sure and if not, why did they make their obeisance to it all one as the Persians in the big-histhory-book Master Phelim had at school?'

'It's to the East they turn, Lanty, not to the sun.'

'And what right have the haythen spalpeens to turn to the East like good Christians?'

'Tis to their Prophet's tomb they look, at Mecca.'

'There, an' I tould you they were no better than haythens,' returned Lanty, 'to be praying and knocking their heads on the bare boards—that have as much sense as they have—to a dead man's tomb.'

Arthur's Scotch mind thought the Moors might have had the best of it in argument when he recollected Lanty's trust in his scapulary.

They tried to hold a conversation with the Reis, between lingua franca and the Provençal of the renegade; and they came to the conclusion that no one had the least idea where they were, or where they were going; the ship's compass had been broken in the boarding, and there was no chart more available than the little map in the beginning of Estelle's precious copy of *Télémaque*. The Turkish Reis did not trouble himself about it, but squatted himself down with his *chibouque*, abandoning all guidance of the ship, and letting her drift at the will of wind and wave or, as he said, the will of Allah. When asked where he thought she was going, he replied with solemn indifference, 'Kismet,' and all the survivors of the crew—for one had been washed overboard—seemed to share his resignation.

The only thing he did seem to care for was that if the infidel woman chose to persist in coming on deck, the canvass screen—which had been washed overboard—should be restored. This was done, and Madame de Bourke was assisted to a couch that had been prepared for her with cloaks, where the air revived her a little; but she listened with a faint smile to the assurances of Arthur, backed

by Hébert, that this abandonment to fate gave the best chance. They might either be picked up by a Christian vessel or go ashore on a Christian coast; but Madame de Bourke did not build much on these hopes. She knew too well what were the habits of wreckers of all nations, to think that it would make much difference whether they were driven on the coast of Sicily or of Africa—'barring,' as Lanty said, 'that they should get Christian burial in the former case.'

'We are in the hands of a good God. That at least we know,' said the Countess. 'And He can bear us through, whether for life in Paradise, or trial a little longer here below.'

'Like Blandina,' observed Estelle.

'Ah! my child, who knows whether trials like even that blessed saint's may not be in reserve even for your tender age. When I think of these miserable men, who have renounced their faith, I see what fearful ordeals there may be for those who fall into the hands of these unbelievers. Strong men have yielded. How may it not be with my poor children?'

'God made Blandina brave, mamma. I will pray that He may make me so.'

Land was in sight at last. Purple mountains rose to the South in wild forms, looking strangely thunderous and red in the light of the sinking sun. A bay, with rocks jutting out far into the sea, seemed to embrace them with its arms. Soundings were made, and presently the Reis decided on anchoring. It was a rocky coast, with cliffs descending into the sea, covered with verdure, and the water beneath was clear as glass.

'Have we escaped the Syrtes to fall upon Æneas' cave,' murmured Arthur to himself.

'And if we could meet Queen Dido, or maybe Venus herself, 'twould be no bad thing!' observed Lanty, who remembered his Virgil on occasion. 'For there's not a drop of water left barring eau de vie, and if these Moors get at that, 'tis raving madmen they would be.'

'Do they know where we are?' asked Arthur.

'Sorra a bit!' returned Lanty, 'tho' 'tis a pretty place enough. If my old mother was here, 'tis her heart would warm to the mountains.'

'Is it Calypso's Island?' whispered Ulysses to his sister.

'See, what are they doing?' cried Estelle. 'There are people—don't you see, white specks crowding down to the water.'

There was just then a splash, and two bronzed figures were seen setting forth from the tartane to swim to shore. The Turkish Reis had dispatched them, to ascertain whither the vessel had drifted, and who the inhabitants might be.

A good while elapsed before one of these scouts returned. There was a great deal of talk and gesticulating round him, and Lanty, mingling with it, brought back word that the place was the Bay of

Golo, not far from Djigheki, and just beyond the Algerine frontier. The people were Cabeleyzen, a wild race of savage dogs, which mean dogs according to the Moors, living in the mountains, and independent of the Dey. A considerable number rushed to the coast, armed, and in great numbers, perceiving the tartane to be an Italian vessel, and expecting a raid by Sicilian robbers on their cattle; but the Moors had informed them that it was no such thing, but a prize taken in the name of the Dey of Algiers, in which an illustrious French Bey's harem was being conveyed to Algiers. From that city the tartane was now about a day's sail, having been driven to the eastward of it during the storm. The Turkish commander evidently does not like the neighbourhood,' said Arthur, 'judging by his gestures.'

'Dogs and sons of dogs are the best names he has for them,' rejoined Lanty.

'See! They have cut the cable! Are we not to wait for the other man who swam ashore?'

So it was. A favourable wind was blowing, and the Reis, being by no means certain of the disposition of the Cabeleyzen, chose to leave them behind him as soon as possible, and make his way to Algiers, which began to appear to his unfortunate passengers like a haven of safety.

They were not, however, out of the bay when the wind suddenly veered, and before the great lateen sail could be reefed, it had almost caused the vessel to be blown over. There was a pitching and tossing almost as violent as in the storm, and then wind and current began carrying the tartane towards the rocky shore. The Reis called the men to the oars, but their numbers were too few to be availing, and in a very few minutes more the vessel was driven hopelessly towards a mass of rocks.

Arthur, the Abbé, Hébert and Lanty were all standing together at the head of the vessel. The poor Abbé seemed dazed, and kept dreamily fingering his rosary, and murmuring to himself. The other three consulted in a low voice.

'Were it not better to have the women here on deck?' asked Arthur.

'Eh, non!' sobbed Master Hébert. 'Let not my poor mistress see what is coming on her and her little ones!'

'Ah! and 'tis better if the innocent creatures must be drowned, that it should be without being insensed of it till they wake in our Lady's blessed arms,' added Lanty. 'Hark! and they are at their prayers.'

But just then Victorine rushed up from below, and throwing her arms round Lanty, cried, 'Oh! Laurent, Laurent. It is not true that it is all over with us, is it? Oh! save me! save me!'

'And if I cannot save you, mine own heart's core, we'll die together,' returned the poor fellow, holding her fast. 'It won't last long, Victorine, and the saints have a hold of my scapulary.'

He had scarcely spoken when, lifted upon a wave, the tartane dashed upon the rocks, and there was at once a horrible shivering and crashing throughout her, a frightful mingling of shrieks and yells of despair, with the wild roar of the waves that poured over her. The party at the head of the vessel were conscious of clinging to something, and when the first hurlyburly ceased a little they found themselves all together against the bulwark, the vessel almost on her beam ends, wedged into the rocks, their portion high and dry, but the stern, where the cabin was, entirely under water.

Victorine screamed aloud, 'My lady! my poor lady.'

'I see—I see something,' cried Arthur, who had already thrown off his coat, and in another moment he had brought up Estelle in his arms, alive, sobbing and panting. Giving her over to the steward, he made another dive, but then was lost sight of, and returned no more, nor was anything to be seen of the rest. Shut up in the cabin, Madame de Bourke, Ulysse and the three maids must have been instantly drowned, and none of the crew were to be seen. Maître Hébert held the little girl in his arms, glad that, though living, she was only half-conscious. Victorine, sobbing, hung heavily on Lanty, and before he could free his hands he perceived to his dismay that the Abbé, unassisted, was climbing down from the wreck upon the rock, scarcely perhaps aware of his danger.

Lanty tried to put Victorine aside, and called out, 'Your reverence, wait, Masther Phelim, wait till I come and help you.' But the girl, frantic with terror, grappled him fast, screaming to him not to let her go—and at the same moment a wave broke over the Abbé. Lanty, almost wild, was ready to leap into it after him, thinking he must be sucked back with it, but behold! he still remained clinging to the rock. Instinct seemed to serve him, for he had stuck his knife into the rock and was holding on by it. There seemed no foothold, and while Lanty was deliberating how to go to his assistance, another wave washed him off and bore him to the next rock, which was only separated from the mainland by a channel of smoother water. He tried to catch at a floating plank but in vain; however, an oar next drifted towards him, and by it he gained the land, but only to be instantly surrounded by a mob of Cabeleyzen, who seemed to be stripping off his garments. By this time, many were swimming towards the wreck; and Estelle, who had recovered breath and senses, looked over Hébert's shoulder at them. 'The savages! the infidels!' she said. 'Will they kill me? or will they try to make me renounce my faith? They shall kill me rather than make me yield.'

'Ah! yes, my dear demoiselle, that is right. That is the only way. It is my resolution likewise,' returned Hébert. 'God give us grace to persist.'

'My mamma said so,' repeated the child. 'Is she drowned, Maître Hébert?'

'She is happier than we are, my dear young lady.'

'And my little brother too! Ah! then I shall remember that they are only sending me to them in Paradise.'

By this time the natives were near the wreck, and Estelle shuddering clung closer to Hébert; but he had made up his mind what to do. 'I must commit you to these men, Mademoiselle,' he said, 'the water is rising, we shall perish if we remain here.'

'Ah! but it would not hurt so much to be drowned,' said Estelle, who had made up her mind to Blandina's chair.

'I must endeavour to save you for your father, mademoiselle, and your poor grandmother! There! be a good child! Do not struggle.'

He had attracted the attention of some of the swimmers, and he now flung her to them. One caught her by an arm, another by a leg, and she was safely taken to the shore, where at once a shoe and a stocking were taken from her, in token of her becoming a captive; but otherwise her garments were not meddled with; in which she was happier than her uncle, whom she found crouched up on a rock, stripped almost to the skin, so that he shrank from her, when she sprang to his side amid the Babel of wild men and women, who were shouting in exultation and wonder over his big flapped hat, his soutane and bands, pointing at his white limbs and yellow hair—or what amazed them even more, Estelle's light flaxen locks, which hung soaked around her. She felt a hand pulling them to see whether anything so strange actually grew on her head, and she turned round to confront them with a little gesture of defiant dignity that evidently awed them, for they kept their hands off her, and did not interfere as she stood sentry over her poor shivering uncle.

Lanty was by this time trying to drag Victorine over the rocks and through the water. The poor Parisienne was very helpless, falling, hurting herself and screaming continually; and trebly, when a couple of natives seized upon her, and dragged her ashore, where they immediately snatched away her mantle and cap, pulled off her gold chain and cross, and tore out her earrings with howls of delight.

Lanty, struggling on, was likewise pounced upon, and bereft of his fine green and gold livery coat and waistcoat, which, though by no means his best, and stained with the sea water, were grasped with ecstasy, quarrelled over, and displayed in triumph. The steward had secured a rope by which he likewise reached the shore, only to become the prey of the savages, who instantly made prize of his watch and purse, as well as of almost all his garments. The five unfortunate survivors would fain have remained huddled together, but the natives pointing to some huts on the hill side, urged them thither by the language of shouts and blows.

Faith and I'm not an ox,' exclaimed Lanty, as if the fellow could have understood him, 'and is it to the shambles you're driving me?'

'Best not resist! There's nothing for it but to obey them,' said the steward, 'and at least there will be shelter for the child.'

No objection was made to his lifting her in his arms; and he carried her, as the party, half-drowned, nearly starved and exhausted, stumbled on along the rocky paths which cut their feet cruelly, since their shoes had all been taken from them. Lanty gave what help he could to the Abbé and Victorine, who were both in a miserable plight, but ere long he was obliged to take his turn in carrying Estelle, whose weight had become too much for the worn out Hébert. He was alarmed to find, on transferring her, that her head sank on his shoulder as if in a sleep of exhaustion, which however shielded her from much terror.

For, as they arrived at a cluster of five or six tents, built of clay and the branches of trees, out rushed a host of women, children and large fierce dogs, all making as much noise as they were capable of. The dogs flew at the strange white forms, no doubt utterly new to them. Victorine was severely bitten, and Lanty, trying to rescue her, had his leg torn.

These two were driven into one hut; Estelle, who was evidently considered as the greatest prize, was taken into another, and rather better one, together with the steward and the Abbé. The Moors, who had swam ashore, had probably told them that she was the Frankish Bey's daughter; for this, miserable place though it was, appeared to be the best hut in the hamlet, nor was she deprived of her clothes. A sort of bournouse or haik, of coarse texture and very dirty, was given to each of the others, and some rye cakes baked in the ashes. Poor little Estelle turned away her head at first, but Hébert, alarmed at her shivering in her wet clothes, contrived to make her swallow a little, and then took off the soaked dress, and wrapped her in the bournouse. She was by this time almost unconscious from weariness, and made no resistance to the unaccustomed hands, or the disgusting coarseness and uncleanness of her wrapper, but dropped asleep the moment he laid her down, and he applied himself to trying to dry her clothes at a little fire of sticks that had been lighted outside the open space, round which the huts stood.

The Abbé too had fallen asleep, as Hébert managed to assure poor Lanty, who rushed out of the other tent, nearly naked, and blood-stained in many places, but more concerned at his separation from his foster-brother than at anything else that had befallen him. Men women, children, and dogs were all after him, supposing him to be trying to escape, and he was seized upon and dragged back by main force, but not before the steward had called out—

‘M. l’Abbé sleeps—sleeps sound—he is not hurt! For Heaven’s sake, Laurent, be quiet—do not enrage them! It is the only hope for him, as for Mademoiselle and the rest of us.’

Lanty, on hearing of the Abbé’s safety, allowed himself to be taken back, making himself, however, a passive dead weight on his captor’s hands.

'Arrah,' he muttered to himself, "if ye will have me, ye shall have the throuble of me, bad luck to you. 'Tis little like ye are to the barbarous people St. Paul was thrown with; but then what right have I to expect the treatment of a holy man, the like of him? If so be, I can save that poor orphan that's left, and bring off Master Phelim safe, and save poor Victorine from being taken for some dirty spalpeen's wife, when he has half a dozen more to the fore—'tis little it matters what becomes of Lanty Callaghan; they might give him to their big brutes of dogs, and mighty lean meat they would find him!'

So came down the first night upon the captives.

(To be continued.)

ERRATUM IN THE LAST CHAPTER.

For 'Lord Balmerine' read 'Lord Kenmure.'

NOTE.

Madame de Bourke's route to Sweden seems very improbable, but the fact was so.

EYES TO THE BLIND.

BY CAROLINE BIRLEY, AUTHOR OF 'UNDINE, A ROMANCE OF MODERN DAYS,' &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

MRS. RYAN had had an invitation from a friend, Mrs. Mainwaring, to spend that afternoon with her at her pretty country-house, Thornleigh Manor, which was situated some three miles from Bogedon. She was to be sure and bring with her Norah and Geraldine, that they might play and be compared with Mrs. Mainwaring's little girls; and a carriage to convey the party should be at Sunnyside at a quarter past two o'clock, which would also take them home again in the evening. This invitation caused great excitement. It was not often that the little ones were asked out, except to the homes of two sets of small children in their own immediate neighbourhood; and this visit was therefore an event in their quiet lives. Meave thought quite as much of it as they did. She brushed up their yellow curls, and put on their white dresses and their Sunday hats for them, and lent to one her Roman sash, and to the other her coral necklace, and watched them drive off with their mother in the open carriage, with a thrill in her heart of sisterly pride and exultation in their prettiness and sweetness. And then—yes, then she began to think how she would employ her solitude.

Lucius and Con had already returned to school after the dinner interval, and Denys had been captured by his father for at least a couple of hours' study, after which she knew he had in view the restoration of the half-sovereign, and, if possible, a visit to Mark Acton. There was no chance therefore of obtaining an older play-fellow than Donat, and Meave for once was not in the humour for such juvenile society. She felt active and restless and adventurous. What *could* she do? She could go and see the Actons, which in its way was always a pleasure, only she felt that it would be too hard for her in her present mood to keep her tongue from speaking to them of the money-making project; and she and Denys had decided that this was to be a secret.

Ah, but that idea, though abandoned, led on to another! Let her utilize the unusual liberty of this afternoon by adding a few half-pence to the fund. Had not Denys jestingly suggested that she might go out as a flower-girl? Why not carry out the notion in earnest? Who was there to hinder her? She would go at once as far as Aldham, where she was less likely to be recognized than in

Bogedon itself, and try and sell her bouquets; and in less time than it takes to write this sentence, Meave had begun to put her plan in execution, and was flitting about the garden, gathering all the fairest blossoms she could find, and tying them up into little bunches with bits of crewel-wool from her mother's work-bag. An old basket in which to carry them was easily procured, and it only remained for her to make herself look as much of a tatterdemalion as possible.

In gathering the flowers a good deal of earth and pollen had come upon her hands, and the oft-repeated action of pushing back the fair hair from her forehead and rubbing the parts which had been tickled, transferred a portion of these substances from her fingers to her visage, and had already made it (to quote her own expression) 'dirty enough to do.' She began her transformation therefore by ruffling her hair still more than it was ruffled accidentally, and by donning a dark and crumpled and very ancient cotton frock in which she was accustomed to climb trees, and a tattered brown straw garden hat which Mrs. Ryan had said some time ago had better be given away if any beggar would accept it. She next put on a pair of Denys's old boots, and then, cuffless, collarless, and gloveless, she felt tolerably satisfied with her appearance. For surely no one who was not expecting to see her, would detect her in that guise.

Meave made no attempt to dispose of her wares until the streets of Aldham were reached. Quiet streets they were, as free from alarming bustle as from the lonely solitude of country lanes; and here she ventured timidly to accost a lady and a little girl.

'Roses, ma'am? Penny-a-bunch, ma'am, penny-a-bunch!'

'No, thank you,' said the lady, walking on without so much as glancing at the flowers; but the child, who had hold of her mother's hand, hung back, and necessarily caused her pace to slacken.

Meave followed on a step or two, quite in the approved professional fashion, repeating in the most insinuating brogue she could command, 'Only a penny-a-bunch, ma'am, *only* a penny-a-bunch!'

'Do look, mamma; these are such pretty flowers!' said the child. 'Mayn't I buy a bunch to take to Aunt Clarissa? They are only a penny each!'

'Very well, love,' said the lady; 'but I am afraid you will only get the very tiniest bunch for that.' And as Meave's quick ear caught the sentence she at once determined that she would raise the price of all her bigger bouquets. 'This is a pretty pink rosebud, Addy. I think your Aunt Clarissa will like it. You said a penny, little girl?'

'Yes, my lady. Thank you, my lady,' murmured Meave, as the exchange of rose and penny was effected; and, struck by the unusual refinement of her voice, the lady looked at her with great compassion, and inquired—

'Are you so *very* poor, my little girl?'

A quick tide of colour overspread Meave's countenance, but it was not a family failing to be unready with an answer. 'Not so poor as some, my lady,' she said, falteringly; and the lady did not regard this reply as encouragement to pursue the subject of her poverty.

'Where do you get your flowers to sell?'

'Mother grows them in her little garden,' said the flower girl.

The words were truthful in themselves, or at least contained the statement of a fact; but what an untrue picture was the one they conjured up of a tiny cottage home, where the dwellers strove to eke out their scanty living with the fragrant produce of a plot of garden ground!

'Then have you no father living?'

'Yes, my lady,'

'What does he do, then? What trade does he follow?'

perused the lady, and Meave could not help thinking what fun it would be to astonish her questioner with the candid answer—'He is the curate of Bogedon parish church.'

But she checked her ill-timed merriment before it was taken for anything but embarrassment, and said gently. 'Father can turn his hand to almost anything. He works very hard, but times is bad now, and he doesn't get much money by it.'

'And are you the only child?'

'No, my lady. I have two little sisters, too young to earn anything, and a little brother only two years old.'

'Poor child,' said the lady, kindly. 'You must have a hard life of it. Here, I should like another bunch of flowers. Twopence, is it? Very well. Come, Addy!' And as they went along, leaving Meave behind, the mother observed to her little daughter.

'It is a sad case, no doubt, and I should fancy they are people who have seen better days. But the girl did not seem to wish one to inquire further, and perhaps her mother is too proud to want her name and address to be known, and to have anyone looking her out and visiting her. I did not like therefore to question the girl more. The odd thing is that I think I must have seen her elsewhere. I seem to know the look of her eyes quite well.'

And Meave was at that moment remarking to herself. 'Dear me! Of course I know, at last, where we have met. She is Mrs. Markham, the friend of all the Barings, and I saw her and some of her children at Ethel's birthday dance last year. What a mercy that she didn't remember who I was! I do hope that I am thoroughly disguised. Well, at any rate, it is for Mark and Denys!' There was consolation in this thought, and Meave had need of consolation, for she had qualms of conscience with regard to the deceit which she was practising.

She felt now a trifle bolder about offering her flowers, and her next customer was an old gentleman who bought a clove carnation for his button-hole; and there were two or three other purchasers

before she took her way through the little market-place. Here a number of young men were idling, and as Meave's disguise did not entirely conceal the fact of her unusual prettiness, several of them were seized with a desire to buy her little posies, and thereby earn the right, as they considered, to stare at her and make remarks on her appearance. She was a modest little girl, and she felt so thoroughly frightened and uncomfortable under their inspection that it was all she could do not to burst into tears. But she knew that, instead of mending matters, this would only make them worse, and so, with a brave effort, she controlled herself, saying as little as possible in answer to their teasing questions. When at last they left her to herself her spirit of enterprise was quenched, and although there were still a good many nosegays in her basket, she determined to go home with them unsold. Having no longer the excitement of looking out for customers, she had leisure to feel tired, and she soon discovered that she was very tired indeed. She felt as she never *could* walk all the way back to Sunnyside, and here in the very nick of time, on the outskirts of Aldham, was a cab into which two ladies were just entering. Meave overheard one of them give an address in Bogedon, not far from her own home, and resolved to take a lift. So when the cabman had shut the door upon his fare and was remounting the box, his additional passenger slung her basket on her arm, and established herself upon the back bar of the cab, holding on firmly to it with both hands. The motion was pleasant and easy, and though the seat was narrow, Meave was not at all uncomfortable. But she dared not run the risk of encountering either of her parents in her present position, and so when opposite to Far View Villas, she judged it advisable to try and dismount, and then walk the rest of the way home.

It has been told already how she failed in her attempt to get down quietly. She ought to have turned round first and have then got down; but this she either did not know or did not think of, and by jumping forward she received an impetus in the wrong direction. No one who has not had such an experience can guess the shock and anguish of a fall like this; and Meave was gasping and sobbing, and feeling most unreasonably angry with the kind people who were crowding round her with unpractical but well-meant sympathy, when, to her great relief, she found Denys beside her. She caught hold of his arm and held on to it tightly.

'May I bring her in?' he said to Mr. Luxmoore, who had also come out quickly, though by the door and not the window. 'It is my sister.'

'Certainly,' said Mr. Luxmoore. 'I suppose she was money-making too. You are, assuredly, a most industrious and remarkable family. Take my arm, Miss Ryan,' he continued very kindly and respectfully to Meave. 'I hope you are not really much hurt. My daughter here will gladly look after you and do all she can.'

'Yes. Are you hurt?' said Bruna, anxiously. She was at the window, watching, and had at once perceived by Denys's manner to the flower-girl, that they were previously acquainted. He hurriedly explained their close relationship, and the instant that Meave limped into the room, and the girls met face to face, Bruna's dark eyes sparkled with amusement.

'How funny!' she said. 'I was wanting so much to know you. For it was you, wasn't it, whom I saw yesterday at the station in a blue dress?'

'It was,' said Meave, heartily wishing that she were wearing the blue dress at that moment, and had never attempted trade at all. She was dreadfully ashamed of appearing before strangers (in her own person) in this shabby attire; and Bruna looked a trim little damsel who would always manage to be neat, and was therefore likely to be much struck with the contrast between her visitor and herself. Meave, for a wonder, felt not only miserable, but shy.

But Bruna's thoughts were not occupied with dress just then. She had seen a good deal of illness, considering her youth: and she made Meave sit on the sofa, and placed the cushions comfortably for her, and unbuttoned the elastic of the shabby brown straw hat, all in a quiet, unobtrusive manner. Mr. Luxmoore, meanwhile, poured out a glass of sherry, and put it on the table with a look and sign to Bruna, who soon afterwards took it up and handed it to Meave.

'I think you can drink this now,' she said to the still trembling girl, with quite the air of a small woman. 'Oh, yes, indeed you must! Father wishes it, and it will do you good. There! that's right. Now, can you tell us how you feel?'

'I'm better now,' said Meave, sitting upright, and trying to look and smile as if nothing had happened. 'I shall be all right again soon. It is my head that is worst, but it isn't *very* bad.'

'You *were* a duffer,' observed Denys, who felt that here was his first possible opportunity of putting in this truly brotherly remark. 'What possessed you to try and get off in that silly girlish way? Didn't you know that you ought first to have turned round?'

'But, anyway, I *couldn't* have turned round,' Meave was beginning, defensively, when Bruna interposed.

'Wouldn't it be a good thing,' she said, 'to bathe your head? I can bring a little vinegar and water here.'

'Thank you; but mayn't I go up to your room?' asked Meave. 'I can walk now, and I should like so much to wash my face.'

The application of water and soap soon produced a good effect upon Meave's head and face, and when, in about ten minutes, the girls came down again, she pronounced herself quite able to walk slowly home with Denys. There was a suggestion that Mr. Luxmoore and Bruna should accompany them, in order to look at the outside of Rose Lawn, but this plan was soon abandoned. For—

'You see, I want to sneak back into the house as quietly as

possible,' said Meave, 'without father and mother knowing anything about it; and if you strangers were with us, some one would be sure to notice and ask about you at inconvenient times. Besides, how could we account for knowing you so well? Afterwards when we meet you and bow, we can say that you dropped a half-sovereign by mistake, and Denys picked it up and took it back to you, and that is the way we became acquainted. But we can't do anything more, I am afraid, until you are settled in a house, and mother goes to call. She doesn't call on people who are in lodgings, unless she knows something about them, for they generally stay so short a time.'

'Then you want us to keep this adventure of yours a secret, do you?' said Mr. Luxmoore. 'We will, on one condition. I must first have your promise, my young lady, that you will attempt no more hawking of flowers or of other wares. Indeed, it is not fit for you. I say nothing about your brother. He is a boy and can please himself.'

Meave looked up frankly. 'I do not think that I shall *want* to go again,' she said, 'but I would rather not promise.'

Mr. Luxmoore gave her a peculiar smile. 'Then neither shall I promise,' he observed.

This was awkward, or rather might have been, had not Denys interfered. 'You may just as well say what is wanted, Mab, for I shall not allow you to go out selling things again.'

'But, Den, it was you yourself that suggested it!' said his sister, in amazement.

'No matter. I have changed my mind,' he said, decidedly. There was Bruna, who was not a bit pretty really, looking so fresh and neat and dainty, while Queen Mab, of whom her brothers at the bottom of their hearts were all extremely proud, was cutting a very poor figure before these strangers. Denys did not like it at all.

'Then I promise,' said Meave, looking up at Mr. Luxmoore with an enchanting smile; and to Bruna she added, 'Thank you very much for taking care of me.'

Bruna turned to her father when their visitors had departed, and she had watched them out of sight. 'Aren't they queer?' she said, 'and aren't they nice? And isn't it delightful for me to have made friends with them so soon?'

CHAPTER X.

MARK AND DENYS AT THE WINDMILL.

A FEW weeks later the windmill upon Bogedon Down had become the centre of interest to the curate's family and to the cottagers around. Mr. Ryan was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet where parish matters were concerned, whatever he might do about some of his home affairs, and the farmer who owned the mill, happily made

small difficulty in the letting of it. A professional joiner, aided by Mr. Ryan and his two eldest boys, (for it was now the time of summer holidays), soon completed the necessary repairs in the woodwork, and then came the important task of whitewashing and painting the inside.

Have you ever seen the inside of a windmill? In the tower mill of Bogedon Down there were six storeys, each one being somewhat larger than the one above it, for the tower was of the kind which widen gradually and evenly from the summit to the base.

Lucius and Con and Denys made frequent excuses for running up and down the rickety ladders which connected these half-dozen storeys, but as a matter of fact, the real work of renovation and embellishment was confined to the basement floor. It was this which was to be converted into the actual chapel, and Denys stood there one day among the paint-pots and the whitewash, talking to Mark Acton in the descriptive style which was natural to him in the society of this friend, who could see nothing for himself. No one else was within hearing.

'It will look rather well, I expect,' said Denys, 'having the Chapel round, instead of the usual shape; and we think that it will hold about fifty people. That will be enough for the present—until the fame of your music spreads, Mark, and then, as this place can't well be enlarged, we shall have to get you appointed to another sphere. This whitewash isn't quite the thing yet,' he continued, stirring up a bucket of it with a stick. 'It has too blue a shade. I must mix a little more before father comes down. You know how he is going to paint the Chapel, don't you? The four buttresses are to be Indian red with frescoes on them of white angels, and then on the walls the colouring will have just to be reversed. Oh, and did I tell you? a text in red letters is to go right round the top. What would be a good one? Father hasn't settled yet, and he said that we could any of us make suggestions.'

'What one have you thought of, then?' said Mark.

'None, that is quite right. I thought of, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." It is too short anyhow, but it doesn't say all I mean, either.'

'No,' said Mark. 'Then how would this do, from Chronicles? "Arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting place, Thou, and the ark of Thy strength: let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let Thy saints rejoice in goodness."'

'Well, I don't mind that,' said Denys, thoughtfully, 'Rejoice in goodness—that is just what I am sure must be so hard. It takes a saint to manage it, I suppose.'

'That doesn't prevent our having to try,' said Mark. 'We are told to aim at being perfect, like our Master. Have you told your father yet that you mean to work hard, and not disappoint him any more?'

'No,' said Denys. 'Because, you know, I have never meant to begin until after these holidays are over. I must have just a bit of a fling first. And, besides, we have been very busy lately, Meave and I. With the something that I told you you are not to know about just yet, though you will some day.'

'Is that why Miss Meave has been down to our place so seldom?'

'No, it's not!' said Denys, with unnecessary vehemence. 'I can't think what has come to Meave. She is not the least bit like herself. Whenever I ask her to come anywhere with me she says it is too hot, or she is tired, or some paltry excuse of that kind. But I'm going to bring you another visitor very soon—Bruna Luxmoore. You know she and her father are the people who have taken Rose Lawn, and they really came into it yesterday. It was great fun helping to unload the vans of furniture. Con and I worked like niggers. At first the men would not let us touch a thing, so I asked Mr. Luxmoore, and he said he should be very glad of our help. He is such a nice man, and Bruna is jolly.'

'I am glad she is coming to see me,' said Mark. 'When do you think it will be?'

'The day after to-morrow, if I can manage it,' said Denys. 'Mother knows that most of us have scraped acquaintance with her—she thinks it was over the unpacking, but it wasn't altogether—and that Meave is in a tremendous hurry for her to go and call. I expect they will go to-morrow, and then after that it will be easy enough to settle about this with Bruna over the hedge. She knows about you already and wants very much to come.'

'It was you, I suppose, who told her?'

'Of course,' said Denys, and it was a pity that Mark missed seeing the proud tender affection of his eyes. 'She takes an interest in you because you and I are friends, and as she and I are going to be great friends too, it would never do for her not to know you. I told her you would show her how to make baskets and would tell her all about it.'

'Or if I don't, you can,' said Mark. 'You understand the process just as well as I do, though you haven't altogether got the manual knack. But do you think that she will be allowed to come with you? It isn't every girl as is let run wild.'

'No, but then I have inspired her father with such confidence that he will certainly let her go about with me,' loftily said Denys, allowing the unconscious imputation on his sister to pass unnoticed. 'You stupid old Mark, you never thought of that. She has a governess called Miss Elmer who doesn't look at all a strict one, and Bruna is quite fond of her. I don't believe she even minds her lessons. If Meave and I can get on with Miss Elmer, I expect we can see as much of Bruna as we choose. Well, this whitewash is ready now and there isn't any sign of father, so we can go back to your baskets if you like. If I sit near the door I shall see him coming up the

fields, and I expect you have been thinking that I've wasted enough of your afternoon already.'

'Yes—if you call it wasting,' answered Mark. 'But you see it is easy for me to make up lost time at night when the rest of the household are a-bed. There's no expense of candles as there would be with others sitting up, and I like the feel of the night-wind blowing in the shed. It's curious what a difference there is in air. The feel of it at night when I am sitting alone there, makes me almost think I see the sky with that sort of blue darkness in it which it loses towards the morning—you know how it gets grey then, often—and the more I look, the more I seem to see the small stars shining out.'

'And the less you sleep,' finished Denys, practically. 'I make you idle in the day on principle, because your mother says that in your anxiety, not only to support yourself but to help her too, you would just work yourself to death if I didn't insist upon your going about with me. But what is the use of my taking all the trouble, if you sit up toiling half the night? And at work you hate, too!' he said, indignantly. 'That's the worst of it. But things shan't go on like this, long.'

He began counting over in his mind the sum of money which was already collected towards the harmonium, and as Mark did not speak either for a time, the two friends turned their steps in silence towards the cottages.

'Master Denys,' Mark said presently, in a hesitating voice.

'Yes.'

'Will you oblige me by not speaking again as you did just now—as if it were a hardship, I mean, for me to be a basket maker. I'm thankful really to be able to earn my living in any way, and it is light work, and easy too besides, and I've no reason to complain. But I'm mostly alone, you see, and can't help thinking; and when you've been talking as though there were a chance of something different, I get restless and discontented, and there's no good in it.

'I'm not so sure of that,' said Denys. 'I have read somewhere that when people's lives are all wrong and miserable and unsatisfactory, the first step towards mending them is to make the people themselves discontented and dissatisfied with the present state of things. Then they try and help themselves to something better, or at any rate let themselves be helped to it.'

'Another thing, too,' said Mark, paying not the slightest heed apparently to Denys' last speech. 'When this Mission Chapel is opened, I shall give up coming to the Parish Church awhile. Mother will like me to go here with her at first, and perhaps if I don't hear the organ every week, it will be easier to settle my thoughts down again to work. When I've got the mastery over them once more, I can go back to the Old Church.'

'Yes, you can help to form the congregation here,' observed Denys,

graciously, 'and if there isn't a regular choir to begin with, I'll come over myself and assist them with the hymns. I say, didn't you like that new tune we had on Sunday night?'

Denys proved to be right in his assertion that the little new next-door neighbour would be allowed to become intimate with himself and his brothers and sisters. There was a serious consultation on the subject between Mr. Luxmoore and Miss Elmer, and the verdict which they passed on the young Ryans was much what would describe an equal number of young colts. For though these are not the words, the substance was just this:—that the Ryan boys and Meave were 'wild and playful, but there was no vice about them,' and Bruna having no apparent natural tendency to be made rough or rude, might safely be admitted to their companionship. The obvious advantages of their high spirits and friendliness in the life of the somewhat lonely child, more than counterbalanced the possible harm which might accrue to her from the wilfulness and love of mischief and unconventionality of these associates.

Various reasons, however, prevented Denys and Bruna from carrying out their intention of visiting Mark, with all their wished-for promptitude. But at last, as it seemed to them, (within ten days of Bruna's coming to Rose Lawn) they set out together in the direction of the Down. Meave, who was to have gone with them, had excused herself at the last moment, greatly to Denys's indignation.

'She is always shirking, now,' he said.

'She looks very ill, I think,' said Bruna. 'Not a bit as she did that first day when I saw you at the station. But she doesn't like to be questioned about how she feels. I asked her, and she——'

'Shut you up,' said Denys.

Mark Acton was as usual found sitting in his workshed, busied with his trade. Bruna, who was by nature observant, could not but be struck with the brightness which came over his countenance at the sound of their approaching footsteps. She felt it was a higher compliment to Denys than any words of welcome. But Mark's ear detected, too, the patter of the lighter pair of feet, and he rose quickly and awaited on the threshold the coming of the new visitor, towards whom he turned his sightless eyes.

'Hullo, Mark!' said Denys. 'How are you? I've brought Miss Bruna Luxmoore here at last. Her feet do not make much noise upon the path, do they, though you *did* hear them. They're not big enough, and I tell her that she ought to be ashamed of being so much less than Meave, when she is eight or nine months older. And her hand! just feel how small it is.'

And Bruna, acting on this hint, put her small palm into Mark's, which was ready to receive it. He liked to know the touch of different people's hands. It helped him to realise their individualities, and he soon was at ease with Bruna, and explained his work, in which she took immense interest.

'Do you really mean that you are much obliged to Mark?' asked Denys, as the children walked home after Bruna had thanked Mark warmly.

'Yes, certainly, or I shouldn't have said so,' returned Bruna with decision, and perhaps a shade of pique.

'Because, if so,' continued Denys, unobservant, 'you might show your gratitude, I've been thinking, by getting Miss Elmer to bring you down sometimes to read to him. Meave does come now and then, but she hates reading aloud, and won't always make up her mind to it; and Mark cares awfully for listening. I can't do much for him that way, you see, because it takes nearly all my time to do the stripping, and put things ready to his hand.'

'And do you always do that—regularly?' said Bruna.

'Pretty regularly. Some one must,' said Denys. Then vehemently he added. 'Bruna, musn't it be *horrible* to be blind? I don't mean any pain of it, or inconvenience, or—or anything like that, but the dreadfulness of knowing that it is to be night for you always, and you will never, never, *never* see a single thing again.'

'Yes,' said Bruna, gently, but after a pause she timidly suggested, 'Only Denys, it isn't quite so bad as that. He *will* see some day, though not here.'

Denys nodded silently and looked at her. 'Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened' were the words which came to Bruna's mind, but she did not quote them. She and Denys were understanding one another without need of further speech. If as they walked on together, the thoughts of one were with the living, and the other with the sleeping dead, what did that signify? Each knew that the healing for their grief was waiting in that land of joy and gladness from which sorrow and sighing are to flee away.

(To be continued.)

ONE SUNDAY MORNING.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

THE Rector of a large West-end church was ill. His illness was not very serious, nor did it threaten to be protracted, but it fell at a bad moment. It was the middle of the season, the time at which his church was more crowded than at any other of the year. He was an earnest and thoughtful man, and one who, despite much discouragement, laboured energetically to do his best; but on the Friday evening, preceding the second Sunday in June, he was obliged to acknowledge that for some days he would be unfit to officiate in his usual place.

'What shall I do?' he said in distress. 'What shall I do about the sermon on Sunday morning? The curates can manage the rest, but it will be as much as they *can* do. I cannot ask either of them to prepare another sermon so hurriedly. And the one I had ready has cost me much time and thought—I had even built some hopes upon it—one never knows—'

'Your sermon will keep till another Sunday. That is not the question,' said his wife.

'No, truly,' he agreed, with some bitterness; 'my sermon, as you say, will keep. Nor can I flatter myself that any one will be the loser if it never be preached at all. Do sermons ever do good, I sometimes ask myself? Yet many of us, I could almost say most of us, do our best. We spare neither time nor trouble nor prayer; but all falls on stony ground, it seems to me. And we are but human—liable to error and mistake, and but few among us have great gift of eloquence. It is easy, I know, to pick holes and criticise; but is the fault all on the side of the sermons, I wonder?'

'You misunderstood me, Reginald,' said his wife, gently. 'No, truly; the fault must lie in great part with the hearers. All other efforts to instruct or do good are received with some amount of respect and appreciation. No popular lecturers, for instance, are listened to with such indifference or criticised so captiously as the mass of English clergymen. It is the tone of the day, the fashion of the age. Though one rose from the dead; nay, if an angel from Heaven came down to preach one Sunday morning,' she went on with sad impressiveness, 'he would be found fault with, or sneered at, or criticised, and accused of having nothing to say, or not knowing how to say it; yes, I verily believe it would be so.'

Her husband smiled, though his smile was a melancholy one, at her earnestness.

'I have it,' he exclaimed suddenly; 'I will write to Lyle by to-

night's post. He will come if he can, I am sure, and I know he only preaches occasionally where he is.'

The letter was written and despatched. Mr. Lyle was a young clergyman doing assistant duty temporarily at a church in the suburbs while waiting for a living promised to him. His answer came by return. He would be glad to do as his friend asked. 'But I shall go straight to St. X.'s on Sunday morning,' he wrote. 'I shall not probably be able to reach it till the last moment, as I have an early service here. Ask them to count on me for nothing but the sermon. I shall look in after the service and shall hope to find you better.'

'He will be here at luncheon then, I suppose,' said the clergyman's wife—Mildred was her name.

'Doubtless, at least you will ask him to come. You can wait to see him after the service,' her husband replied. 'With you there he will have *one* attentive hearer, I can safely promise him,' he added, with a smile.

'I cannot help listening, even when it is not you, Reginald,' she said naively. 'It seems to me only natural to do so and to try to gain *something* at least. We cannot expect perfection in sermons surely, even less than in lesser things. And if the perfection were there, could we, imperfect as we are, recognise it?'

Sunday morning rose, bright and glowing over the great city—a real Midsummer's day.

'How beautiful it must be in the country to-day,' thought Mildred, as she made her way to church; 'it is beautiful even here in town. I wonder why I feel so happy to-day. It is greatly, no doubt, that Reginald is better, and the sunshine is so lovely; when I feel as I do this morning I *long* to believe that the world is growing better, not worse, that the misery, and the ignorance, and the sins, are lessening, however slowly; I feel as if I could give my life to help it on.'

There was scarcely any one in the church when she entered and sat down in her accustomed place. Gradually it filled—up the aisles flecked with the brilliant colours of the painted windows, as the sunshine made its way through them, the congregation crowded in, in decorous silence. There were but few poor, few even of the so-called working classes, for St. X.'s is in a rich and fashionable neighbourhood, yet there was diversity enough and of many kinds, among those now pressing in through its doors. There were old, and middle-aged, and young—from the aged lady on her son's arm, who, as she feebly moved along, said to herself that this might perhaps be her last attendance at public worship, to the little round-eyed wondering cherub coming to church for the first time. There was the anxious mother of a family, who came from a vague feeling that it was a right and respectable thing to do, though it was but seldom that she could sufficiently distract her mind from cares and calculations to take in clearly the sense of the words that fell upon her ears.

There was the man of learning, who smiled indulgently at the survival of the ancient creeds and customs, while believing them doomed. There were bright and lovely young faces, whose owners, in the hey-day of youth and prosperity, found it difficult to put aside for the time the thoughts of present enjoyment for graver matters. There were some in deep mourning dresses, to whom, on the other hand, it seemed impossible that aught in life could ever cheer or interest them again. There were men and women of many different and differing modes of thought, all assembled for the avowed purpose of praying to God and praising Him in company, and of listening to the exhortation or instruction of a man they recognised as empowered to deliver it. And among them all, how many, think you, prayed from the heart and not only with the lips, how many thrilled with solemn rejoicing as the beautiful words of adoration rose with the strains of the organ's tones, how many ever thought of the 'sermon,' save as a most legitimate subject for sharp criticism or indifferent contempt?

The service went on with the usual decorum. From her place Mildred could see all that passed. She noticed that the two curates were alone and unaided.

'Mr. Lyle cannot yet have come,' she thought, nervously. 'Surely nothing can have detained him?' and a slight misgiving, lest he should not have got away in time, began to assail her. But when the moment for commencing the Communion service came, the sight of a third white-surpliced figure removed all her apprehensions, and with a sigh of relief she knelt again, joining her voice to the responses. She observed that the new-comer took no active part in the service; he remained kneeling where she had first perceived him. But it seemed to her that the music and the voices had never sounded so rich and melodious, and once or twice tones caught her ears which she fancied she had not before remarked.

'I wonder if it can be Mr. Lyle singing,' she thought. 'I do not remember if Reginald ever mentioned his having a beautiful voice.'

And when the time came for the preacher to ascend the pulpit, she watched for him with increased interest. It needed but the first few syllables which fell from his lips to satisfy her that his was the voice which she had perceived; and with calm yet earnest expectancy she waited to hear what he had to say.

At the first glance he looked very young. His face was pale, and he was of a fair complexion. There was nothing in him to strike or attract a careless or superficial observer. But when the soft yet penetrating tones of his voice caught the ear, one felt constrained to bestow a closer attention on the speaker, and this once given, was not easily withdrawn. For there was a power in his eyes, mild though was their habitual expression, such as it would be vain for me to attempt to describe, a strength and firmness in the lines of the youthful face which marked him as one not used to speak in vain.

'Is he young?' thought Mildred more than once. 'It seems in some

way difficult to believe it, though his features are in no way time-worn ; and those wonderful eyes are as clear and candid as the eyes of a child that has scarcely yet learnt to look out on to this troubled world.'

And her perplexity was shared by many among the hearers.

They had settled themselves comfortably to listen or not to listen, according to their wont, as the preacher ascended the pulpit steps.

A momentary feeling of surprise—in a few cases of disappointment—passed through the congregation on catching sight of the unfamiliar face.

'Another new curate, no doubt,' thought a portly and pompous churchwarden. 'And what a boy! Well, if the Rector chooses to throw away his money on three when two are quite enough for the work, it is no business of ours. Still, it would be more becoming to consult us, and not to set a beardless youth like that to teach us. I, for one, shall not irritate myself by listening to his platitudes.'

And he ensconced himself more snugly in his corner to carry out his intention. But what was there in that vibrating voice that *would* be heard?—that so often as Mr. Goldmain turned his thoughts in other directions, drew them back again like a flock of rebellious sheep, constraining him to hearken? Then his mood changed, annoyed, he knew not why, he set himself to cavil and object.

'Arrant socialism!' he called the sermon when describing it afterwards. 'Shallow, superficial, unpractical nonsense, about drawing all classes together by sympathy and charity. It sounds plausible enough, I dare say; so did many of the theories, and doctrines of the first movers in the great French Revolution, I have no doubt. No, no! Let each do his duty in that station of life where God has placed him; that is *my* interpretation of religion. Our great charitable institutions must be kept up, of course, so that the *deserving* poor may be helped when they really need it; though even among the respectable, in nine cases out of ten, my dear sir, you may believe me, it's their own fault. But as for this dream of universal brotherhood, "of the rich mingling in the daily life of the poor, weeping with them in their sorrows, rejoicing in their joys," it is sentimental twaddle. It would revolutionise society, it would break down all the barriers which keep the masses in their places. And to have this nonsense preached to us by a chit of a boy, it makes me lose my temper, I confess. I have not seen our worthy Rector yet, but when I do, I must tell him plainly that if he is not more careful whom he puts in his pulpit when he is absent or ill—hypochondriacal fellow he is, I fancy—I shall look out for seats in some other church than St. X's.'

Such was Mr. Goldmain's impression of the sermon. For though he closed his eyes in order that those about him might think he was asleep, he did not succeed in achieving even the shortest of dozes. Nay, more, he felt as if mentally stung by nettles for the rest of the day, so irritated, and, though for worlds he would not have confessed it, ill at ease, had the strange preacher's discourse left him. But the

soil of his conscience was choked with thorns; there was room for naught beside. Mr. Goldmain was of this world, worldly, and such he remained.

He might have spared himself the trouble of thinking of how he appeared to those around him. They were none of them paying any attention to him. In the next seat sat some richly-clad ladies of uncertain age. They had become members of the St. X.'s congregation because they had been told they would find its Rector's views in no way 'extreme.' For these worthy women had an exaggerated horror of everything 'high,' or, as they expressed it, 'verging on papistry.' That God could be worshipped 'in spirit and in truth,' in any but their own pet 'evangelical' fashion, was a possibility that had not yet suggested itself to their dull brains. And they too, this Sunday morning, felt a shock of disapproval when looking up at the sound of the vibrating voice, the fair face of the strange preacher met their gaze.

'Like a young novice, or whatever it is they call those who are going to be priests; looks as if he fasted and half-starved himself,' whispered one to the other. 'The Rector should really be more careful. Who knows but what he is a Jesuit in disguise,' replied the third.

And at intervals during the sermon little groans or ejaculations of disapproval might have been heard from the seats of the wealthy spinsters.

'I did my best not to listen,' said the eldest, candidly, as they were walking home, 'for I knew in a moment what it was going to be. But no doubt he had a persuasive tone and manner. Poor deluded young man—he will be over to Rome in no time! Did you hear—all that about "the Church?"—'

'The "invisible" Church, he said, I think,' suggested the younger sister, timidly.

'Ah, I dare say, just to hide their real meaning; but I can see through it. There was all that in favour of images, too—symbols he called them. What was it he said, Janet? You have the best memory.'

'"'The childlike expression of human yearnings after the Divine, which it is not for you to condemn or despise,"' quoted Janet.

'Ah, yes—all very fine. We shall be having Madonnas and rosaries and graven images in our English churches next,' said the eldest sister, somewhat confusedly.

'He seemed to me a conscientious young man, very much in earnest, I should have said,' observed the younger sister, humbly.

'Of course, they take that tone, that is the very danger of it,' answered the elder lady. 'I really must ask the Rector to be on his guard.'

And yet by another group seated just across the aisle the stranger's sermon had been criticised in a very different fashion. By some

among his hearers his views were pronounced to be, not too 'high,' or 'leading to Rome,' but dangerously 'broad.'

'I dislike those allusions to "evolution" and "development" in the pulpit. It is not the place for science; our preachers should keep to the Bible, and not give heed to all the talk of the day about matters which have nothing to do with religion,' said an elderly gentleman, dogmatically.

His companion smiled; they too, were walking down the street.

'Yes, religion or teachers of religion get rather out of their depth when they touch upon science, certainly,' he said.

'But if science be true, and religion be true, *truths* cannot disagree,' said a young girl, who was walking between the two, her bright intelligent face raised to the last speaker, her brother, as she spoke. 'You are a very clever and learned man, Gerald, and I am only a very young and ignorant girl, but yet I *feel* you are wrong, and I never felt this more intensely than when listening to this stranger this morning. Why should we refuse to believe what we cannot understand? Is it not the very height of presumption, and even stupidity, to do so? I cannot remember his words, but they seemed to me to say it as I have never heard it said before. And—I hoped you felt it so, too.'

But the philosopher only shook his head. The two were some paces in front of the old gentleman by now; they knew that such talk annoyed him, hedged in, in his 'orthodoxy.'

'I am glad if you were pleased, my dear child,' said the brother; 'but I must keep to my old opinion. Reality and dreams *cannot* be reconciled. We can only know that which we have experience of. Still, I allow that he put it in rather an original way.'

'You mean,' said the girl, eagerly, 'when he said that our refusing to believe in God and the spiritual universe, because we cannot see and touch them, is like a deaf mute refusing to believe in music—that we complain of the things of God not being proved and explained to us before we have learnt the alphabet of the spiritual language.'

'That we complain of not being treated as gods before we have learnt to live as men. Yes, that was rather fine,' the other allowed. 'But still, my dear child, I cannot see that these discussions are profitable. We have plenty to do and learn about matters as to which we *can* arrive at certainty. Why not be content to leave those matters as to which we *know* nothing? I don't quarrel with clergymen for trying to bring us to a different way of thinking; it is their business, and as long as there are clergymen, we must submit to their platitudes. But what can a young theologian, determined to see things in but one way, know of the researches of science, the true spirit of philosophy?'

The girl looked grievously disappointed, and tears filled her beautiful eyes.

'Gerald,' she said, 'I could not live in the negation of all belief

that you advocate; still less,' she went on in a lower voice, 'could I die in it. Uncle thought the preacher dangerously "liberal," you think him narrow and ignorant. For me, I can only say, if I may use the words without irreverence, that my heart burnt within me as I listened.'

'Little enthusiast,' said her brother, smiling. Mentally he thought to himself that it would really be a pity if Agatha went too far in 'that direction,' and his eyes wandering across the street, caught sight of a party of young people, laughing and talking, though in well-bred fashion, as they went along. 'She should be more like other girls of her age,' he reflected, as his glance again fell on the thoughtful young face at his side.

'You should be pleased and flattered, Agatha,' he said, 'that I gave so much attention as I did to this pet preacher of yours.'

'I don't know him, Gerald,' she replied. 'I never saw or heard him before.'

'Really?' he said, 'I had half an idea that you had some reason for so particularly asking me to go to church this morning.'

'Oh, no. I expected the Rector would be preaching himself,' she said. 'But I am glad you came, Gerald. You do allow that it was a remarkable sermon.'

'Ye-es,' he replied, smiling again, and with that Agatha was forced to be contented.

Across the street the same subject was being discussed.

'I feel quite tired,' laughed one of the pretty girls to the gentleman beside her. 'Do you know, for once in my life, I really listened to the sermon?'

'You don't mean to say so,' he replied. But something in his tone made her glance up at him archly.

'Why do you seem so conscious?' she said. 'Were you asleep?'

'No, I scarcely think so. I was very sleepy at the beginning, it was so hot. But there was something rather impressive in that fellow's voice. To confess the truth, I caught myself listening, like you.'

'If one could always listen, it would make church-going less wearisome,' said the girl. 'As a rule, I never attempt it, they always say the same thing.'

'And there was nothing particularly new in what that pale-faced young man had to say this morning, after all,' said her companion. 'It was the mere accident of his having an unusually good voice.'

'Yes, I suppose so,' replied the young lady, indifferently, 'though I've really forgotten what it was about—there are too many other things to think about when one is young and——'

'Lovely,' interrupted her companion. 'Yes—and for my part I don't see what we're in the world for, if it isn't to make ourselves as happy as we can. That's *my* religion.'

'A very pleasant one, if it has no other merit,' the girl replied, with a laugh.

At that moment a carriage passed them. It had but one occupant—an elderly lady. Her face, though worn and even prematurely aged, was sweet and calm. Her glance fell for an instant on the upturned laughing face of the girl.

'Something in her' recalls my Margaret,' thought the lady; 'but Margaret was more serious. How is it that they all seem to have been so near me to-day? All my dead children who have left me—I am so glad I went to church. I have not felt so near them all for years. I could almost fancy that young man knew something of my sorrows, his glance rested on me once or twice with such sympathy. How beautiful and how strengthening were his words! Yes—we are not really separated—I am content to wait while God has work for me to do here. And I am glad I am rich when I feel how many I can help. God bless that preacher, whoever he is, for the strength and comfort he has given me to-day.'

Mildred in her place sat quietly waiting till the congregation had dispersed. Then she rose and went forward to speak to the verger.

'Will you tell the clergyman,' she said, 'Mr. Lyle is his name—that I hope he will return with me to the Rectory to luncheon. I will wait here till he comes out.'

The man went with her message. But in a moment or two he reappeared looking somewhat surprised.

'He has gone ma'am,' he said. 'I can't make out how he went off so quickly. No one seems to have seen him.'

'He must have hurried off at once. No doubt I shall find him at home,' she said, feeling nevertheless a little disappointed. She had looked forward to the few minutes' talk with the preacher who had so impressed her; she would have liked to thank him without delay.

'I shall feel too shy to say it to him before Reginald, I am afraid,' she thought. 'I am a little surprised he did not tell me more of this Mr. Lyle.'

And she set off eagerly to return home. At the church door she almost ran against one of the curates, an honest and hard-working, but dictatorial young man, with whom she did not feel much sympathy. He accompanied her a few steps down the street.

'And how did you like the sermon?' he said.

Mildred replied by repeating his own question, hoping thus to escape a discussion she felt sure would not be to her mind.

'How did you like it, Mr. Grenfell?' she asked.

He smiled in a superior way, conscious to his finger-tips of his unassailable theology.

'I dare say he may come to be something of a preacher in time,' he said. 'But he was crude—very crude—and I should say he would do well to go through a good course of divinity. He evidently *thinks* he knows all about it; but if I could have a talk with him I could knock his arguments to shivers, I could——'

'Mr. Grenfell,' said Mildred, feeling very repelled by his manner,

'do you think religion is only theology of the Schools? If you could not feel the love to God and to man—the "enthusiasm of humanity," if you like to call it so—breathing through Mr. Lyle's every word and look and tone, I am sorry for you.'

Mr. Grenfell grew very red.

'I am sorry,' he began, 'I did not mean—I will think over what you say. Perhaps it is true that we clergymen get into that way of thinking—as if religion were a branch of learning more than anything else. Thank you,' and with a shake of the hand he turned away.

A step or two further on, Mildred overtook a young man—a cripple, and owing to his infirmity, in poor circumstances, though a gentleman by birth. She was passing with a kindly bow, when he stopped her.

'Might I ask the name of the clergyman who preached this morning?' he asked, raising his face, still glowing with pleasure to hers.

'Mr. Lyle,' she replied; 'at least,' as for the first time a slight misgiving crossed her mind, 'I feel almost sure that is his name.'

'Thank you,' the cripple said. 'I am glad to know it, though it matters little. Whoever he was, I pray God to bless him. I little knew what I was going to church to hear this morning; I felt as if an angel had unawares come to speak to us.'

And in the relief of this warm sympathy Mildred held out her hand.

'Thank you, Mr. Denis, for speaking so,' she said; 'you are the first who seem to have felt as I did.'

Then she hurried on.

She found her husband on the sofa, but looking feverish and uneasy.

'How——?' he began, but she interrupted him.

'Is Mr. Lyle not here?' she said.

'Mr. Lyle?' Reginald repeated. 'What do you mean? You had scarcely gone when a special messenger brought this from him,' and he held out a short note of excessive regret and apology from the young clergyman, at finding the utter impossibility of reaching St. X.'s in time for the morning service. 'I have been on thorns,' said the Rector, 'and I could do nothing. There was no one to send. Did Grenfell preach, or was there no sermon?'

Mildred sat down, feeling strangely bewildered.

'I cannot explain it,' she said. 'Reginald, tell me what is Mr. Lyle's personal appearance? Can he have come after all? even after despatching his message? Is he slight and fair—rather tall and almost boyish-looking, but with most sweet yet keen eyes, and a wonderful voice?'

The Rector could hardly help smiling.

'Lyle,' he replied, 'is slight, but short, and dark—very dark, with

a quick lively way of moving, and a rather thin, though clear voice. He has not a grain of music or poetry in his composition.'

Nothing could be more unlike the clergyman of that morning.

Mildred told her husband all she could recollect of the sermon. Its vivid impression remained; but the words had grown hazy, and curiously enough she could not recall the text. But Reginald listened with full sympathy and belief.

'I wish I could have heard it,' he said. 'Were the days for such blessed visitations not over, I should think——' but there he hesitated.

Mildred understood, and the words of the cripple, Mr. Denis—'an angel unawares'—returned to her memory.

The events I have related were never explained, nor of the many who had been present that Sunday morning at St. X.'s, did any ever again look upon the fair face of the mysterious clergyman.

But—till the matter had passed from the minds of all but two or three—the Rector had to listen with patience to much fault-finding with the sermon, and with its preacher.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXV.

THE POST-COMMUNION.

Susan. We had somewhat to hurry last week, and there was more that I wished to talk over about the Celebration, and our own part in it. Every one does not use the hands, making a throne, as you read from St. Cyril.

Aunt Anne. It is better not to look at what other people do. I remember Mr. Keble, on some question being asked him as to customs in other places, saying he made it a rule never to look at what was done at the Celebration in strange churches, lest he should be disturbed in his own devotions. And if he—generally ministering himself and looked on as an authority—could thus refrain from remarking, surely we women from our outer place can do so, since all that can come of observing is curiosity at the time, or gossip afterwards.

S. I see. But indeed I only ask because when I was at —, the clergyman made a pause as if I was doing something wrong, and my cousins told me afterwards that he liked only the right hand actually to take the Bread.

A. When I was coming to my first Communion, I was desired in like manner to take off my right-hand glove in readiness, and to use the fingers. I think we considered it as fulfilling the 'take and eat this.'

S. I see the devotional mind will make its own meanings, and the spirit is really the point.

A. I will tell you another hint that I have always liked and tried to follow out. It is in Mrs. Jerome Mercier's 'Our Mother Church.' She advises, after the Cup, putting one's finger along the lips, and then over the eyelids and brow, with a silent ejaculation.

S. Do you mind telling me what you generally use?

A. Sometimes 'Set a watch O Lord, on my lips,' or 'On my lips be the law of kindness.' For the eyes, 'Open mine eyes, O Lord, that I may see the wondrous things of Thy Law'; and 'Turn away mine eyes lest they behold vanity'; and on the forehead: 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be always acceptable in Thy sight.' But, of course, it is better for each to choose what suits the special need or character.

S. Bishop Wilson suggests, as we stand up, to say 'Blessing and

honour, glory and power be unto Him that sitteth on the Throne and unto the Lamb for evermore.'

A. I think he had in his mind the *Agnus Dei*, though that is prayer and this is praise. The *Agnus Dei* was in early times said by the priest at the Commixture, that is, the dropping of a fragment from the Host into the Chalice. In 1549, it was sung by the choir while the congregation were communicating, but the revisers of 1552, in their dread of adoration, amalgamated it with the *Gloria in Excelsis* in the Post-Communion. Bishop Cosin wished to bring it back to its former place, but could not prevail. There has been an endeavour to restore it in our own day, letting the choir sing it as an anthem or hymn, but this has been one of the restorations that have been most objected to. People who did not understand that it was an endeavour to restore a most suitable invocation, in the only manner rubrically possible, regarded it simply as a hymn, and were alarmed as at an innovation, and musical and unmusical persons alike really felt it a serious distraction to their private devotions.

S. It does not agree with

'Sweet awful hour, the only sound,
One gentle footstep gliding round,
Offering by turns to each apart,
The Cross to every hand and heart.'

A. Yes; the spirit of those lines was formed on country churches, with a single priest, such as many of us are used to. Any way, judgment was given against the singing of the *Agnus Dei* at that time, because no injunction could be found for it, and omission was considered as equivalent to prohibition. It is however used at High Celebrations in some Churches. And you should remember that we are not deprived of the prayer, only we do not publicly use it at the most appropriate moment.

S. I know we ought to remain kneeling throughout the time of others communicating, unless one is really weak and unwell. The books give prayers and praises for that time.

A. Yes; people used to be taught when they had finished their private prayers to sit in meditation—but some old people do this still.

S. And if one comes up too soon, and has to wait for room, ought one to kneel?

A. That depends; sometimes it is easy to kneel and wait, but standing is, remember, a perfectly devotional attitude of adoration, and no irreverence; and it is much better to stand quietly than to kneel down, where you would probably be very much in the way, and attract a great deal of unnecessary notice.

S. People would talk of genuflections perhaps. But it is always a difficulty how far to give in to peoples' opinion.

A. When it is a clear matter of obedience, such as kneeling in prayer, there should be no yielding—but in what may be called extras uncommanded, it is better not to make oneself conspicuous,

or harm comes of it—and mockery. I do not mean of oneself, but of high matters. It is not well to prostrate oneself in public, even in an ecstasy of devotion. It is causing what may be an offence and do mischief not only to the spectator, but to the church and clergyman. Be as quiet and unremarkable as possible, and try—in a crowded church—in going and returning from your seat to be considerate of other people, and their arrangements of books, gloves, etc., so as to let them, as well as yourself, kneel and pray on quietly and undistractedly.

S. Till the Lord's Prayer begins.

A. Yea. In 1549, there was a set of sentences from Scriptures to be said or sung at this time, one or more. They are a beautiful collection; 'He that shall endure unto the end, he shall be saved' is one. They are almost all very practical.

S. I will copy them out in my Altar book.

A. In the meantime any remnants of the Holy Elements are covered with a veil—so as to guard them from flies or birds, and shew that we own the actual sacredness of them in themselves.

S. I do not quite see why you lay such stress on that.

A. Because some misunderstand that phrase in the Catechism you quoted last time.

S. 'The Body and Blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.' You told me to observe that faithful meant Christians.

A. The answer really is intended to mean that the Body and Blood are in the Holy Communion taken and received by Christians, not that the Holy Elements become the Body and Blood only to those who are faithful. They *are* spiritually Christ's Flesh and Blood in themselves, whatever the recipient may be.

S. I see; I do not think I ever did understand.

A. I am afraid there have been irreverences on the part of some who did not understand. The Lord's Prayer was originally said after the Consecration. We have it for our thanksgiving with the Doxology.

S. Then come the two thanksgivings

A. The first is properly called the Prayer of Oblation.

S. Because we offer ourselves, our souls and bodies.

A. And much more we unite ourselves with the entire Church, of the living and departed, as Christ's Body, mysteriously one with Himself, and joining in Oblation. In King Edward's first book, this was far fuller and more expressive. It stood immediately after the Consecration, while the other was placed after the reception as a thanksgiving. How the place was changed, does not appear. Bishop Cosin in his revision noted that 'his lord and master, Bishop Overall, always used it in its right place.' He thought the alteration was a printer's error, though he could not prevail to have it corrected. It is however restored in the Scotch and American Liturgies and it is one of the few changes one would wish for here.

S. I see, it does most entirely join us, as parts of the Body into the

great Offering. And it takes up St. Paul's words, 'that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service' (Rom. xii. 1)

A. Words which must have been most vivid to those who were accustomed to see offerings of soulless and dead animals laid before the altar; whereas here the offering is of life and active intelligent service.

S. With a prayer that we may have grace to make it acceptable. And then comes the entreaty that He will accept this offering of ourselves. I suppose 'this, our bounden duty and service' means not so much our present Communion as this dedication of ourselves and our whole lives.

A. Exactly. So we lay ourselves before Him, praying Him not to weigh our merits, but to pardon our offences. The words used to be, 'We Thy humble servants do celebrate and make here before Thy Divine Majesty with these Thy holy gifts the memorial which Thy Son hath willed us to make.'

S. The other is actual thanksgiving, and speaks of having 'duly received these holy mysteries' so that it certainly belongs to this place, though I never like to miss the other.

A. One may say privately whichever is omitted. You remember, too, that the Sacrament is still on the Altar, whereas formerly there was no post-communion at all. I think, too, you would find it helpful, when there is time, to add the beautiful self oblation you will find in the ninth chapter of the fifth book of Thomas à Kempis's Imitation. There are some words in each that you should attend to, being used not in the ordinary modern sense.

S. *Fulfilled*—that is really filled full—and 'bounden duty'—that is what we justly owe to God. Then *very* means true—when thus put.

A. Very members incorporate—true embodied members.

S. Mystical is Spiritual, is it not? Then I especially like the mention of the good works God has prepared for us to walk in. It always seems to me to own that He has laid out for us the special suitable welcome work that we have to do for Him.

A. And strengthened and refreshed we are to go on our way and do it, as our own office in the One Great Body with which our Union has just been freshly sealed.

S. As we have been made One with Christ and Christ with us.

A. Yes, not only in the union of soul, but of body with Him by our action of eating and taking into ourselves that which His own words teach us is in some very real manner one with the human Body He bore for us; and so, as He has come down to be 'God with us' we greet and praise Him in His birth song.

S. The *Gloria in Excelsis*, the angel's hymn at first.

A. The Eastern Church calls it 'The Angelical Hymn, or the the Great Doxology.' It was sung on every Sunday or holiday throughout the Church, but at the beginning, not the end.

S.

‘Glory be to God on high, on earth be peace
And love towards men of love, salvation and release.’

The note refers to the Vulgate ‘*Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*,’ and I see the Revised Version has it, ‘And on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased.’ It is not so beautiful in sound as our way of saying it.

A. No, but it is well to know the exact sense, though devotional chants must be adapted to the language. Nor is there any wrong doctrine. Goodwill there is assuredly to all mankind, though only those who meet it with love in themselves can reap its full blessedness.

S. Did not St. Polycarp sing the next part, when he was going to his martyrdom?

A. We like to believe that he did, but the actual words ascribed to him are, ‘I praise Thee for all Thy mercies; I bless Thee, I glorify Thee through the eternal High Priest, JESUS CHRIST Thy beloved Son, to whom, with Thyself and the Holy Ghost be glory both now and for ever.’ It is sufficiently like to seem as if he was saying our liturgical hymn, and ours is certainly in the same spirit.

S. ‘We praise Thee for Thy Great Glory.’ It seems as if we dared to enter into and enjoy that glory. But does the name ‘Gloria in Excelsis’ mean the whole hymn or only the Angel’s part?

A. The whole hymn. The only difference is, that when in 1552 it was placed after the Communion itself, the third invocation of our Blessed Lord was added as if to compensate for the previous omission of the *Agnus Dei*, though some say it really was only inserted by a printer’s error. There is more to dwell on in the Blessing and final rubrics, but we must leave off now.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXXIX.

1644-1646.

THE GREAT MARQUESS.

THERE was one hope remaining to King Charles, the hope that had lured him into fighting the fatal battle of Naseby.

When James Graham, Marquess of Montrose, had parted with Prince Rupert two days after the battle of Marston Moor, a report was spread that he, the Lieutenant of Prince Rupert the Viceroy of Scotland, was on his way to wait on the King at Oxford, and his coach and servants slowly proceeded on their way in full state. Their lord meanwhile was travelling northward, dressed as a groom, riding on a lean horse, and leading a pack-horse by the bridle, in attendance on two gentlemen, Sir William Rollock and Mr. Sibbald, the only persons in his secret; for thus alone could he hope to pass through the Lowlands, where almost all were enthusiastic Covenanters.

Near the Border they met a servant of one of his own family who thought they were of Leven's army, and told them that his master had undertaken to give notice to the Government of any one crossing the Border likely to be an emissary of the King. A little further on, a soldier who had been in Newcastle's army ran up to the seeming groom, and saluted him by his title. 'Do I not know my Lord Marquess of Montrose very well,' he cried. 'But go your way, and God be with you.'

The man kept the secret, and in four days time Montrose reached the house of his cousin Patrick Graham, of Inchbrakie, near the river Tay, on the Highland side of Perth. He sent off his companions to learn the state of things, and spent his nights in a little cottage and his days in the mountains, until they returned with very bad news. The Covenanters' rule was strong and vigilant; and the Marquess of Huntly, venturing to rise prematurely on the King's behalf, had been speedily overcome, and his kinsman, Gordon of Hadow, made prisoner and put to death.

While considering what was to be done, Montrose heard through the shepherds that a band of men from Ireland had landed in the West Highlands, and were wandering about in the mountains, closely

watched by the Marquess of Argyle and his clan. He hoped that these were Lord Antrim's men from Ulster, but did not venture to move till a kinsman of his own brought him a letter from their leader, Alaster Macdonald, of a Scottish family, but born in Ireland, and commonly called Colkittoch or Colkitto, namely the left-handed; a brave man, but untrained and obstinate. He supposed Montrose to be with the army at Carlisle, and Graham had favoured the idea by undertaking to ride there with the letters. Montrose answered as if he were at Carlisle, bidding them repair to Blair Athol, where they should be met by a general and an army; and he sent persons to raise the men of Athol, who were mostly loyal.

In Highland coat and trews, and only attended by Patrick Graham as his guide, he walked twenty miles across the hills to the rendezvous, where he found only 1200 men of Ulster instead of the promised 10,000, very badly armed and appointed, and only a few men of Badenoch as yet came to the appointed place. The Irish would hardly believe the gentleman who had walked in among them was the Marquess, till they saw him saluted by the Badenoch men; and then it appeared that they were in great danger and difficulty for Argyle had burnt the vessels that had brought them over, and was about to fall on them, while the loyal Scots would not stir on their behalf, since Colkitto showed no commission from the King.

Montrose immediately set up the royal standard, and was joined by Macpherson of Cluny with his clan. On their way the Macphersons had had a skirmish with some of the Covenanting cavalry. As they were advancing, one of the Highlanders was seen stooping, and being asked by his chief how he could stoop in presence of the enemy, answered that he was only fastening a spur to his brogue. 'A spur! for what purpose here?' 'I mean to have a good horse before the day is done,' answered the Highlander; and so he had, and two prisoners likewise, for the Covenanters, taken by surprise, were routed. The next day 800 men of Athol arrived, and were put under the command of Patrick Graham; and immediately after the army was joined by Lord Kilpont, eldest son of the Earl of Menteith, and by Sir John Drummond. Each of these had been called out by the Covenanters to raise their forces against the Irish as robbers, and between them they had 500 men; but when they found their kinsman Montrose was in command with full powers from the King they gladly joined him.

Still there was much danger, for Argyle was pursuing the little army, and in front, Lord Elcho had collected a Lowland force, who were drawn up in an open space called Tipper Muir, three miles from Perth, with artillery and cavalry. Montrose had none of the former and only three horses; but he knew what the Highlanders could do in the first onset, and that there was no real discipline among

the Lowlanders, who, though they were superior in numbers, were only farmers and burghers quite untrained.

All of his men, who owned a firelock, discharged it as soon as they came within gunshot of the enemy. Then throwing away the weapon—in many cases plaid and all—they drew their powerful broadswords and launched themselves headlong on the Lowlanders, who broke instantly and scattered in all directions, but were hunted down by the swift-footed Highlandmen, so that no less than 2,000 were killed in the pursuit. This battle was fought on Sunday the 1st of September, 1644.

The burghers of Perth who had been in the fray had had quite enough of it, and lay gasping in their cellars, telling the Provost they would fight no more, for their hearts were away and they should be killed. Only twelve of these Fifeshire men offered themselves for the defence of the town, and they were pot valiant through liquor. So averred the magistrates in their letter of excuse. In fact all the Lowlanders with any taste for war were in Leven's army in England, and those who remained at home had lost the custom of warfare.

The Campbells however had the brave habits of Highlanders and Islesmen, and their chief, the Marquess of Argyle, was a strong and devoted Covenanter from conviction, the same against whom his own father, a Roman Catholic, had warned King James. He was regarded with the utmost devotion by his people, who called him Gillespie Grumach, the latter word meaning squint-eyed; the former being taken as the Gaelic equivalent for his Christian name of Archibald, although curiously enough Gillespie, or more properly Gillespuigh, really means servant of the bishop.

He was advancing with a strong force, and the Highlanders were after their usual fashion going home with their plunder. Therefore Montrose fell back from Perth into Angusshire, where he was joined by the Ogilvies, with their head the old Earl of Airlie, and his two sons, who remained faithful throughout. Here however a heavy loss fell on him. In the contingent brought by Lord Kilpont was a gentleman named James Stewart of Ardvourlich, extremely strong, but with a wild strain of insanity about him, attributed to a terrible outrage committed before his birth. During the absence of the Lord of Ardvourlich, a gang of outlaws had invaded his house, demanding hospitality; and while the lady was gone to the kitchen in quest of provisions, the savages set on the table, with a bit of bread in its mouth, the bloody head of her brother, whom they had met and murdered on their way. The poor lady flew shrieking out of the house, and it was many weeks before her husband found her wandering in the forest. She had become insane, and the infant born shortly after grew up a wild and dangerous character; but Lord Kilpont was much attached to him, and shared his tent with him,

until in an access of fury, caused, it was believed, by a refusal to desert Montrose, this semi-madman stabbed the young noble to death, then killing the sentinel, and escaping to the camp of Argyle, where he was promoted.

This was a great blow to Montrose, and to the Royal cause. He had now only 1500 men, and with them he resolved to make a sudden dash at Aberdeen, hoping thus to obtain the support of the Gordons, who had always been warm supporters of the Crown. But the Marquess of Huntly seems to have held Montrose as a turn-coat not to be trusted, and had never forgotten his own treacherous capture when the Graham had been the Covenanting champion. His third son, Lord Lewis, had thrown himself into the opposite party, and actually commanded a troop of horse in the army with which Lord Burley was trying to check the advance of the Highland force.

Montrose avoided the Bridge of Dee, and crossed the river higher up. He met the Covenanters to the westward of the city. He had now only fifty horse, but he mingled musketeers with them, and thus much encreased their efficiency. Lord Lewis's men fled, and after a two hours' fight there was a general rout of the Covenanters, who fled into the town, to the grievous detriment of the citizens; for the barbarous Irish pursued them thither and slew whomsoever they met, sometimes making their unhappy victims undress first, that their clothes might not be spoiled. Montrose, having no money, was forced to wink at plunder, though Aberdeen was reckoned a loyal city, and as such had suffered previously from him when he was on the Covenanting side. The Irish were as savage as they were brave. One, whose leg was shot off in the battle, and hanging by a piece of skin, shouted to his fellows, 'This bodes me promotion. My lord will make me a trooper!' On the other hand their cruelty was terrible, and they even slew women for weeping over the dead.

Happily these horrors did not last long. Montrose marched his savage crew off the next day, up the course of the river Spey, into the country of the Gordons, hoping that as the Marquess of Huntly was well known to be loyal they would join him; but the old quarrel and distrust were not forgotten, and the one Marquess was never to be found by any messenger from the other, nor would his men rise to follow the man whom they held to have betrayed their chief, whose example they followed, so that their country appeared almost devoid of inhabitants. Argyle was following him with a better equipped army, and the Murrays of Caithness were up in arms against him on the opposite bank of the Spey.

Resolved not to be enclosed and cut off, Montrose buried his cannon in a bog, destroyed his heavy baggage, and made a dash into the friendly Highlands, where at Badenoch he had a few days of such sharp illness that the Covenanters gave public thanks for his death.

Indeed the hardships and privations of his hurried marches among the mountains were terrible, and his eldest son, a boy of sixteen, sank under them; but there was no time for mourning, the little army could only exist by hurrying from one mountain or valley to another, and never letting Argyle's more unwieldy force come up with it. Often it had to be dispersed in search of provisions, and indeed the Highlanders were so prone to hurry home that only the Irish could be relied on for keeping together. Thus at Fyvie Castle he found himself with the Marquess of Argyle on one side of him, and the Earl of Lothian on the other, their forces amounting to thrice his own, and only two miles off when he first had notice of them. Indeed some were already creeping behind the hedges into the midst of his army, when he called out in a gay undaunted voice to a young Irish officer, 'What are you doing, O'Keene? Can't you chase these troublesome rascals out of the ditches?' O'Keene did so, and with such good effect as to capture some bags of ammunition. 'What, have they left us no balls?' cried one of the men. 'We must get that afterwards from these niggardly stewards.'

After two or three days spent in skirmishing, during which every metal vessel in Montrose's army was melted up to make bullets, and Argyle retreated every evening to his camp about three miles off, Montrose withdrew in the night to Strathbogie; but on the way many of the Lowland gentlemen left him, and there only remained with him the old Earl of Airlie and his sons. Indeed winter was setting in, and all who could took shelter in their homes, Argyle in his castle of Inverary, where he held himself to be perfectly secure, saying that he would not for a hundred thousand crowns that any stranger knew the passes over the eastern barrier of mountains.

But early in December a few frightened shepherds hurried into Inverary with tidings that Montrose with the Grahams, the Highlanders and the Irish had scaled the hills, and descended the snow choked ravines, and was only two miles off. There was no time for defence. All that Argyle could do was to embark in a fishing boat and escape by sea; and terrible times began for the unfortunate Campbells, for Montrose divided his force into three, and made frightful havoc among the villages and shielings, which lay in rocky glens and hills, throughout the rugged country. The people seemed paralysed, and Montrose spoke of it as a providence, for he said that two hundred bowmen in any narrow pass could have cut off his army; or that if the cowherds had burnt their dwellings and driven away their cattle, he should have been starved out. There the Highlanders marauded to their hearts' content till February, 1645, when just as they had gone home with their booty came tidings that the Earl of Seaforth, head of the Mackenzies, for whose support Montrose had always hoped, was marching against him with 5000 men on one side, and on the other Argyle had collected

3000 at his castle of Inverlochy, on Loch Linhe, the first of the chain of lakes since connected by the Caledonian Canal.

Montrose decided to attack the smaller body before the two could join. He had only 1500 men, but he led them out of the ordinary road, over the wild passes of Lochaber, unknown to all but shepherds and deerstalkers, and descended suddenly on the meadows round the loch, while Argyle thought him thirty miles off. It was late in the evening, and the battle did not take place till the next day. In the night Argyle, who never professed to be a warrior, betook himself to his galley, and when he saw his clansmen fleeing on all sides, he was rowed safely away across the lake. Montrose's victory was complete, but he lost one excellent and devoted follower in Lord Ogilvie, who was killed in the battle. However, Lord Gordon, Huntly's eldest son, who had hitherto been detained by his uncle Argyle, made his escape, and joined the royal standard, bringing one hundred and fifty of his name.

By this time the Convention of Estates, who governed Scotland, were thoroughly alarmed. While the war was only Highlander against Highlander, they cared little for it; but with the spring Montrose was threatening the Lowlands, and they thought it expedient to recall to their defence two generals from the army in England—William Baillie, a thorough covenanter, and Sir John Urry, one of the Thirty Years' War men, an able captain, but ready to fight on whichever side would hire him.

These two generals, with a considerable force, hovered about watching to hinder Montrose from crossing either the Tay or the Forth, the boundaries of the Highlands; and at the same time all the Gordons, except their young lord, suddenly deserted, no one knew why, though Lord Lewis Gordon was suspected of having intrigued in his father's name.

However, Montrose took Dundee, assaulting it in three places at once; but just as the horrors of plunder were beginning upon the inhabitants came timely news that Baillie and Urry, with 4000 men, were close at hand. The Gordons had represented the cavalry, the numbers were too small to fight, and Montrose could only draw off to the hills, again making a march of sixty miles in three days and two nights, almost without a halt for food or rest.

Lord Gordon managed to collect his clan again, by setting his personal influence against that of his brother, in spite of the rhyme—

'If ye wi' Lord Lewis gae,
Ye'll get reif and prey enow;
If ye wi' Montrose gae,
Ye'll get grief and woe enow.'

He had gathered a sufficient force to be held worthy of an attack from Urry, but Montrose hurried to his support, and a sharp battle

ensued at the village of Alderne in the county of Nairne. Colkitto here showed desperate bravery. His men were in the shelter of sheepfolds formed by stone walls, and he defended the entrance, receiving the pikes of the soldiers by two or three in his target, and then shearing them off by a sweep of his broadsword. The victory was complete, 2000 Covenantors fell, and only twenty-four of Montrose's. Urry drew off the remains of his army to rejoin Baillie.

Again the two armies fought, at Alford in Aberdeenshire, and again Montrose triumphed, but this time with the very serious loss of Lord Gordon, for whom there was great lamentation throughout the army. The next brother, Lord Aboyne, however continued to support Montrose, and victory was the sure way to attract the Highland clans to his royal standard.

The Convention of Estates was angered and perplexed, having to keep on foot two armies in England and in the north, while there was terrible devastation wherever the Highlanders went; and added to this a fearful pestilence all over the kingdom, and so severe at Edinburgh, that the Estates were obliged to remove to Perth, where they raised a force commanded by General Baillie, and ordered a levy of 10,000 men throughout the country.

Montrose meantime ravaged Kinross, and utterly destroyed the beautiful Campbell Castle, belonging to Argyle, thus satisfying the Celtic spirit of vengeance, which added horrors to this northern warfare. His object was to fight Baillie's army before the new levies should arrive, so he marched along the northern shore of the Forth, and after insulting Perth as he passed it, he crossed the river by a ford just before the Teith joins it, and then marched westward. The Committee of Estates imagined that he wanted to avoid a battle, and with Argyle at their head insisted that Baillie, against his own judgment, should follow by crossing the Brigg of Stirling, and fight. The place was the glen or valley of Kilsythe, which is now filled up with a reservoir of water. Montrose was on the higher ground with his Highlanders. The gentlemen of his army and the Covenanting horse first encountered, and at the critical moment he gave the word for the fearful rush of the Highlanders, half naked, and plunging down with the utmost fury, carrying all before them, and continuing the pursuit for fourteen miles with such slaughter that they boasted that not one Covenanting foot soldier escaped alive; and the cavalry were entirely dispersed, with such loss that the slain amounted to 6,000, while Montrose only lost six! This battle of Kilsythe, the culminating point of his success, took place on the 15th of August, 1645.

The news gave hope to Charles in England in the ruin that followed the battle of Naseby, and he gave Montrose the dignity of Viceroy of Scotland, which had been borne by Prince Rupert, and empowered him to summon a Parliament at Glasgow, whilst he re-

turned an invitation to the King in the words of Joab to King David: , I have fought against Rabbah, and have taken the city of waters. Now therefore gather the rest of the people together, and encamp against the city, and take it, lest I take it, and it be called by my name.'

Charles, however, had learnt to believe the Great Marquess, as he began to be called, invincible, forgetting that for ferocious Highlanders, well managed, to fall upon hastily levied farmers and burghers was a very different thing from their meeting troops used to discipline like the army of Leven; and, besides, though the cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh and others had submitted and released the royalist prisoners, all the castles were still in the hands of the Convention and there was no artillery to attack them with. The King therefore summoned Montrose to march southwards to his assistance, and this was highly distasteful to the clans. Many of the Highlanders had gone home to dispose of their plunder, and more and more deserted at each day's journey towards the Border.

Orders meantime had been sent to the Leslies to send home a detachment for the protection of the country. They were before Hereford at the time, and David Leslie with 5000 or 6000 men, almost all cavalry, hastened at the utmost speed back to Scotland.

Montrose was at Selkirk, so much weakened by desertion that he had only five hundred Irish foot and a small body of horse encamped at Philiphaugh, a flat meadow on the bank of the Ettrick, near the town. Nothing seems in those days to have been worse understood than reconnoitring, and he had no notion that the enemy was near, but was writing letters to the king, when on the morning of the 13th of September he heard the sound of firing, and galloped to the scene of action. Leslie had approached under cover of a heavy fog, and when perceived, the panic they inspired was such that the Irish horse broke and scattered in all directions. Montrose strove hard to rally them, but it was impossible; and he, with thirty horse, was obliged to flee till he halted at Peebles, where the stragglers came in to the number of 250. The standards were saved, one by an Irishman, who wrapped it round his body, and fought with no other clothing, till he had forced his way through the enemy, and brought it that night to Montrose, who rewarded him by giving him the entire charge of it. The other standard belonging to the cavalry was saved by William Hay, brother to the Earl of Kinnoul, who carried it off the field with him, reached the English Border, and after lying hidden for some time, reached the Highlands safely and restored it to his general.

The Covenanters massacred the prisoners of lower degree without mercy, as indeed the savage Kelts had shown as little in their hour of triumph. All were shot down in the court of Newark Castle, and buried in a meadow called Slainmen's Lee, where about the year 1820 their bones were found, corroborating the tradition of the

cause of the name. The Lowland Scots triumphed in a ballad beginning—

‘At Philiphaugh the fray began,
At Harehead wood it ended;
The Scots out owre the Grames they rode,
Sae merrily they bended.’

And concluding—

‘Now, let us a’ for Leslie pray,
And his brave company,
For they hae vanquished great Montrose,
Our cruel enemy.’

An obelisk was raised on the field, with an inscription that might have befitted the Irish: ‘To the memory of the Covenanters who fought and fell on the field of Philiphaugh and won the battle there, September 13th, 1645.’

Montrose betook himself to the Highlands and collected 400 men of Athol, and was joined by Lord Aboyne with some of the Gordons; but they were never hearty in their support of him, and soon left him. About this time Montrose lost a friend he much esteemed, Lord Napier of Merchiston, a peaceful gentleman of very high culture, who was the inventor of logarithms, or, as they were long called after him, Napier’s bones. Meantime, the Covenanters tried and sentenced his friends their prisoners, egged on by the Presbyterian clergy, one of whom took as his text, ‘What meaneth then this bleating of sheep in mine ears,’ and reviled them for sparing the gentlemen as Saul had spared Agag. Eight were sentenced to die, four at St. Andrews, as an expiation for the sufferings of the county of Fife; but of these Lord Ogilvie made his escape by his sister’s contrivance, disguised in her clothes, while she put on his nightcap and lay down in his bed. Sir William Rollock, who had conveyed Montrose to Scotland, Colonel Nathanael Gordon, Sir Robert Spottiswood, one of the most learned men in the country, and four other gentlemen suffered.

Charles wished Montrose to have joined him in England, but to bring the Highlanders was impossible; and when the orders were communicated to Lord Huntly and his sons they professed not to believe in their genuineness. The fact apparently was, that though the Gordons were for the most part loyal to the King, the old Marquess could neither forgive nor trust Montrose, Aboyne wavered, and Lewis was a Covenanter at heart; and thus they were a continual disappointment, though even their hearty co-operation could hardly have turned the scale. It was considered as a great offence that they had dug up Montrose’s cannon from the bog and mounted them on their own castle. Montrose succeeded in obtaining an interview with Huntly; but though they talked of plans, none were brought to bear. The disaster of Philiphaugh, added to the King’s losses in England, had disheartened all the Scottish loyalists; and the Covenanters had

thought it safe to let David Leslie rejoin the army in England, and trust their own defence to Middleton, an experienced general trained in foreign wars.

One more success was gained on the royal side. The Gordons descended upon Aberdeen in the early spring and took it, making a good many prisoners; and Montrose hovered about, hoping to make another raid on the Lowlands in the summer. But by this time Charles despaired of these efforts being able to do any good, and had made up his mind to entrust himself to the Covenanters; and he therefore wrote to Montrose to lay down his arms and disband his troops. It was a bitter mortification, since it exposed all the brave and loyal men, who could not escape, to be butchered and plundered; and Montrose waited for a second order before he obeyed.

He had a most affecting meeting with his friends at Rattray on the 30th of July, 1645, and many, falling on their knees, begged to go with him whatever might be his lot. All who had the means did join him, and he awaited a vessel which the Covenanters had assured the King they would provide for him before the 1st of September, the last day on which he was permitted to be in Scotland.

No vessel however appeared to be in preparation, and suspicion arose that this was a trick to detain him till the time of grace was over, and then take vengeance upon him. He therefore made secret arrangements with the master of a Norwegian vessel to take him and his friends to Bergen, but by way of further precaution sent them without him, and himself embarked in a small fly-boat, in the disguise of the servant of his chaplain, Dr. Wood. This was on the 13th of September, 1646, one year and twelve days since he had begun the adventurous career which had won him so much fame. It was in a gallant spirit that he embraced the losing cause. Apparently personal intercourse with the King had awakened the enthusiastic loyalty which contradicted the earlier tenor of his life, when national spirit ranked him among the Covenanters, who probably then appeared to him the oppressed.

He was always a Presbyterian, and fought simply for King, not for Episcopacy, except so far as it was connected with the power the Covenanters strove to overthrow; and the fanaticism and narrowness of the popular Presbyterian ministry offended him as a gentleman of high culture. He had a great individual charm, which won the hearts of those around, even of Sir John Urry, who had once fought against him; he had the genius of a great captain, and wonderful skill and address in availing himself of such materials as the Highland and Irish force. He was generous and gentle in demeanour, with no turn for cruelty; but he had no power to restrain the ferocity of his wild followers, and it was needful to keep them in good humour, so that he was forced to wink at the terrible plunderings and butcheries which made his name hateful to the Lowland burghers

and peasantry, while he was enthusiastically beloved by his own adherents. The ballad of the Gallant Grahams sings a farewell to Endricksdale, or Ennerdale, the earliest possession of the family:—

‘Now fare thee well, Sweet Ennerdale,
Baith kith and countrie I bid adieu;
For I maun away, and I may not stay,
To some uncouth land which I never knew.

To wear the blue I think it best
Of all the colours that I see;
And I’ll wear it for the gallant Græmes
That are banished frae their ain countree.

I have no gold, I have no land,
I have no pearl nor precious stone;
But I wad sell my silken snood
To see the gallant Græmes come home.

Now fare ye well, sweet Ennerdale,
Countrie and kin I quit ye free;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
For the Græmes are gone to High Germanie.’

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XXI.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

(Supposed date 1601; published 1623.)

‘How should I best study a Shakspeare play?’ This question is often asked when people not very familiar with Shakspeare are anxious, for some reason or other, to gain a certain degree of positive knowledge either of a single play or of the whole collection. They ask it sometimes with such profound seriousness, that perhaps they would be shocked at being asked to consider first, ‘How does one best *enjoy* a Shakspeare play?’ Yet the answer to the one question has really more to do with the answer to the other than might at first be supposed, for you will never truly study your play if you do not enjoy it. There are many ways of enjoying a Shakspeare play. The ideal one, hardly to be attained under present conditions, would be to see it perfectly well acted, every part getting absolute justice from a thoroughly competent artist, with adequate scenic arrangements applied with good taste and judgment. Even an approach to this is very delightful, but it is pleasant too on a hot day to lie alone under a tree and people the breezy solitude with glorious figures from the pages under your hand. You can enjoy a play when a party of intelligent people read it together, and enjoy one perhaps even more when two or three enthusiasts gather round the fire, and talk over the dear people whose life seems as vivid as our own, and whose feelings, thoughts, words and deeds are as real to us as those of our everyday friends. Whatever method succeeds best in thus making us feel the characters real and alive, that we shall find to be the best way of enjoying the play, and consequently of studying it. For unless you get to know the people themselves, all grinding at dates, succession in production, sources, in a word criticism generally, is simply staring at the picture frame and forgetting the picture. Doubtless the frame is useful and valuable; but we must remember the picture first. I have noticed that when people who know their Shakspeare but slightly, undertake, as the phrase goes, ‘to get up’ a particular play, they are given to reversing the process, and burdening themselves with a quantity of theories, criticism and information about their play, and letting the real substance of it go unheeded. Now in this particular play of *Julius Cæsar* there are plenty of interesting points to be studied, and things which may be learnt about it; but if I had the pleasure of advising

any 'uncritical person' intending to study it, I should say, 'Don't read a word of notes, criticism, explanations of any sort or kind (not even this little paper) till you have realised Brutus and Portia and Antony and the rest as human beings, not as representing so many lines of verses, and till you have got some notions of your own as to the scenes in which they reveal themselves. Then turn as much as you please to getting the odd words and allusions explained, and to any question of criticism which makes the whole clearer. Then you can profitably ask questions as to the date of the play, the materials of which it is composed, and how these are used, whether it fails of artistic perfection either in arrangement or diction, and whether it throws any light on Shakspeare's own character and sentiments.' If the 'uncritical one' objects that all this takes a long time, it can only be answered that to 'cram' Shakspeare is not a process which can be recommended to any one, and does as much injustice to the poet as to yourself.

Some of the above questions may now be answered as far as we can, for the benefit of those who are ready for them. Some others we must bear in mind as we go along, and see whether we can pick up answers for them. Taking first the question of dates, though, as far as is known, *Julius Caesar* was not published till 1623, the wise in such things seem fairly agreed that it must have been written and acted about 1601. As to the subject of materials, and the source of the story, we are able to speak much more positively than usual, and the authority to be referred to is a much more interesting one than the little Italian novels which Shakspeare transformed into his romance plays. Here Plutarch's "Lives of the noble Grecians and Romans" supplies the groundwork, coming to Shakspeare through a double translation, first turned into French by Jacques Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre, and then into English by Sir Thomas North. What a difference it must have made to Shakspeare, after picking out perhaps the one good point in a stupid little story, to turn to one of the great scenes in the world's history related in the vividly picturesque English of the sixteenth century! We can judge how keenly he felt the advantage by the full and free use which he made of his better materials. Critics have been so anxious sufficiently to acknowledge Shakspeare's obligations to Plutarch in this respect, that they have somewhat forgotten to consider what he added of his own, and they sometimes speak as if *Julius Caesar* were simply Plutarch and North beautifully versified. Whereas it is only fair to remember that for such splendid scenes and passages as Brutus' soliloquy in the second act; and succeeding address to the conspirators, Antony's oration, the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, and many others, Shakspeare is magnificently expanding the barest of hints in Plutarch, or drawing entirely on his own imagination, though he takes most of his incidents from his authority, and often reproduces the very language of the translation. The serene calm with which the Elizabethan dramatists use

other people's words when they happen to suit them, is one of their noticeable features. It is very easy to judge for oneself as to Shakspeare's debts to Plutarch, as a collection of the passages which bear on this play can be readily procured.

Leaving now the other questions to be solved as we pass along, let us turn to the play and look at the Rome of Julius Cæsar through Shakspeare's mind. We may boldly admit that in many external points he probably conceived it all wrong, that the Romans of his brain wore most unclassic clothes, and used English weapons and customs, but what then? They were truly human beings, and therefore nearer to the real Romans of 44 B.C. than any of the wax dolls on wires which other dramatists could drape in the correctest of togas. In one respect Shakspeare's work is simplified when he chooses a well-known historical subject, for he can go straight into the thick of it, assuming that the audience will know enough of the story to understand who is who, and the relations between the characters without needing explanations. So at once he plunges us into the bustling, noisy streets of Rome, decked out for Cæsar's triumph, which is here conveniently transferred in date to the feast of Lupercalia, in the month of February. Instantly we find ourselves confronted with the great subject which exercises all the minds of Rome, the power of Julius Cæsar. Here we have the two parties of his open friends and his half-concealed foes, the one represented by the quaint cobbler and his friends, so easily swayed in any direction, and more anxious for a holiday or a profitable job of work than about affairs of state. The other side is represented by the clever, unscrupulous, glib-tongued tribunes, veiling their spiteful jealousy of Cæsar under all sorts of beautiful sentiments about the defeat of 'great Pompey's blood.' This scene naturally suggests the subject of Shakspeare's own feelings towards what is rather vaguely called 'the democracy,' and it is very interesting to compare the scenes in which the Roman populace figure with the Jack Cade scene in the second part of *Henry VI.* The Cobbler of Rome with his puns and twists is own brother to Cade's butcher and weaver, half duped, half knowing, and we should judge that their representatives are still extant both in Rome and London. Shakspeare never gets savage with *them*, however foolish they may be; their fickleness and short-sighted ways make him laugh in kindly fashion; he is as far from hating as from flattering them, but he has different measure for their misleaders. Them he does intensely dislike and scorn, and shows it by painting the demagogue in his true colours, false, cunning and treacherous. We see no more of the tribunes after this first scene, but their natures are sufficiently indicated by their change of tone after the citizens leave them. All their indignation and zeal turns into a vicious attempt to spoil Cæsar's triumph, and destroy the manifestations of his popularity.

Perhaps this first scene should be regarded as something of an

introduction. At all events the homely figures of the workpeople are in strong contrast with the stately procession which sweeps on to the stage as the second scene opens, combining the features of a public festivity and pageant with something of a religious ceremony, for the wild race for which Antony comes prepared has a sort of sacred character. Nearly all the persons of any importance in the play pass before us at this point, and though most of them remain but a brief space, we get a glimpse of them ere the action goes further. First among those who thus cross the stage, both in dignity and claim to our attention, comes the nominal hero of the story, the great Julius himself. It has often been remarked that we see so little, comparatively speaking, of Julius Cæsar, that the play might have been named after Brutus with greater propriety. But on the other hand, if Brutus occupies the larger share of our attention, it is on Julius Cæsar that the whole play turns. His power, his supposed ambition, the conspiracy against him, his murder and the vengeance taken for it, make up the whole story, and to the very last his influence is felt. Shakspeare's imagination seems to have been strongly affected by Cæsar's character and history, as we may see by references to him in other plays, but he certainly gives a curious picture of him here. His Julius Cæsar seems like a man who has somehow got outside of the ordinary feelings of humanity, and really and honestly believes that he is absolutely different from other men, and this in spite of failing health and growing infirmity, neither of which he tries to disguise. In addition to the historical ailments which oppressed Cæsar towards the end of his life, Shakspeare makes him partly deaf into the bargain. Cæsar's strange way of thinking of himself is made noticeable by his habit of continually speaking of himself in the third person, as if unwilling even to talk like other people. Not that the other characters, Brutus especially, do not sometimes fall into this trick, but with them it is a mark of some excitement and a wish to be emphatic, while with Cæsar it is customary. He has depended so long and successfully on his own unconquerable will and determination, that he has become his own idol. In weaker hands this conception would have been intolerable, and we suspect that even Shakspeare must have modified it if he had shown us more of Cæsar. As it is, his object seems to be less that of making a full portrait of his hero, than to impress us with the power, strength and confidence which are presently to be attacked, and in this he fully succeeds. All Cæsar's strange phrases, his medley of courage and superstition, his capacity for receiving flattery and the facility with which he can be deceived, do not prevent us from seeing that he is a really great man, doing and thinking on a large scale, what the old writers meant by magnificent. This is the last characteristic which either friends or enemies would assign to Antony at this stage of his career. Both Cæsar and Brutus speak of him much as Henry IV. spoke of Prince Hal, as a creature wholly given up to

amusing himself in fooleries of all sorts. Nor could either Prince Hal or Antony deny that there is much foundation for this notion, but in both cases there is power and capacity hidden under the wild mask, which nobody seems to divine, excepting possibly such an unusually clear-sighted man as Cassius. He guesses that Antony may be something more than a mere reveller, but Brutus only thinks of him as dependent on Cæsar; and Cæsar, though regarding him with a certain affection, evidently thinks him too feather-headed to be at all a dangerous personage. All this adds greatly to the dramatic effect when Antony's latent force at last breaks out.

The two noble ladies of the story, Calpurnia and Portia, are only part of the pageant of this scene. Doubtless their graceful figures add to the picturesque effect of the whole, moving among the stately forms of the men, but we see no more of them at this point. Another form we notice, restlessly busying himself with anything that turns up, while affecting indifference to it all the time. Casca is a fussy mortal, sharply noticing all that goes on, but pretending that it is beneath him. After being prominent in the first half of the play, he vanishes suddenly and completely without a hint being given as to his fate. He affects a curious bluntness, very effective in its way, but Cassius is clearly right in calling it only affectation, as it drops off completely when Casca is frightened in the storm, or excited over the conspiracy.

As the splendid procession again sets itself in motion, a wild cry from the crowd strikes Cæsar's ear, the famous 'Beware the Ides of March,' the first of the various warnings which might save Cæsar if he would heed them. Thus from the outset of the play the struggle over his fate has begun, though he knows nothing of it, and in his unconsciousness is active in defeating those who try to rescue him from his impending doom. The voice of warning is to him as that of a dreamer, and he passes forth. But the stage is not left empty, for the two most important people in the story remain behind. We cannot complain that we do not know Brutus, for few of Shakspeare's characters are more fully displayed than he, though, of course, everybody will not read him the same way. He is by nature a man for thought rather than action. Not that he is any way incapable of action, but he goes into it slowly and deliberately, after much consideration. He inclines to view everything in the abstract; even the human beings about him represent abstract principles to him. Cæsar, for instance, represents embodied power, and Brutus muses on this power till it appears something distinct from the Cæsar of flesh and blood whom Brutus admires, and who trusts him in return. That the two are really inseparable seems a sort of lamentable accident. From this disposition come both Brutus' strength and his weakness. He is strong because he can reason out and dispassionately consider the things which disturb him without any of the interested and personal motives which sway his companions. He

thinks of Rome as a whole, not as a bundle of conflicting interests, and from anything of low ambition and jealousy he is utterly free. But then he is weak, because his lofty, impersonal way of looking at things prevents his really understanding his fellow-creatures. He is a theorist, and while imagining he understands the men round him, he not only fails to influence them as he wishes, but is liable to be played on by his inferiors, who have the practical wisdom which he wants. Singularly pure and high-minded himself, he becomes an instrument in the hands of those who have neither his noble intellect nor his unsullied motives. Something clear-cut and cold there is about Brutus, yet much that is lovable too. Perhaps his full confidence in his friends develops their fidelity, and enables him to boast in his last hour that they had all been true to him. Cassius is of a very different mould—restless, vivid, passionate yet cunning, keen as a steel blade, seeing everything that Brutus misses, a student of books but knowing men even better. Cassius is essentially a practical man, much less disturbed by abstract principles than by the present Cæsar, whose greatness dwarfs him to insignificance. But he is far from a mere commonplace plotter, masking his private ambition and revenge under cover of love of his country. His sense of his own wrongs mingles with his sense of the wrongs of Rome, but both are real. Cassius is a far better revolutionary leader than Brutus, not only as understanding more of human nature, but because he is clever and unscrupulous enough to make use of arts which would be quite beneath Brutus. We shall see that whenever Brutus overbears Cassius' wishes on a practical matter, the result is disastrous to their cause; yet there can be no doubt which has the finer mind of the two, and Cassius really loves and looks up to his friend, even while half despising the facility with which he is influenced. In this their first conversation Shakspeare has slightly altered their relations as represented in Plutarch, where we find they had been enemies, and that Cassius began his intrigues for destroying Cæsar by getting reconciled to Brutus. This being dramatically awkward, Shakspeare ignores it, and makes them friends from the outset. The great interest of this talk is in the gradual approach of Cassius to the point which he has proposed to himself, and the skill with which he feels his way before committing himself to anything dangerous, for he is very cautious, though as brave as need be. Slowly, and rather by hint and suggestion than by anything direct, he advances to his object, when the sudden burst of cheers from the distant crowd and Brutus' interpretation of it facilitates his way. Catching at Brutus' admission that he would not willingly see Cæsar king, he advances more boldly to disparage Cæsar's claims to supremacy, then to infer the weakness and dishonour of thus yielding to one no better than themselves. He grows more familiar as Brutus shows some emotion, which Cassius dexterously increases by asserting Brutus' real equality with the mighty Cæsar. Obviously Brutus has a pretty good idea

what Cassius is aiming at, and is more stirred than he quite likes by his friend's impassioned words, for he has an instinctive objection to being hurried into action. The measured formality of his reply suggests the determined self-control of a man moved beyond his wont, and resolute not to allow himself to be carried away. The return of Cæsar and his train stops the conversation, and in a few lines Brutus paints for us the disturbed aspect of that dignified company. Notwithstanding all that has passed to annoy him, Cæsar is sufficiently cool to give Antony his masterly sketch of Cassius, and of the type of man to which he belongs. The unerring judgment of the great conqueror fixes on the really dangerous man, divines his secret envy, and expresses in a passage which has grown into a proverb, like so many in this play, the power for harm which lies latent in him. As Cæsar disappears, Casca lingers to give his two friends his account of the late scene in his own crabbed but graphic fashion. He is rather absurd himself with his pretences of not having noticed what he describes so minutely, and there is a modern ring about his sourly humorous talk; but how lifelike it all is! His queer, grumbling discontent with Cæsar is as unlike Brutus' abstract disapproval or Cassius' passionate jealousy, but there will be a place for him in the future conspiracy. It is interesting to notice the change in Cassius when he is left alone to meditate on the effect of his first attempt on Brutus. The passion disappears as if by magic, and he remains the cool schemer, confident in his own power of influencing the noble nature on which he works, even while reflecting that the result would be different if he and Brutus were to change places. In spite of Cassius' distinct admiration for Brutus, he has no hesitation in deceiving him, and making him think himself the object of the petitions of Rome. We should notice that it is Shakspeare, not Plutarch, who makes Cassius a deceiver in this matter of the anonymous papers.

By rights nearly a month should be supposed to intervene between this scene and the next, which begins in the night of the 13th of March; but we should think Shakspeare hardly intended such a long break. The storm and horror with which the third scene opens add to the sense of the approach of a great catastrophe which weighs on us as we go on. It sobers Casca out of his affectation; he is honestly alarmed, and not afraid to own to it in his interview with Cicero. It is curious that Cicero is about the only famous historical personage whom Shakspeare brings on to his stage without giving us a tolerably clear notion of his personality. Except for the one touch, 'Ay, he spoke Greek,' Cicero might as well not be in the play at all. This is the more remarkable, as Shakspeare carefully points out that he is a very important person in the eyes of all Rome; but nothing can be more commonplace than the few words he utters on this occasion. The wild storm which cowers other people is, characteristically, entirely congenial to Cassius. His mind is never more active and busy than

when the lightning is flashing round him, and he is ready even to take advantage of the storm to collect his friends together without fear of notice in the general terror and confusion. In another sense he also makes use of the storm as a means of appealing to Casca, and inciting him against Cæsar. With him he uses more direct means than with Brutus. He argues less, but aims at stirring Casca's passion by dwelling on Cæsar's power, avoiding, however, directly naming him till Casca distinctly shows his own feeling in the matter. Then Cassius gives vent to his own fierce determination in the rolling lines addressed to the gods. Whenever he has a purpose in view, we have always an uncomfortable feeling that his bursts of passion have an intention in them; not that they are exactly feigned, but managed so as to have the right effect on his listeners. For instance, he is in no real danger of being betrayed by Casca, but the suggestion serves its purpose, and as Casca repudiates it with real dignity, he is fixed as Cassius would have him. The plot now shapes itself; all depends on Brutus, and Cassius leaves nothing undone to gain his support. The same night of storm and portent is still going on as the second act opens, and we pass from the streets of Rome to the comparative silence of Brutus' orchard; but the terrors of the storm pass almost unheeded over him. His abstracted mind is so intensely occupied that he only notes the flashing meteors as giving him light enough to read one of Cassius' mysterious appeals. A long fit of musing seems to precede his call to Lucius. This young follower of Brutus rather resembles another famous page—but in modern literature—in that he is mostly asleep when he is wanted; still we would not part with Lucius, for he helps to show the gentler side of Brutus' nature. The kindliness of his comment on the boy's sound sleep contrasts well with the usual peremptory dealings between master and servant in the Elizabethan drama. It is curious, too, when considered beside the main current of Brutus' thought. This kind-hearted man, carefully sending the lad back to finish his night's sleep, is yet deliberately planning murder, and arguing out the whole question of killing Cæsar. He faces the obvious fact that there is no stopping short of his death, and proceeds to consider why he should die. No touch of personal feeling sways Brutus' judgment; the matter is only how would the state be affected were Cæsar crowned. With rare honesty Brutus admits that Cæsar has not yet let his desires overpower his reason, he cannot be said to deserve death yet; but then the theorist assumes what would happen were his power increased, and decides that it must be prevented by taking Cæsar's life. It does not strike Brutus that it is unjust to kill a man for what he has not yet done, because the idea of harm to the state outweighs all other considerations. Never was a crime resolved on from purer motives, or with a more curious absence of passion, though Brutus is so earnest and intent, that we feel indignant that he should be partly swayed in this momentous decision by one of Cassius' false appeals. The process

of making his mind up is hard almost to agony to Brutus; but once he is resolved he is calm again, composed enough to note the essentially evil nature of conspiracy, not daring to show its face even by night. Here we may observe what a fixed idea Shakspeare had about 'smiling villainy,' as if deeper wickedness might be covered by 'smiles and affability,' than by the most elaborate of disguises. Lucius' description of the appearance of Cassius and his friends suggests rather the cloaked conspirators of a melodrama, conventional ruffians rather than Romans; but that is no great matter. Apparently they have settled all the details of the plot before coming to Brutus, as little is arranged here, and they all seem to know exactly the plans proposed. Cassius no doubt explains these to Brutus in their brief private talk, after which the latter at once assumes the position of leader in the enterprise, no longer affecting any doubt as to the reason of their coming to him. Then follows the magnificent speech on refusing to let them swear to their resolution (expanded from the briefest hint in Plutarch), so stirring in its high appeal to faith and honour, so characteristic of Brutus himself if not of his associates. Other of the Elizabethan dramatists dwell with enthusiasm on the sacredness of the simple word, but none express their meaning in such superb fashion. We cannot tell why Shakspeare threw in that 'Swear priests,' as it is very unlike his usual tone, unless he thought that the philosophic Brutus would probably have a contempt for the race. So far Cassius has succeeded very well in utilising Brutus' great influence, but he finds it sometimes an unmanageable weapon. Twice in this conference it crosses Cassius' wishes; it prevents their drawing Cicero into their plot, and it saves Antony from being slain with Cæsar. This reveals Brutus' fatal want of insight, for, of course, Cassius was right, as a matter of prudence, in desiring Antony's death; but Brutus bears him down with his lofty style of argument, mingled with a strange grief over the painful necessity of killing anyone, especially Cæsar. It is pretty clear that the others share none of this regret; they are only eager for the work to begin, and disposed to meet again before long. Then, with her noble face pale in the dawning light, and her long robes trailing round her, comes in that gracious presence who throws such a fair light over this tragical story. Portia, though not to be called one of Shakspeare's *creations*, yet stands out with the vivid clearness of his own women, in the small space which is all that can be spared to her, a beautiful wifely ideal. Devoted to her husband, watching him closely, but never worrying him, making all allowance for the natural infirmities of men in general, she still has no notion of being excluded from his confidence. She feels a well-grounded sense that she merits his trust, and claims it as the right of her position. Her grave and sober pleading is the very opposite of the kitten-like coaxing and scratching of sweet Kate Percy on a similar occasion, just as Brutus is the very antipodes of Hotspur. With womanly readiness she puts by his excuses, and with

a beautiful mixture of dignity and tenderness presses her point, that to be thus excluded from confidence is not to be treated as Brutus' real wife at all, which is a shocking idea to him. Even while admitting the weakness of her woman's nature, she claims some exemption from it, on account of her father and her husband, finally and most convincingly, by her own resolution proved by her self-inflicted wound. No wonder this overpowers Brutus, and he resolves to confide fully in her, and obviously does so after his interview with Ligarius is over. But there is a little confusion here, for Brutus speaks to Ligarius as if they were starting there and then for Cæsar's house, where however they do not arrive for nearly five hours. Ligarius gives us another point of contrast with the Percy group in *Henry IV.*; unlike Northumberland, he has *not* 'leisure to be sick, in such a bustling time.'

We reach Cæsar's house (Act ii., sc. 2) before the conspirators, and find no quiet abode, for the horrors of the night have penetrated, disturbing even the realms of sleep. Cæsar does not let them pass unnoticed like Brutus, but they do not make a very profound impression on him. Beside his natural courage and confidence in his own power of dealing with danger, his nerves are steadied by a strong feeling of fatalism, which, cold and hard as it is, yet lifts him above the region of anxiety and personal fear. Moreover the position which he has assumed, of being superior to human weakness, prevents his owing to any such feelings if he does experience them. But Calpurnia is under no such compulsion. We see very little of this famous lady, and then she is so absorbed in one feeling that the rest of her character is unrevealed; but the abruptness of her entering speech shows that she is no feeble creature only echoing Cæsar's will. All her fear is purely for her husband; all these portents must refer to him alone. He may hold the enlightened view that all the world was as much concerned in them as he; Calpurnia clings to the popular faith that 'the heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.' We do not blame Cæsar for finally yielding to her entreaties, though possibly a touch of superstitious feeling strengthens his willingness to soothe her fears. Now is renewed the struggle over Cæsar's fate, and hence comes the importance of each slight incident which follows. The auguries of the priests and Calpurnia's prayers seem to have erected a temporary barrier which will protect Cæsar for this day, but then comes Decius with his flattering persuasions and knocks it all down. Cæsar's sudden revolt from sending a false excuse to the Senate gives Decius a chance of expounding Calpurnia's dream his own way, and of skilfully touching Cæsar's weak points, while veiling a deadly purpose under hypocritical professions of attachment. Decius has not overrated his power of influencing Cæsar, who is easily recalled to his former resolve, and the appearance of the other conspirators fixes the matter. Being slightly ashamed of his indecision, Cæsar becomes for the moment

quite like other people; he is the friendly, courteous host, surrounded as he thinks by loyal friends. The difference between the outside look of things and their reality strikes Brutus with a sudden pang, but with no relenting. His strangely constituted mind, which recoils from an unnecessary oath, can yet bear this scene of deadly treachery.

Meantime, two independent efforts are being made to warn Cæsar. The rhetorician Artemidorus has somehow got a knowledge of the whole conspiracy, if he can but convey it to Cæsar (Act ii. sc. 3), and the soothsayer meditates one last appeal (Act. ii. sc. 4). Then we are shown the situation from Portia's point of view. The knowledge of Brutus' terrible secret has proved a heavier burden than she perhaps expected, and strong as is her spirit, her woman's nerves are sorely taxed. Her excited and irritable state shows in her puzzling orders to Lucius, which perplex that youth not a little. Between intense anxiety, physical weakness, and terror of betraying herself, poor Portia has a hard time of it. Still, true to her devotion to Brutus, she gasps out with failing lips a splendidly false message, 'Say I am merry!' ere she disappears. One would like to know how Shakspeare conceived the scenery of the opening of the third act, and why he persisted in representing Cæsar's death as taking place in the Capitol in defiance of Plutarch? However, the scene must represent the meeting-place of the Senate, and some kind of open space or street before it, this space being crowded with people. As the trumpets sound, the crowd parts, and Cæsar comes in sight, closely guarded by his vigilant foes, while his friends are either unsuspecting like Antony, or powerless like Artemidorus. The soothsayer's vague warning seems to pass unheeded, Decius is again at hand to keep Cæsar from throwing a hasty glance at Artemidorus' paper, and the earnest entreaty of the latter unfortunately touches a wrong string in Cæsar's pride. The conspirators combine to hustle the well-meaning rhetorician on one side, and Cæsar passes on to his fate. Again all seems to hang on a thread when Popilius glides by with his ambiguous words and advances to Cæsar, leaving the conspirators terror-stricken, yet not daring to stop him. For the moment Cassius quite loses his head, and only Brutus is cool enough to watch the effect of Popilius' words on Cæsar, and to see that they are not important. Meantime, Antony is quietly wiled away, and we may suppose that all this breathless byplay goes on during the bustle attendant on Cæsar's entrance into the Senate, and that now all is prepared for business. Now the conspirators draw closely round their victim, while Metellus Cimber begins his fawning appeal. Cæsar evidently anticipates his petition, and is thoroughly determined not to grant it. He is startled when Brutus joins in it, but absorbed in his own resolve he never sees how the ring is closing in round him, and there is a terrible irony in his likening himself to the immovable pole star, just as his course is to be violently closed in blood. His decided tones ring out alternately

with the feigned entreaties round him, then sharp and sudden sounds Casca's 'Speak, hands, for me,' and then a wild clashing of steel and Cæsar's dying voice. The catastrophe has been long impending, but it comes with no less startling force at last, and we feel as if we stood in the midst of the wild confusion which follows. The conspirators seem not to have clearly settled what is to be done after the murder, and are almost bewildered by the rapidity with which it has been effected. They are intoxicated with victory; even Brutus seems carried out of himself; for in no other way can we account for his bathing his hands in Cæsar's blood, a bit of theatrical savagery very unlike his usual character. Just as the triumphant victors are preparing to go forth and proclaim their deed to the people, a new element comes into the scene. Up to this point the influence of Antony on the story has been next to nothing. From this point it steadily increases. As if the sudden shock of Cæsar's death had developed all Antony's latent powers, the message brought by his servant shows the union of craft and courage which will effect so much before long. In this brief space of time Antony has decided on his line of conduct, and begun to carry it out. With all his revelry and folly, Antony has measured his fellow-citizens to some purpose. Brutus is the leader of this revolution, and Antony knows exactly how to treat Brutus, and uses his knowledge in this crisis, being fully determined to avenge Cæsar's death whatever it costs. He is such a perfect actor that it is difficult to judge when his utterances are spontaneous and when the result of calculation. Not that they are necessarily false. There is no doubt that his grief for Cæsar is perfectly sincere; but where a weaker man would have tried to hide it, Antony's genius shows him the better policy of expressing it freely. Brutus wants to count him harmless, if not as an ally; and nothing could better win Brutus' trust than Antony's unfeigned horror at the murder, for this he considers quite natural, and even laudable under the circumstances, but expects (here again is the man of theory, not experience) to be able to reason it away. Antony's honesty is more deceptive than a hundred lies. The profound pathos of his first address to Cæsar's corpse, his half defiant, half reckless demand to be slain there and then, if the murderers want his life; these move Brutus far more strongly than any professions of friendship or entreaties for mercy. He never guesses at the firm purpose hidden behind all this; never detects the covert sarcasm with which Antony accepts his promises of explanation, 'I doubt not of your wisdom,' as who should say, 'Yes, you will have endless fine excuses for treachery and murder.' The same veiled sarcasm is evident when he takes the bloodstained hands, in the only two epithets which he applies to any of the party. 'My *valiant* Casca,' who had, like a cur, behind, struck Cæsar down; and 'good Trebonius,' whom Antony must hate worse than the rest for having beguiled him out of the way. But all this is lost on the

conspirators: they only see that Antony is apparently making friends with them and finding it a difficult position. With wonderful skill he avoids making professions which they would not believe by pointing out the baseness of being reconciled to them at all, over the body of his beloved Cæsar, which he once more passionately addresses till interrupted by Cassius, anxious to be in action, and suspicious of all this. But Antony is not going to be meek to him, and turns almost fiercely on him, asserting his right to defend his dead friend. Here Cassius thinks it best to evade argument by bringing Antony to the point as to whether he is to be reckoned as their friend or not. Again the underlying bitterness of his conditional promise seems to escape them all. Brutus is so satisfied that he instantly assents to Antony's request, made so quietly, to be allowed to speak in Cæsar's funeral. Cassius' practical mind at once takes alarm, but he again finds himself unable to resist Brutus, who expects to keep all quiet and safe with argument and reasoning and show of generosity to a conquered enemy. Antony accepts the qualified permission with the same studied calm, knowing full well his own power of snapping these packthread bonds at the right moment. But there is a quick change when he is left alone with Cæsar's body. Whatever art may have mingled with his other speeches, he now speaks out his heart as he leans over the mangled form, and sees the dread vision of the horrors to arise from this one deed. Truly Cæsar will be avenged before all is done. In the midst of his grief, Antony does not lose sight of active measures. Cæsar's heir must not fling himself unprepared into this stormy Rome, unless indeed Antony succeeds in changing the face of things before he comes.

Shakspere condenses the story to some extent after Cæsar's death, and lets the scene of the orations follow closely that of the murder, omitting a good deal which shows the divided condition of Roman opinion; but he gives us the drift of the original as we watch the conduct of the citizens. As the next scene (Act iii, sc. 2) opens we see them wildly perturbed about Cæsar's death, but owing the sway of Brutus' influence, and inclined to accept anything he says. So now Brutus has a grand opportunity for bringing forward those convincing reasons of which he spoke to Antony; but here comes in the defect in his mind which cripples so much of his action—his incapacity for understanding other people. He cannot the least realize the feelings of the excitable but shallow-minded crowd, and knows not how to touch them. To him it is clear as daylight that every one not absolutely base and vile must feel as he does; and if his affection for Cæsar did not prevent his slaying him for the good of Rome, the people surely may be equally contented with the deed. But his cold, argumentative, antithetical speech only impresses the heads of the people without rousing them, though it elicits a certain expression of transitory attachment to Brutus personally, and a vague sense that

somehow they were greatly benefited by Cæsar's death. However, Brutus is satisfied, and so sure of the people that he contentedly leaves the last word with Antony, and even begs the people to stay and hear him. This they are very willing to do, being just in that quivering state of excitement when any fresh appeal meets with a ready response, and being, besides, very curious to hear what Antony will say, speaking avowedly by Brutus' leave. They little suspect what he is going to do with them, and how completely they are in his hands. He takes them artfully by surprise, for they are expecting direct praise of Cæsar, and some blame to his slayers, which they are prepared to resent; but Antony starts from an opposite point, seeming sadly to resign all claims for Cæsar, and to allow all honour to Brutus and the rest, so that his hearers are instantly disarmed. They hear no irony at first in the famous refrain of the whole oration, 'For Brutus is an honourable man.' Then Antony gently takes up the charge of Cæsar's ambition, does not argue against it, but brings forward facts which tell against it, and indirectly works into the people's minds a recollection of all Cæsar's services to Rome, and of their old love for him, letting them see his own emotion, always contagious in a crowd, till they are fast melting to a mood when he can turn them to what shape he pleases. The simplicity of his words and seeming informality of the whole speech deepen its effect, as the people feel they quite understand him. As he pauses we see how their unsteady sympathies are coming round to him and Cæsar. Resuming, he touches their pity by his swiftly drawn picture of the suddenness of Cæsar's fall, the veiled and motionless form on the bier lending double effect to his words; then growing bolder, he suggests something behind, makes them feel themselves defrauded by the 'honourable men,' and by his pretence of concealing the contents of Cæsar's will, rouses both their cupidity and curiosity to fever heat. He could hardly calm them now if he tried, and he knows right well that his exhortations to patience will have exactly the opposite result, just as he knows the effect of the intensely bitter

'I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar!'

An indignant pity begins to thrill the crowd, and Antony stepping down among them unfolds Cæsar's bloodstained cloak, showing the gashes of the daggers, and pouring out the full stream of his eloquence in telling the story of his murder, dwelling on the fact that Cæsar died finally from the hand of his friend, and that Brutus' ingratitude had pierced his heart, till tears of passionate anger are flowing among the excited audience. Then with a sudden movement Antony lifts the covering and shows the mangled body itself. The spectacle could not fail to arouse emotion, and it produces a storm of rage and grief, only calmed by the sound of Antony's voice. This seeming return to the tone in which he began really adds fuel to the fire,

for the idea that Brutus might try to argue them out of their wrath is the one thing which is needed to infuriate the citizens. With a climax of skill Antony makes them think that he has done nothing to stir them, that all their feeling is spontaneous, and if they were really worked up then every stone in Rome would rise and mutiny. At this point the flood of emotion nearly gets beyond him, but he means them to hear Cæsar's will before he has done with them. As he proclaims the legacy to each citizen, the cries for vengeance redouble; and when he tells of the benefactions to the town, his work is done, and he can boldly challenge them with 'Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?' At once the answering shout of 'Never, never,' drowns everything; the tide of popular fury breaks loose, and the citizens carry off Cæsar's body, vowing wildest vengeance on his murderers, and leaving Antony triumphant. Never was a more vivid picture presented of the swift changes possible in popular feeling. Brutus and Cassius vanish from Rome in this sudden storm, which has an tragicomical effect in the death of poor Cinna the poet, killed in consequence of his unlucky name by the raging people.

After the fierce excitement of this great Act we must feel a flatness in what follows. We have, in fact, had our climax too soon, and must take the consequences. One does not see how it could be helped, but it is certainly a defect in the arrangement of the play. Moreover, our interest is now divided between the opposing sides, and the action becomes more desultory. Shakspeare does not say how much time he supposes to pass between the third and fourth acts, rarely troubling himself with exact chronology. In reality about eighteen months passed between the death of Cæsar and the proscription by the triumvirs, and nearly another year between that and the battles of Philippi. Also Shakspeare expects his audience to understand without explanation how it is that we find Antony, Octavius and Lepidus thus all-powerful at Rome and able to dispose of people's lives at their pleasure, each willing to give up his blood relations to gain revenge on his enemies (Act iv, sc. 1). Of the two fresh characters presented to us in this short scene we see very little, and have to wait for their full portraits for *Antony and Cleopatra*. Lepidus is only shown here for a moment, but we get a brief sketch of him dashed off by Antony's incisive sarcasms. Conscious of his own powers of leading most people as he likes, Antony is very contemptuous of his colleague's feeble, though convenient, pliability. But with all his talent, brilliancy, and unscrupulous energy, Antony has got his match in the youthful Cæsar at his side. At present Octavius chooses to work with Antony and make use of his experience, but once he means to take his own line Antony will not be able to stop him.

The next two scenes may be taken as one, there being no interval of time between them. We find Brutus near Sardis, at the head of an army, waiting to be joined by Cassius. Things do not seem quite comfortable between the two friends, and one can well imagine that

Brutus with his high strung scruples and impracticability would be a distracting colleague in action for Cassius, who with rough energy cares little what means he uses so long as his work is done. Then Brutus has a touch of imperiousness in him, and expects to be obeyed by Cassius more implicitly than suits the latter's fiery independence. Each suspects the other of cooling in affection, and feels aggrieved accordingly. As soon as Cassius appears he is ready to dash into the subject, and we must own that the calm superiority of Brutus' reply would provoke a saint. Still Cassius sees the propriety of adjourning the discussion out of hearing of the troops. In Brutus' tent his indignation breaks out, but he has lost his old power of swaying his colleague, who, still calmly superior, retorts with counter charges which nearly drive Cassius frantic with anger. He cannot meet an attack from Brutus as he would that of another man, and while fretting at the restraint, he feels as if his colleague were abusing his advantage over him. For a philosopher, Brutus is unwontedly excited, mainly because he thinks that by money-grasping and injustice Cassius is stultifying all their previous course. If they are to support injustice, they might as well have let great Julius alone, and this thought angers Brutus beyond anything else. He is too strong for Cassius, clever and vehement as he is; for when the two natures are fairly confronted the finer asserts its sway over the coarser. In his wrath Brutus still comes deliberately back to his specific charge, that Cassius had refused him money to pay his soldiers. While admiring Brutus' reluctance to squeeze funds from the peasants, one wonders a little how he meant Cassius to raise the necessary supplies, but he rarely condescends to such details. It does not seem quite clear what Cassius has done about it; he rather implies that Brutus has misunderstood his answer, and should not have been so quick to condemn him. Suddenly giving up defence and anger together, Cassius attacks Brutus in another way, a wild, pathetic appeal to his feelings, as well adapted to its purpose as was Antony's oration. Brutus, the man of argument and logic, cannot resist this; his short-lived anger vanishes, and he promptly draws away the sting of his bitterest words. There is only one drawback to this famous quarrel scene, so real and lifelike, that even coolly reading it we seem to hear the eager voices and see the flashing eyes and hasty gestures. It wants an object. It leads up to nothing, and only shows us more of the two characters. The momentary episode of the crazy poet is useful as distinctly closing the dispute between the two leaders, and as they settle to calmer talk, Brutus discloses the deep trouble tearing at his heart under his composed bearing. He tells of Portia's death, forcing himself to do so, but in the briefest possible phrases, shrinking from many words on the subject even from Cassius. Still we do not understand why, directly afterwards with Messala, he should affect ignorance of her death. It looks like a display of stoicism, unlike the rest of his character. As the leaders proceed to arrange their plans for

meeting Antony and Octavius, Brutus once more overbears Cassius' better judgment through his idea that their affairs have now reached a crisis. As usual, Cassius yields, though with a mental protest, and the stormy interview comes to an end. The pleasant little scene between Brutus and his servants is refreshing after all this disturbance, and we willingly dwell on the picture of his gently releasing Lucius of his instrument, so as not to wake the tired boy, even among the great scenes of this play. The silence of the camp now grows eerie as Brutus turns to his book, and the dim lights indicate the presence of something supernatural; and presently he becomes aware of some strange form advancing towards him, chilling even his blood by its unearthliness. He does not recognise it, yet in some way it is impressed on him that Cæsar's spirit has returned with words of mysterious warning, and will return once more. All is vague and weird, and Brutus somehow divines that this reappearance will mark the limit of his own course. Cæsar's spirit will then be triumphant.

Once again we have a change of scene, and all the remaining characters meet in the plains of Philippi, where Brutus has flung away the advantage of the higher ground and come down to his enemies. We could almost dispense with the interview between the leaders before the battle. As in all similar scenes, there is something ludicrous in a set of generals having a regular scolding match before beginning to fight. Still, there has been so much pretending, that the plain speaking is not amiss. How Antony revels in flinging out at last all his scorn and hatred for Cæsar's treacherous flattering murderers! We rather feel for Cassius as the taunt goes home, as he is conscious that *his* advice would have effectually silenced Antony's bitter tongue; now it is difficult to know what to say. So with proud defiance the leaders part, and before the battle begins, we see with what feelings Cassius goes into it. He is depressed and dispirited, partly by the ominous signs which have attended their march, partly by disapproving of giving battle here at all; so naturally his mind turns to forecasting the consequences of defeat. He knows what he will do, and turns to ask what Brutus' course would be under these circumstances. Shakspeare here makes Brutus contradict himself and puzzle Cassius, having in this place stuck too close to his original, for he reproduces a bit of mistaken translation from the French. Plutarch's Brutus really says that when he was young he had blamed Cato for suicide; now being himself in danger, he had changed his mind. This is consistent, and would have given Shakspeare a better preface for the last parting between the friends, so profoundly touching in its simplicity that comment on it would mar it. But it makes one feel a lump in one's throat. We have often noticed the difficulty of effectively putting a battle on the stage, as we can only see little bits of it; and the end of *Julius Cæsar* makes no exception to the rule, for the last scenes are straggling. Shakspeare compresses the two battles of Philippi, really separated by

nearly three weeks, into one day, which adds to the difficulty of following the complications of the fight. At first there is an even combat: Brutus overpowers Octavius' division, and Antony is equally successful against Cassius. Then the fortune of the day declares for Antony, and Brutus' army is dispersed. But we have to get at these facts by degrees, to see different parts of the field, and to stand with Cassius on the little hill, watching the real success of Antony and the imaginary capture of Titinius. This mistake destroys Cassius' last hope, the stormy light of his life quenches itself 'in his red blood,' and Cæsar's death is in part avenged. It may be said that the various suicides lose their effect by repetition, but it seems as if Shakespere could not leave out the devotion of Titinius, crowning Cassius with his dying hand; and certainly the loyalty of all Brutus' and Cassius' followers appeals irresistibly to our sympathies.

The 4th scene shows the renewed battle going sorely against Brutus in spite of his efforts, the desperation of young Cato, and the chivalrous attempt of Lucilius to personate his leader and draw off the pursuit from him. Antony's treatment of Lucilius does him credit, and, indeed, both he and Octavius show that they can be generous in victory. Now the last scene opens, as Plutarch describes it, among trees and walls of rock, where a little river divides the defeated Brutus from his enemies, and he sits below a great rock gazing into the starry heavens. Brutus feels this is the end. He can fight no more and will fly no further, and has received double warning that his time has come and his story ended. His only difficulty now is to find some one to help him to close the volume. Standing thus at life's verge, he can yet feel a thrill of joy at the matchless fidelity of all his friends to him. The sounds of pursuit come nearer. Hastily dismissing his followers, Brutus only retains the one whom he can enforce to render the last service to him, and thus Cæsar's blood is finally expiated. Even the bondman Strato seems to catch a glimpse of Brutus' spirit as the conquerors pour on to the scene and surround the dead body; he still loftily upholds his master's honour—

'For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else has honour by his death.'

Over such a victory and such an end anything like commonplace exultation would be horribly out of place. Instead, therefore, we have Antony's beautiful epitaph on Brutus, doing now full justice to the purity of his motives, his vast superiority to the other conspirators, and the nobleness of his nature. So the play ends, not in either extreme of mourning or rejoicing, but in a kind of elevated sadness, fitting well with the whole idea of Brutus' character, and the greatness of the general theme.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

TAULER OF STRASSBURG.*

BY M. BRAMSTON.

THE thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were, perhaps, the most wonderful and interesting age of the mediæval Church, and have been surpassed by none, not even our own, in the mental and moral activity they produced. The thirteenth century owns the names of St. Francis, St. Dominic, Aquinas, Roger Bacon, and Frederick II.; the fourteenth, those of Scotus, Ockham, Catherine of Siena, and Gerson. The lines of the Church of Rome had not become so tense as to exclude all new and original thought; there was of course the party of repression, but it had not yet grown so strong as to persecute systematically, as it did in the succeeding century; and the evils in the Church which most revolted men's consciences were political rather than doctrinal. At this time there lived at Strassburg a good ecclesiastic of the more liberal order of thought, a Dominican preacher with honourable civic connections in the city, named John Tauler, whose story and whose thoughts are the subject of the following sketch.

John Tauler was born in 1290, and very little is known for certain about his early history. He became a Dominican monk when he was getting towards thirty years of age, and seems to have been a man of sweet nature and many friends, with a gift of eloquence which made his preaching sought after throughout the city. Strassburg was a city of great preachers during this period; but the greatest of them, who was flourishing there about the time when Tauler became a monk, was the Dominican Master Eckart, who may be said to have been the first master of the school of mystical Christianity, which Tauler afterwards popularised in Germany. If Albert the Great was the first great German philosopher, Eckart was the second. The period of which we are speaking was *par excellence* the age of mediæval Christian mysticism; and if, as some say, we are just now verging upon a new development of modern mysticism, it is just as well that we should give a little time to asking what this mediæval Christian mysticism was.

It would seem as though all mysticism—pagan, philosophic, Christian—were the same method of thought under various forms, and attached to varying beliefs, Indian, Buddhist, Neoplatonist,

* The authority for the following sketch is Miss Winkworth's translation of Tauler's life and sermons, published by Smith and Elder in 1856, and now out of print. It seems a great pity that a book of so much interest should not be reissued.

Christian, as the case might be. Pythagoras was a mystic, so were the Persian Sufis of the age just subsequent to Mohammed; so, if we may believe Plutarch, were the Egyptian priests in the inner meaning of the coarse myths about Osiris and Isis, which produced in the people whom they taught a degraded form of idolatry. The central idea of mysticism seems to be that there is a twofold force at work in the action of God upon the universe, exemplified in nature by the centripetal and centrifugal force, or by the action of the sun, that at once gives out light and warmth to the plant, and at the same time draws it up out of the ground towards itself as far as its nature will allow. So, the true mystic of all ages says, God sends out the divine force into creation, and the divine force again works itself upward to be again reunited with Him. The union of the soul with the Divine, is the aim of all mysticism alike: of the Indian yogi, of Plato, of the Sufi, of the mediæval ascetic; but while this aim has been sought through various ways—through intellectual knowledge, through study of magic, through mortification of the flesh—the highest mysticism, and the truest means towards the union of the human and divine, were taught by Him who uttered the climax of His teaching in the words, 'That the love wherewith Thou lovedst Me may be in them, and I in them.'

The mediæval form of this mysticism, like that of the seventeenth century, laid great stress on Quietism (though the name was not then invented), as the spirit in which men were to seek after this union with the Divine. They saw that all passion—all that seeks to grasp and to get—entirely divided man from God as far as it went (many doubtless confounded the tumult of vehement feeling for their fellow-creatures with the tumult of passion, and condemned it accordingly): and they made their aim to be an absolute peace and quietness of soul, a surrender of themselves and all their desires to God, and a passionless atmosphere in which they might hear and respond to the faintest indication of His will. The best known religious manual of this line of thought is the well-known 'Imitation,' which, however, it is right to remember was written by a monk for monks,* and therefore is hardly a specimen of the more open-air and freer thought of mediæval mysticism, where it mixed with the daily life of men.

Two dangers, which have in all ages beset mystics, beset the mediæval mystics of Germany also. One of these, which only affects some natures, is that by absorption in contemplative ecstasy they forget that life is labour as well as feeling; the other, that from watching only for the revelations of the Inner Light—making the standard of goodness subjective only, instead of subjective and objective at once—they have been misled into Antinomianism with all its terrible pitfalls. The first of these errors, however, during the two centuries of which we are writing, though it doubtless prevailed,

* The internal evidence seems far too plain in this direction to allow of any truth in the French claim of it for the Chancellor Gerson.

since Tauler had to preach against it, probably did not go very far, the number of minds capable of it being limited. Also the fact that mysticism at this time was not so much a monastic as a popular movement, and obtained among groups of hard-working and unlettered labouring people, must have minimised its peril. The second evidently was a very real danger among certain minds, as is shown by the fact that it was Antinomianism as well as so-called heresy which seems to have aroused the persecution of the Brethren of the Free Spirit in Rhenish Germany, as it had done that of their earlier predecessors, the Albigenses and the followers of Dolcino in Provence and Northern Italy.

The mysticism of the age under consideration was, in fact, a popular movement within the Church, which the originators never dreamed of leaving, and which until the end of the century did not commit itself to the policy of repression which burnt Nicolas of Basel at Vienne, and Huss at Constance. The great struggle between the two political descendants of the Roman empire—the Pope and the Emperor—brought with it such perpetual strife and discord, and the weapons of religion were so frequently used to serve purposes simply political, that it was natural for earnest minds, educated or uneducated, to disregard rather than to rebel against the outer organisation of the Church, and to take refuge in sub-organizations of their own. Imagine what it must have been for a man, sick at heart of struggles between popes and anti-popes, cardinals and emperors, who might at any time find the church he attended closed, and all the ordinances which he and his forefathers believed to be necessary to salvation refused, because the Emperor had offended the Pope—imagine what it must have been to him to be told that even so he need not suffer loss—that the heart of the Father could never forget his child, however unfaithful the shepherds might be to their charge, and that the life of the spirit and the relation between the soul and God, could not depend on the fluctuations of Guelf and Ghibelline politics. So it was that secret societies of earnest believers arose in all parts of Germany and Switzerland, their founders wisely careful to remain unknown, lest as their work grew it should be found obnoxious to some powerful baron, or feudal prince, or militant bishop who applied to his diocese the martial law which he wished to maintain among his troops.

Such was the atmosphere around Strassburg while Tauler grew from early manhood to middle age: a most energetic, hardworking ecclesiastic of blameless life, and withal sweet natured and liberal minded, following what he conceived to be the right loyally, undisturbed by greed or ambition. Most of the Dominicans sided with the Pope; Tauler, like Dante two centuries before, took the side of the Emperor, probably thinking like him that the wielder of the spiritual sword, the successor of St. Peter, should leave the temporal sword to the representative of the Imperial power of Rome. When

in 1388 an Interdict was laid upon the Emperor's dominions, and most of the Dominicans in his convent, as well as the city clergy, showed their loyalty to the Pope by leaving the city churchless, Tauler remained to minister to the people. He had to have the courage of his own opinions to do this. He was a man of close friendships, and while one of his friends, Henry of Nordlingen, thought it his duty to submit entirely to the Pope's decree and only to exercise his ministry on occasions where in a particular place the Interdict was suspended for the time, another, John of Dambach, wrote treatises proving the righteousness and justifiableness of the Interdict. Tauler persuaded Nordlingen for a time to take the line which he himself took, and officiate clerically in spite of the Interdict, but the spell of Rome was too strong for him. It says much for Tauler's greatness of soul—perhaps also for his friends' love and respect for him—that these differences seem to have left their friendship unaltered.

So far in Tauler's life we see a good, sensible, busy, kind-hearted man, honoured by all, popular in his native city, and lovable for his sweet and genial disposition. The side he took in defying the Interdict, whether his action rose in the first place from political or philanthropic motives, no doubt threw him into intercourse with many of the secret societies of Christian brotherhood scattered about the country; for these, unlike those of later times, never seem to have dreamed of separating themselves from the organisation of the Church, and flocked to mass whenever it was celebrated. Among these societies perhaps the largest and most important was known as the "Gottesfreunde," or friends of God.

At this distance of time it is difficult to discover for certain what was the origination of the Gottesfreunde, or indeed if they had any organisation at all. There was nothing political about them; they were not Church Reformers, they were not confined to any one social class, but comprised monks and nuns, queens and burghers, poor and rich alike. They were perhaps most like the Methodists in their earliest stage; but their tie seems to have been a looser one than that of the Methodists ever was. The man who practically seems to have been at their head, Nicolas of Basel, was a layman, self-educated, and possibly low in social position, and as far as appears, his name and his features were known only to a small inner circle of the society. This was a wise precaution in those lawless days of rack and torture, when persecution, though not yet systematically resorted to by the Church authorities, was a ready weapon in private hands from time to time. As far as we can see, the Gottesfreunde were composed of men and women who had recognised the personal relation of their soul to God, and of God to their soul, as being the central point of life, and who had fully realised this in their own consciousness. This full and conscious realisation seems to be a gift not granted to all, and there is much true and earnest religion outside it—so much that the words of those who have not felt it are often

identical, or nearly so, with the words of those who have, and besides the consciousness of the recipient the only outward sign of it seems to be the spirit, not the words, of the speaker when he tries to influence his fellow men. Tauler's words were unexceptionable, and more than unexceptionable; they were impressive and eloquent, and his teachings were the talk of the country for many leagues around. Probably he himself would have at this time been exceedingly startled and surprised if he had been told that there was anything attainable in spiritual life which he did not know of. Such, nevertheless, proved to be the case.

The history of the spiritual crisis which came to Tauler is told in words which are so simple, and so beautifully translated into their English dress by Miss Winkworth, that it is a pity not to give it entire: but this space forbids. For many years the story of 'the Master and the Man' was thought to be a pious fiction; but later investigations, and fresh light upon the subject, have persuaded the critics that it is a *bonâ fide* narrative of facts, drawn up after the master's death by the 'man,' Nicolas of Basel.

Nicolas of Basel, hearing the fame of Tauler's sermons, felt an interest in the preacher, whom he only knew by name, and had never seen. 'He was warned three times in his sleep that he should go to the city where the master dwelt, and hear him preach. Now that city was in another country, thirty leagues distant. Then the man thought within himself, 'I will go thither and wait to see what God is purposed to do or bring to pass there.' So he came to that city and heard the master preach five times. Then God gave this man to perceive that the master was a very loving, gentle, good-hearted man by nature, and had a good understanding of the Holy Scripture, but was dark as to the light of grace; and the man's heart did yearn over him, and he went to the master and said: 'Dear and honoured sir, I have travelled a good thirty leagues on your account, to hear your teaching. Now I have heard you preach five times, and I pray you in God's name to let me make my confession to you.' The master answered, 'With all my heart.' Then the man confessed to the master with all simplicity, and when he desired to receive the Lord's Body, the master gave it to him. When this had lasted twelve weeks, the man said to the master, 'Dear sir, I beg you for God's sake to preach us a sermon, showing us how a man may attain to the highest and utmost point it is given us to reach in this present time.' The master answered, 'Ah, dear son, what dost thou ask for? How shall I tell thee of such high things? for I ween thou wouldst understand but little thereof.' But the man said, 'Ah, dear master, even though I should understand little or nothing thereof, yet I cannot but thirst after it. Multitudes flock to hear you; if there were only one among them all who could understand you, your labour were well bestowed.' Then said the master, 'Dear son, if I am to do as thou sayest, I must needs give some study and labour

to the matter before I can put such a sermon together.' But the man would not cease from his prayers and entreaties till the master promised him that he should have his desire. So when the master had finished his sermon, he announced to the people that in three days they should come together again, for he had been requested to teach how a man could attain to the highest, and best and nearest to God that might be reached at this present time.

Tauler's sermon is given in full, and is an interesting study; for it is evident that his thoughts ran on the same lines of mysticism now as they did afterwards; perhaps the influence of Eckart is stronger in this sermon than in those which he preached when his own convictions were deeper, but that is all that can be said. Reason, he said, was not the highest function of man's nature. '... Men who never get out of their own self, or live after the way of their own choosing; to such God cannot find entrance, nor work in their souls. This all comes of their own will, and their self-glorifying folly, which takes delight in the dexterity of their own reason, in framing and handling conceptions. But those men who while on earth have broken through these things and have given themselves to God in such sort that they have died unto themselves, and have both made themselves free from all outward forms, and the use of sensible images in their exercises of contemplation, and humbly toiled and pressed onwards above the images of mere reason, know, dear children, that in such souls God doth find rest, and a place wherein to dwell and to work when He chooseth... For which reason it is profitable and needful to know who are the proper, truly reasonable, enlightened, contemplative men. Now, as far as I can find from Scripture, there are four and twenty tokens which such a man should possess.' Upon which Tauler proceeds to describe twenty-four various virtues, very simply and truly, and with the words: 'That we may become such a true image in all sincerity and perfect humility, may He help us, who is the Truth,' he closes his sermon.

Nicolas found nothing to object to in the matter of the sermon; but, nevertheless, he came prepared to take the preacher in hand. This he did with deliberation, not to say craft. First he went home, wrote down the sermon from memory, and went to ask Tauler to let him read it over to him. Tauler praised the performance; for the first time, perhaps, perceiving that Nicolas was not the simple ignorant layman he had taken him for, and then the latter broached the subject: 'Dear master, you must know that I have not come hither for the sake of your preaching, but because I thought, with God's help, to give you some good counsel.' Quoth the master: 'How shouldst thou give counsel, who art but a layman, and understandest not the Scriptures? and it is, moreover, not thy place to preach if thou wouldst. Stay here a little longer; perchance God will give me to preach such a sermon as thou wouldst.' Then the man said, 'Dear master, I would fain say something to you, but I fear that you

would be displeased to hear it.' But the master answered, 'Dear son, say what thou wilt: I can answer for it that I shall take it in good part.' Hereupon the man said, 'You are a great clerk, and have taught us a good lesson in this sermon, but you yourself do not live according to it: yet you try to persuade me to stay here that you may preach me yet another sermon. Sir, I give you to know that neither your sermons, nor any outward words that man can speak, have power to work any good in me . . . for when the Master of all truth cometh to me, He teaches me more in an hour than you or all the doctors from Adam to the judgment day will ever do.' Still Tauler urged him to stay, and Nicolas consented, on condition that all he should say should be kept private between them as under the seal of confession. Then ensued a conversation which changed the course of Tauler's life. Nicolas did not mince his words; he said that Tauler's doctrine was sound and good, but that he did not live up to it; that he bound heavy burdens and laid them on men's shoulders without touching them himself; in fact, that he was a Pharisee, though not a hypocritical Pharisee, for he sought his own pleasure and glory rather than God's.

Tauler's acceptance of the layman's candid strictures shows what a sweet and lovable nature his must have been. He did, indeed, resent being called a Pharisee, since as he said, 'I have ever been an enemy to all Pharisees,' but even that was only for a moment. As Nicolas went on into the details which his spiritual insight enabled him to perceive, concerning what was amiss with Tauler's soul, conviction came to the mind of his auditor. 'Thou hast told me,' said Tauler, 'what I had hidden up within me, and specially that I have an affection for one creature; but I tell thee of a truth that I knew it not myself, nor do I believe that any human being in this world can know of it. I wonder greatly who can have told thee this of me? But doubt not that thou hast it from God. Now therefore I pray thee, dear son, that thou celebrate our Lord's Death, and be thou my ghostly father, and let me be thy poor sinful son.' Then said the man, 'Dear sir, if you speak so contrary to ordinances, I will not stay with you, but ride home again; that I assure you.' Hereupon said the master, 'Ah, no, I pray thee; for God's sake do not so; stay awhile with me; I promise readily not to speak thus any more.' And then, at Tauler's request, Nicolas told him his own spiritual experience, highly interesting, but too long to go into here. Then, with farther exhortation on the part of 'the man,' the master said, 'I know not what I shall say; this I see plainly, that I am a sinner, and am resolved to better my life if I die for it. Dear son, I cannot wait longer; I pray thee simply for God's sake to counsel me how I shall set about this work, and show me and teach me how I may attain to the highest perfection that a man may reach on earth.' Then said the man, 'Dear sir, do not be wroth with me; but I tell you of a truth that such counsel is scarcely to be given you; for if

you are to be converted, all your wonted habits must be broken through with great pain; because you must altogether change your old way of life; and, besides, I take you to be near fifty years old.' But Tauler would not be denied, and put himself under the instruction of his visitor, from that time to his dying day. Nicolas commanded him to give up preaching entirely for the present, to retire into his cell, to devote himself to self-examination and meditation; when any one came to confess to him, he was to say, 'I will learn how to counsel myself, and when I can do that I will also counsel you.'

Tauler followed his friend's advice. For the time being he gave up his public career entirely, and to all intents passed his life in the cell of the Dominican monastery like a private monk, the object of whose life was simply meditation and study. This was not without its natural result. 'Before a year was out, the master grew to be despised of all his familiar friends in the convent, and his spiritual children all forsook him as entirely as if they had never seen him. And this he found very hard to bear; and it caused him such grief that his head was like to turn.' He sent for his adviser, who comforted him, and, one is glad to hear, insisted upon his taking good food and medicine. Asceticism for asceticism's sake was not believed in by the mystics among the *Gottesfreunde*. Still, he was ordered to persist in the same course, and for two years this went on. On the morning of the Feast of St. Paul's conversion the climax came: 'In the night he was overtaken by the most grievous assault that may be imagined, whereby all his natural powers were so overcome with weakness that when the time for matins came, he could not go in to chapel, but remained in his cell, and commended himself to God in great humility, without help or comfort of any creature. And as he lay in this state of weakness, he thought of the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, and considered his own life, how poor his life had been compared to the love of God. Whereupon he was overwhelmed with contrition for all his sins and his wasted time, and exclaimed with tongue and heart, "O merciful God, have mercy upon me, a poor sinner, for Thy boundless mercy's sake, for I am not worthy that the earth should bear me." And as he was lying in this weakness, and great sadness, but fully awake, he heard with his bodily ears a voice saying: "Stand fast in thy peace and trust God, and know that when He was on earth in human nature, He made the sick whom He healed in body sound also in soul." Straightway, when these words were uttered, he lost his senses and reason, and knew not how or where he was. But when he came to himself again, he felt within himself that he was possessed of a new strength and might in all powers, outward and inward, and had also a clear understanding in those things which aforetime were dark to him; and he wondered greatly whence this came, and said to himself, "I cannot come to the bottom of this matter; I will send for my friend, and tell him what has happened." So he sent for the man.'

Nicolas was now thoroughly satisfied with his convert's spiritual condition, and told him that it was his duty to preach and enlighten his fellow Christians, and that now he, Nicolas, desired to receive instruction from him. Accordingly Tauler made arrangements for preaching, and a great crowd gathered to hear him. But when he tried to speak, he was so completely overcome that he could only weep, and could not speak a word. 'So the people departed, and this tale was spread abroad, and resounded through the whole city, so that he became a public laughing-stock, despised by all; and the people said, 'Now we all see that he has become a downright fool!' And his own brethren strictly forbade him to preach any more, 'because he did the convent great injury thereby, and disgraced the order with the senseless practices he had taken up, and which had disordered his own brain.'

Nicolas, however, still stood by him, and cheered him under the sense—than which, to us ordinary mortals, nothing on earth is more disturbing—that he had made a fool of himself. He recommended him to ask the Prior's leave to read a lecture to the brethren in the convent; and this was so impressive that they gave him permission to preach again. One of his brother monks gave notice somewhat apologetically that Tauler intended to preach once more; and on the appointed day Tauler preached his promised sermon on 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him.' The sermon, which is given at full length in the record of Nicolas, is evidently one which Tauler could not have preached in his former stage of experience. It grates upon modern taste in some ways, but it is plainly the work of a man who knew the spiritual conflicts and the spiritual joys of which he was talking, and very much unlike Tauler's former unexceptionable statements of Christian truth, delivered from the outside. However, the substance must have been supported by something very unusual in the manner and countenance of the preacher, or it could hardly have produced the effect it did upon its hearers.

When this sermon was ended, the master went down and read mass, and gave the Lord's Body to certain good people; but after the sermon the man perceived that some forty remained sitting in the churchyard. When mass was over he told the master of it, and they went out to where they had seen the people sitting that they might see how it was with them. But in the meantime, while the master had been celebrating mass they had risen up and gone away, except twelve, who were still there. Then said the master to the man, 'Dear son, what dost thou think we had best do with these people?' Then the man went from one to another and touched them, but they lay as if they were dead, and scarcely moved. The master knew not what to think of this strange thing, for he had never seen the like before, and so he said to the man, 'Tell me, what dost thou think? Are the people alive or dead?' Then he smiled and said, 'If they were dead, it would be your fault and the

Bridegroom's: how then should you bring them round again?' The master said, 'But if the Bridegroom be with me in this business, ought I to awaken them?' The man answered, 'Sir, these people are still in this present state, and I wish you would ask the convent ladies to let them be carried into their cloister, that they may not take some sickness or harm to their bodies, by lying in the open air on the cold earth.' And they did so, and the people were brought into a warm place. Then the convent ladies said, 'Dear sir, we have a nun here to whom the same thing has happened, and she is lying on her bed as if she were dead.' Then said the master, 'My dear daughters, be patient, for God's sake, and look to these sick people, and when any one of them comes to himself give him something warm to take: if he will have it, give it him in Christ's name.' And the ladies said they would willingly do so. So the master and the man went on their way.

The rest of Tauler's life was evidently a full and fruitful one, though we have but a meagre account of it. The struggle between Pope and Emperor went on, and the Interdict was renewed just at the time when the Black Death was ravaging Germany, and Tauler stood up to protest against it publicly. He, and two other monks of other orders, Thomas of Strassburg, the Augustinian, and Ludolf of Saxony, the Carthusian, issued an address to the clergy in general, urging them to disregard the Interdict, and setting forth the utter innocence of the masses who were thus made to suffer for a crime attributed to the Emperor, even if the Emperor could be proved to have committed a mortal sin in accepting the nomination of the Electors. They went on to prove the differing range of spiritual and secular authority, and ended thus: 'All those who have unjustly and innocently come under the ban are free before God, and their curse will be turned into a blessing, and their ban a yoke of oppression will God lift off; even as Christ did not set Himself against the secular power when He said, "My kingdom is not of this world"; even as He was obedient to the Government, though He was the Son of God, commanding men to render to God the things that be God's, and to Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's. Now our souls belong to God; our bodies and goods unto Cæsar.'

Whether this paper persuaded some of the silenced priests to follow Tauler's example and minister the rites of the Church to the sufferers, or whether it showed the people that the unjust privation to which they were subjected could not bring upon them the future penalties which they dreaded does not seem certain; but whereas the spiritual terrors of the Interdict had previously greatly increased the panic that predisposed people to the pestilence, this protest of Tauler's seemed greatly to calm the public mind, and 'the people were enabled to die in peace.' This fact must have reconciled him and his friends greatly to the persecution which their gallant protest brought against them. By the Pope's command, Bishop Berthold of Strassburg took proceedings against Tauler and his friends; their

writings were searched for and burnt, and they were expelled from Strassburg. They went into the Carthusian convent of which Ludolf was Prior, and went on writing from thence. Once they were sent for to the then Emperor to explain their views, and he apparently would have discharged them, but the Bishops condemned their writings and forbade them to write more, under pain of excommunication. On this Tauler retired to Cologne. In 1361 he was attacked by fatal sickness, and returned to Strassburg to be nursed by his elderly sister, a nun in a Strassburg convent; and there, after many weeks of painful suffering, he sent for Nicolas once more.

And the man was glad that he found him yet alive, and said, 'Dear master, how fares it with you?' The master said, 'I believe that the time is very near when God purposes to take me from this world, for which cause, dear son, it is a great consolation to me that thou art present at my end. I pray thee take these books that are lying there; thou wilt find written therein all the discourse with me aforetime, and also my answers, and thou wilt find somewhat concerning my life, and the dealings of God with me his poor unworthy servant. Dear son, if thou think fit, and if God give thee grace, make a little book of it.' Then said the man, 'Dear master, I have written down five of your sermons, and if it please you, I will write them out also, and will make a little book about you.' 'Quoth the master: 'Dear son, I lay upon thee my most solemn admonition, that thou write nothing about me, and that thou do not mention my name; for thou must know that of a truth the life, and word, and works, which God has wrought through me a poor unworthy sinful man, are not mine, but belong to God Almighty, now and for evermore; therefore, dear son, if thou wilt write it down for the profit of our fellow-Christians, write it so that neither my name nor thine be named, but thou mayest say the Master and the Man. Moreover, thou shalt not suffer the book to be read or seen by any one in this town, lest he should mark that it was I, but take it home with thee to thine own country, and let it not come out during my life.'

Nicolas's story goes on to tell how the master died a terribly suffering death, which seems to have amazed and scandalized the brethren of his convent, who expected a conventionally peaceful deathbed for so good a man. Before the master's death he had said, 'Dear son, I pray thee, in God's name, to give thy consent to it, if God should permit my spirit to come back to thee, and tell thee how it fared with me.' The man answered, 'Dear master, if God will have it so, I am also willing,' and as Nicolas was on his return journey, the master came to him in a vision, and told him that his hard death had been needful as a purgatory, but that now no further purgatory was needed for him.' Then said the man, 'Dear master, I beseech you from the bottom of my heart that when you come into the presence of God, you pray Him for me.' But whatever the man said after this, or whatever questions he put, no one answered him

again. Then he would fain have slept, and turned from one side to the other; but it availed him nothing, he got no more rest that night, and could hardly wait till it was light. And at daybreak he rose up, and wrote that same hour, word to the Prior and brethren of all things that the spirit had said to him, and returned to his own house, and came also to a good and blessed end.

The 'good and blessed end' was the stake. Thirty years later a persecution of the Inquisition broke out against the Gottesfreunde, and Nicolas, then a very aged man, was taken at Vienne in Dauphiné, with two of his faithful friends, who might have saved themselves by leaving him, but would not. He was said to have 'audaciously affirmed that he knew that he was in Christ, and Christ in him'; and apparently on little other ground of heresy, he was burnt, somewhere about the year 1393.

After the foregoing sketch of Tauler's life, it is possible that some readers may be glad to see one or two specimens of the things he taught. We have tried to extract a few passages, as characteristic as possible, from Miss Winkworth's translation.

This is a characteristic passage of Tauler's teaching, going as he always goes, against the religion of frames and feelings, which is the greatest danger of the mystical side of Christianity:—

'Now mark, it is to be counted as spiritual wantonness, when a man seeks himself too much, and with eager desire strives after warmth and sensible devoutness, to the end that he may always be in a state of contentment, and none may have a right to reprove him, though he should give himself to his own special prayers and religious exercises, while leaving unfulfilled the work that is his duty. When such a one has none of these sweet emotions, he is quite troubled and becomes peevish and impatient in the trifling mishaps that befall him, though they be of no importance whatever; and when he cannot enjoy or obtain inward peace according to his desire, he complains of the great grievances and temptations which he has to endure . . . The reason of God's withholding sensible delight is that our spiritual fruitfulness and highest blessedness do not lie therein, but in our inward trusting and clinging to God, in our not seeking ourselves either in sorrow or joy, but through joy and sorrow devoting ourselves to God, and like poor unworthy servants offering ourselves to Him at our own costs, though we shall have to serve Him thus for ever. Yet it may be permitted to a young weak Christian, at the outset of his course, to pray for such graces or gifts from the good God, in order to be able to glorify Him with the greatest activity, and to be grounded the more firmly in his love. But when we desire such inward fervours and sweet peace (which are His gifts and not our deserts) more for their own sakes than the Giver Himself, we fall into spiritual wantonness and black disloyalty, which our good Lord has not deserved at our hands with His utter renunciation of Himself inwardly and outwardly . . . None of the inward difficulties that rise

up from within, or the adverse circumstances that stay our hands from working, by which we are drawn or pressed into conformity to the humble image of Christ and His Saints (not alone outwardly, but that of their inward condition) can be the work either of evil spirits or nature, but without a doubt come from God. For He is the Highest Good, and from the Highest Good nought but what is good can flow; and all the goodness that God gives us of His stores, and that we render back to Him, has proceeded from Him as its source: just as all streams flow back to their source, the ocean whence they have arisen, and all things do rejoice in their return. But all that draws and leads us aside from such conformity and likeness proceeds without doubt from the Spirit of Evil, who is ever on the watch to disturb and draw us down . . .

Here is a very practical lesson, such as one would hardly expect from a Dominican monk:—

‘Now let us meditate on these words of St Paul: “There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all . . .” the eyes of the body of the holy Christian church are her teachers. This edifice is none of yours: but let us common Christians look to see what is our office, to the which our Lord has called and bidden us, and what is the gift of which our Lord has made us the vessels . . . Let us begin with the lowest. One can spin, another can make shoes, and some have great aptness for all sorts of outward arts, so that they can earn a great deal, while others are altogether without this quickness. These are all gifts proceeding from the Spirit of God. If I were not a priest, but were living as a layman, I should take it as a great favour that I knew how to make shoes, and should try to make them better than any one else, and would gladly earn my bread by the labour of my hands. Children, the foot or the hand must not desire to be the eye. Each must fulfil the office for which God has fitted him, however weighty it may be, and what another could not easily do. Also our sisters shall each have her own office. Some have sweet voices; let them sing in the churches, for this also comes from the Spirit of God. St. Augustine says “God is a homogeneous, divine, simple substance, and yet the author of all variety, and is all in all, one in all, and all in one.” There is no work so small, no act so mean, but it all comes from God and is a special gift of His. Thus, let each do that which another cannot do so well, and for love, returning gift for gift. Know ye, whosoever does not exercise his gift, nor impart it, nor make use of it for the profit of his neighbour, lays up a heavy reckoning against the last day . . . It is a shame for a spiritual man if he have not done his work properly, but so imperfectly that he has to be rebuked for it. For this is a sure sign that his works are not done in God, with a view to His glory and the good of his neighbour. You may know and be known by this, whether your works are directed to God alone, and whether you are in peace or not. Our Lord did not reprove

Martha on account of her works, for they were holy and good : He reproved her on account of her anxiety.'

The following is on ' good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over':—

' Now we find some men whose love is like a very broad vessel : that is, they can meditate a great deal upon our Lord, and with great desire and fervour, but they are hardly two inches deep. That is to say, they lack humility and a common Godlike love towards all mankind. For, as St. Augustine says, " Salvation does not depend on the length of time that a person has been converted to God, nor the number of good deeds performed, but solely on the greatness of his love . . ." Next comes the measure that is shaken together : and this signifies an overflowing love which draws all things unto itself ; that is to say, all good deeds and all sorrows, nay, every good which is brought to pass in the world, whether by good or wicked men, does this overflowing love draw into its own vessel. And he who possesses this love has a much larger ownership and delight in the good actions of another, who does those actions but lacks this love, than the doer himself. Therefore of all the pious acts, the masses, vigils and psalters that are read and sung, the many great sacrifices that are made for God's sake, of all these good things is more meted and allotted to such loving men than to those who may have done the good works, but do not stand in this overflowing love. For I tell thee that God will not accept the good works of which he is not the beginning and the end : but as St. Paul tells us, " Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Hence this virtue of godly charity is the greatest of all virtues ; for by love it draws unto itself all good deeds, customs, and services, in heaven or in earth, which are the fruits of grace : what evil a man has remains his own, but what good he has is the property of love. Even as when we pour corn into a vessel, all the grains do hurry forward and press together as though they desired to become one, so doth love swallow up the goodness of angels and saints in heaven, all suffering and pain, and all the goodness that is found in any creature in heaven and on earth, whereof more than can be told is wasted and thrown away, as far as we are concerned, but love doth gather it all up into itself, and will not let it be lost. The godly doctors of Holy Scripture tell us that in heaven the elect do ever bear such great love one to another that if one soul were to perceive and see that another soul had a clearer vision and greater fruition of the Deity than herself, she would rejoice with her sister as though she herself had won and enjoyed this blessedness. Therefore the more while here on earth we approach and are made like to this overflowing love, the more shall we enjoy of its blessedness hereafter in eternal life ; for he who most entirely rejoices in good works here on earth in a spirit of love, he alone shall possess and enjoy love in eternal life hereafter. But this

same spirit of love is what the evil one always hates in a man : wherefore he is ever trying to bring such as have it into a false self-righteousness, and into displeasure with their neighbour's ways and works, so that the man conceits within himself that his neighbour's works are not so good as they ought to be, and in a moment he falleth away from this love, and begins to judge his neighbour and pass sentence on him. And then from the depth of this judging spirit darts forth a stinging venomous tongue, that wounds and poisons the soul unto eternal death. This same arrow of judgment will smite and slay all the excellent and virtuous works that thou hadst stored up unto thyself through an overflowing love, and thus thou wilt find thyself despoiled and laid waste, and thy peace destroyed within thee, and then thou wilt be in a miserable and dangerous condition. Wherefore in godly faithfulness, I counsel thee ever to keep thy tongue with all diligence, if thou wouldst be and call thyself, a friend of God.'

Tauler did not insist that all his hearers should be unsatisfied without passing through a physical and psychical crisis like his own. He says:—

'Now let each one mark for himself, whether his soul has been touched by God or not. Those who have not been touched by God often begin many excellent undertakings from which we might expect that great things would come to pass : but if we watch them for a time, behold it all comes to nothing : for they soon fall back again, and they plunge once more into all their old customs, and give themselves up to their natural inclinations. They do just as the untrained dogs in the chase, which have no perception of the noble quarry, but run with all speed after the good dogs of nobler breed. And verily if they kept on running, they would with them bring down the stag. But no : in the space of some short hour or so, they look about them and lose sight of their companions, or they stand still with their nose in the earth and let the others get ahead of them, and so they are left behind. But the dogs of noble breed, who have come upon the scent of this noble quarry, eagerly pursue after it, through fire and water, through brake and bush, till they have brought down their game. So do those noble-minded men, who have caught a glimpse of the Highest Good : they never slacken step till they come up with it. Now the other sort of men remain at the same point, and make no progress in their whole life. . . '

In the sermon on Myrrh, (where myrrh is used for all kinds of salutary suffering,) he says, 'God takes a thousand times more pains with us than the artist with his picture ; by many touches of sorrow, and by many colours of circumstance, to bring man into the form which is the highest and noblest in His sight, if only we received His gifts and myrrh in the right spirit . . . There is an exceeding bitter myrrh which God gives ; namely, inward assaults and inward darkness.' (Here Tauler seems to be speaking of his own experience

before his final deliverance on the Feast of St Paul's conversion.) 'When a man is willing to taste this myrrh, and does not put it from him, it wears down flesh and blood, yea, the whole nature; for these inward exercises make the cheek grow pale far sooner than great outward hardships; for God appoints unto His servants cruel fightings and strange dread, and unheard of difficulties which none can understand but he who has felt them. And these men are beset with such a variety of difficulties, so many cups of bitterness are presented to them, that they hardly know which way to turn, or what they ought to do; but God knows right well what He is about. But when the cup is put away and these feelings are stifled or unheeded, a greater injury is done to the soul than can ever be amended. For no heart can conceive in what surpassing love God giveth us this myrrh; yet this which we ought to receive to our soul's good, we suffer to pass by us in our sleepy indifference, and nothing comes of it. Then we come and complain "Alas, Lord! I am so dry, and it is so dark within me!" I tell you, dear child, open thy heart to the pain, and it will do thee more good than if thou wert full of feeling and devoutness.

'Now men receive this bitter myrrh in two ways: they try to meet it with their practical sense or with their intellectual subtilty. When it springs from outward circumstances, men wish they had known better, and they would have averted it with their wisdom, and attribute it to outward accidents, to fate, or misfortune, and think they might have taken steps to prevent what has happened, and if they had done so, the means would have succeeded, and the calamity would have been turned aside. They would fain be too wise for God, and teach Him, and master Him, and cannot take things from His hand. The sufferings of such are very sore, and their myrrh is exceeding bitter.

'There are others, who, having tasted the cup of that bitterness which springs from within, do start back and forthwith seek to break away from it by the exercise of their natural wit and subtilty, and think to quell the strife by dint of reasoning and arguing with themselves. And this kind of trouble passes away more quickly with simple minds than with those whose reason is more active; for the former follow God more simply, they feel that they do not know what to do, and so they trust. But, if those of higher powers follow God's leading, and surrender themselves wholly to Him, their career is far nobler and more blessed, for their reason serves them in all things more freely and excellently. . . .'

The following, out of the first of the collected sermons, ought to be given as a specimen of the peculiar quietism of Tauler and the German mystics:—

'Now there are two sorts of men who follow after the word of Christ. The one sort hear it with joy, and follow after it as far as they are able with their reason to perceive the truth, and take it in just in the same way as their reason takes in what is concerned with the world

of sense; and all this they do by means of their natural light, but they make no account of anything they do not themselves feel or enter into; but with these natural powers of theirs, they are ever running out to catch up and understand some new thing. They have not learnt by experience that they ought to die to this restlessness; but if they are ever to grow better men, they must try another road.

‘But the other sort turn their thoughts inward, and remain resting on the inmost foundation of their souls, simply looking to see the hand of God with the eyes of their enlightened reason, and await from within their summons and their call to go whither God would have them. And this they receive from God without any means: but what is given through means, such as other mortal men, for instance, is as it were tasteless; moreover, it is seen as through a veil, and split up into fragments, and bears within it a certain sting of bitterness. It always retains the savour of that which is from the creature, which it must needs lose and be purified from, if it is to become in truth food for the spirit, and to enter into the very substance of the soul. For those who perceive God’s gifts and leadings from within, whether by the help of means or without means, do receive them from their fountain head, and carry them back again into their fountain head in the Divine goodness. These are they who draw and drink from the true well, of which Christ said: “Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst . . .” Now you may ask, How can we come to perceive this direct leading of God? By a careful looking at home, and abiding within the gates of thine own soul. Therefore let a man be at home in his own heart, and cease from his restless chase of and search after outward things. If he is thus at home while on earth, he will surely come to see what there is to do at home—what God commands him inwardly without means, and also outwardly by the help of means: and then let him surrender himself, and follow God along whatever path his loving Lord thinks fit to lead him: whether it be to contemplation or action, to usefulness or enjoyment; whether in sorrow or in joy, let him follow on. And if God do not give him thus to feel His hand in all things, let him still simply yield himself up, and go without for God’s sake out of love. . . .’

Finally, we give this extract from the sermon for Whitsunday, where he has been speaking of the gift of Pentecost having drawn the Apostles ‘forth from the bonds of slavery to sense, so that they were delivered from this captivity never again to fall into it, but to stand ready in perfect acquiescence to receive His further teachings . . . He who only considers the matter aright will find that this drawing them up above the things of the body was very necessary, if they were to enter the school of the Eternal Light. For this school has four qualities. First, that it is raised far above all time, not only in the third heaven, physically speaking, but above all the movements of

the heavenly bodies, and all else that is subject to time. In the second place, that whatever may be found still remaining of self-appropriation is not suffered to make itself a home and resting-place in the heart. In the third place, in this school is perfect rest: for no storms, no rain, nor sin, nor aught that can bring change is there. Fourthly, there reigns perpetual light, clear and unbedimmed: for the sun and moon, which set from time to time, and leave the earth in darkness, do not shine there. God is their eternal sun, shining in His brightness. Now, seeing that all material, created things are bare, narrow, subject to change and alloy, it was needful that the disciples should be raised above the trammels of material things, for St. Jerome says: "It is as impossible for God to bestow Himself under the limitations of time or temporal things, as it is for a stone to possess the wisdom of an angel" . . . Where the mind is busied with images, time must necessarily enter into the operations of the imagination, and this has no place in the highest school of the Holy Spirit: for there neither time nor images can help us, but contact is all that is needed, the which may happen without time in the space of a moment. St. Gregory says, "The Holy Spirit is an admirable master-workman . . . He needs not time for His teachings; by whatever means He chooses, so soon as He has touched the soul He has taught it, and His mere touch is His teaching."

RATCLIFF CLUB FOR FACTORY GIRLS.

THE following is a short notice of a work carried on at Ratcliff, a district which, owing to its close proximity to the Docks, and its situation in the centre of the factories, is one of the neediest of East London.

'The Working Girls' Institute,' Nos. 25 & 26 London Street, was started by 'The Young Women's Help Society,' in November, 1882.

London Street lies close to Stepney Station. It connects Commercial Road with Broad Street and Medland Street, the continuation of the old 'Ratcliff Highway,' or rather, 'The Highway to Ratcliff,' for the parish of St. James' Ratcliff does not include the highway.

There are degrees within East London society as decided and as pronounced as those of more fashionable quarters. London Street, owing to its drunken brawls and street fights, was formerly stigmatised as 'The Devil's Own;' but of late it has grown comparatively quiet and orderly, and although the shifting state of the population and an influx of new-comers may, at times, disturb the equanimity of the inhabitants, and give rise to some undue excitement, they can afford to hold up their heads, and to look down with pity and commiseration on several of the neighbouring courts. The houses have, many of them, known better days—they were once occupied by a rather superior class of tenants. Tradition designates the dwellings of sea-captains, and points to one house which lays claim to have been a better sort of girls' school. The migratory stream soon, however, bore those who could afford it out of the East End, leaving the poorer people alone to struggle and drudge for existence, and as their numbers increased, to be crowded for room. A great gulf lay between them and the better quarters of the City, and the one population became strangers to the other.

The Institute consists of two of the original little houses thrown into one. It is not necessary to describe the state in which those houses are said to have been when they were secured by the original worker. Suffice it to say, they have been completely transformed, and are now very comfortable. One was intended as a home for ladies who would reside in East London; or to serve as headquarters for those who could give temporary assistance, and who thus, by their presence among the people, as well as by their work, might help to bridge over the chasm which has opened between East and West London, and has sundered class from class.

The lady in charge of the Home has the care of the Girls' Club,

which is under the supervision of the Vicar. The second house contains what is termed 'The Bar'—a restaurant for women and girls. It is open from noon to 10 P.M. every day, excepting Sunday. Food can be obtained at various prices from $\frac{1}{2}$ d. worth of pudding, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. cup of hot tea or coffee, 1d. cup of broth, up to good hot dinners at a very low price. Many women and girls at work in the factories gladly avail themselves of the room and its good fire, coming there regularly at the dinner hour. The dinners are furnished to suit the finances of the customer—the usual price is 3d. or 4d.

The Board School children, in needy circumstances, are also provided with dinners five days a week during the winter months at the rate of a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a day. From eighty to ninety children were regularly supplied last winter. Dinners, in particular cases of sickness or distress, can likewise be supplied, and sent out. The Bar is thus calculated to form a means of resource to the Parish workers, as well as to be a benefit to the persons assisted; but the funds are at this moment so low, and the need of workers so great, that grave doubts have been entertained whether it could be kept afloat through the winter. Six girls can be taken in to lodge at a time in this House: they pay 1s. 6d. a week.

Work begets work. It would be impossible within the limits of this short sketch to give a clear account of all that is undertaken, and constantly in difficulties for lack of hands. Workers have not been forthcoming. It has been an uphill struggle for those who have set their shoulders to the wheel, and are patiently toiling there day after day, unable themselves to appreciate, amidst all they are so overwhelmingly conscious is left undone, the real amount of good they are doing. Ladies who could give their services even for a short time might render valuable assistance.

The Club for Factory Girls is open from 7 to 10 every evening, and from 3 to 7 on Sundays. Over 160 girls have passed through the hands of the ladies at different times in charge of the Institute, and a marked difference in the tone and manner of many has been attained since Mrs. Arbuthnot, the Vicar's wife, began with the kind assistance of the two Board School mistresses, her work among them four years ago.

There are now about sixty girls on the books, and an average attendance of twenty to thirty nightly. Regular members pay 1d. a month, but others are admitted any evening as visitors. They are allowed to attend one week freely, before the threepenny entrance fee is required.

The girls generally are of the roughest and wildest description. A few work at the match factories; others are engaged at the rope factories and the cigar factories, or in rag sorting, bottle washing, or onion peeling. The quieter set come from the jam and sweetmeat factories.

Many go 'fruiting' and 'hopping' in the summer, and too often come back rather wilder than they went. They are generally paid

by piece work, and can earn, if regular hands, from 5s. to 8s. a week; but, owing to the uncertainty of work at the factories, and the great number of women and girls seeking employment, many are constantly out of work for weeks together, without any fault of their own, or only succeed in obtaining an occasional job. The distress at such times, if the other members of the family happen likewise, to be out of work, becomes very great; they are driven to pawn nearly all they possess, and a few, who feel the most pride, do not like to appear under these adverse circumstances; but the greater number continue to attend the Club, and give glowing descriptions of the hat or the dress in the 'pawn shop.' That pawn shop is Fairy Land to the girls of East London—the only place whither the wings of their fancy do carry them.

We could often wish they had some regard for appearance, but when, after the 'hopping season,' some come in with gaudy hats of startling dimensions, adorned with long trailing ostrich feathers, we feel thankful that the pomps and vanities have as yet no further developed. Nor can we be unfeignedly sorry to hear, a few weeks later, that these hats have been consigned to the pawn shop for an indefinite period, and to know that unless they come out on Boxing-Day, or for some great function, they will probably be seen no more. The girls, as a rule, come just as they are—straight from their work, wrapped in their factory shawls. One, a merry little black-eyed gipsy, reeking of onion; another, a tall, delicate, drooping girl, one of the oldest members, bespattered from head to foot with white paste, which she has had no time to shake off since she left work upon the sweetmeats at 8.30 P.M. The boys in the street laugh at her miller-like appearance, and so on Sundays she will not stir, but remains in hiding until she shall have reclaimed her other dress from the pawn shop. A third, a fat, round-faced, good-natured girl, with her red hair cropped short, rolls out of her shawl, to tell wonderful stories of the charms of her life, on board the 'small-pox hospital ship,' last summer. Another, a very disturbing element, takes the earliest opportunity of publishing her last performance, that of coming home, from some low place of amusement, singing through the streets at 1 A.M.

There have occasionally been stormy nights in the Club, and exciting moments at the street door. Windows have been broken, and squibs have been known to explode, and to fly simultaneously about the two rooms. It was an organised conspiracy, the secret was well kept, the leaders might be suspected, but were not discovered. The Babel of confusion rose that night to such a height, that at nine o'clock it was decreed that the Club must be closed. The girls submitted, and, after some demur, marched out in a body, threatening never to return. They laid the remaining squibs in the chink below the street door, and continued operations, until buckets of water extinguished their fireworks. They then proceeded frantically to

ring the bell, but on discovering it had been muffled, they retired from the siege. These stirring days are now passed. Many of the girls have toned down, and become a reliable nucleus, who take a pride in the Institution. They are a strength to the teachers, and a restraining influence on new-comers. The elements of a 'row' are still, however, at hand, and there is hardly a night in which some skill is not needed to obviate a disturbance.

The Club is provided with a piano, and a fair number of books. The notice-board announces classes for reading, writing, and needle-work; also the Vicar's Bible-class which takes place there, regularly one evening a week. Workers have been so scarce that it has been difficult to be equally regular with the other classes. There is at present only one lady to manage the Club, and it is quite impossible for one woman singlehanded to control the street door, maintain order in two rooms, and teach a class. Ladies who would undertake to come and assist once a week, are greatly desired. They little know, how gladly at the end of a hard day's work, the wearied lady in charge welcomes help from without. Music is always an attraction, and singing especially popular. Classes for dress-making or cooking would be of real value, and might be limited to the steadier members. The difficulty of finding a competent teacher to come so far, and the lack of regular help has hitherto rendered the establishment of such classes impossible. On Sunday afternoons the attendance is not generally numerous. A considerable proportion of the girls are Irish Roman Catholics. This hinders the influence which might be otherwise gained. It would be an advantage if the Roman Catholics could provide a club for their own members, but until they do, it would be impossible to turn off many of the most hopeful Club members. In the course of last winter two ladies attempted to start a night school in a neighbouring street, hoping by that means to get hold of some very rough girls and to draft them into the Club. They made some way, but were soon obliged to give up, because the Club itself was so short of hands, that they could not be spared. This winter there has as yet been no one at liberty to renew the attempt. Ladies can sleep the night at the Home if they wish. A charge of three shillings includes a bedroom, supper, and breakfast. Those who stay a longer period, are asked to pay one guinea a week for board and lodging. They will find that the girls soon cease to regard them as strangers, and are ready to give them a warm, and often a boisterous, welcome. The place is easily accessible. The West End visitor can either train to Aldgate, and then 'cab' or 'tram' along Commercial Road, or otherwise train to 'Fenchurch Street,' and thence train to 'Stepney Station.' District visitors are also much needed, and any lady residing in the suburbs or the West End undertaking to devote a day, or half a day, to this neighbourhood, might rest and dine at the Home.

It should be added, that there are classes for younger girls, in

connection with the Club. These are generally less ignorant, and more tractable than their elder sisters. The Board Schools are beginning 'to be felt,' and there is the making of good servants in many of these girls of twelve and fourteen, if they could be removed in time from the rough influences of the streets; but to effect this again requires more workers, and more money; and workers and money are equally scarce. At every hour of the day, and at every turn, good work is crippled, or brought to a standstill, for lack of either the one or the other. Space fails me to tell of the two large mothers' meetings, with their savings banks and temperance branches, of the children's evening classes, held in the Mission-room, of the two large Ragged Sunday Schools, besides the regular Sunday Schools, all of which stand in need of more helpers and teachers. Space fails to describe the primitive little mission chapel fitted up in a large bare room under the railway arch in Ratcliff Square, to which the very poor are slowly learning to come. When this new chapel opened, eighteen months ago, not a few of the boys who came to sing in the choir were barefooted. The elder lads, from the lad's Institute, have been a mainstay to this new Mission, persevering in their efforts to teach in the Ragged School. Would that the Club girls could be helpful in the London Street Ragged School; but, as one of the most thoughtful remarked, a few Sundays ago, 'I cannot teach others till I know something myself.' Truth and honour appeal most quickly in a boy's independent nature; the girls are more difficult to raise. They cannot be good for their own sakes; but there is hardly one who, if the chord of her affections is struck, cannot be good for the sake of others. One young girl from a cigar factory, during the year she lodged at the Home, took the utmost pride and delight in her infant class, whom, knowing little enough herself, she yet contrived to interest in Sunday pictures and Bible stories.

Will those to whom East London is still a land of mystery come and see for themselves?

No one need long feel a stranger at Ratcliff; the friendliness of the people, their warm welcome, and kindly interest come forth on all occasions. Will those who are not already interested in some particular part of East London, help a work woefully in need of assistance?

The squalor and destitution of this part of the metropolis have of late been so sensationally depicted, that new-comers may be tempted to exclaim, as travellers at the first sight of Niagara, that it is not so great as they anticipated. Those who work there can tell otherwise.

As winter approaches, oppression falls fast over East London. Week by week more fathers of families are thrown out of employment. The work at the Docks is so slack that very few hands are needed, and only the youngest and strongest are selected.

Men who would fain work are trudging vainly to look for it—or are to be seen waiting at the gates and doors of places where labour

may possibly be in request. There is no cry in the streets, although the cupboards may be empty—and the shadow of misery falling deep over the home within. There will be few complaints, and they will probably not proceed from those who suffer most. These will keep their sorrows to themselves, and in many cases even their nearest neighbours will not know how much they are enduring.

Will those who cannot come in person, help by contributions, however small?

Let contributors realise that 6d.—so long as the Bar is able to carry on—may ensure two sick dinners, and that a child can obtain twelve dinners there for the same sum.

Will you help the General Fund?—it is sorely in need of funds. Or will you help the Fund it is sought to raise for maintaining a Paid Worker?

Will you help the Girls' Institute—or the work carried on by the new Mission Chapel in Perrywinkle Street, Ratcliff Square?

Subscriptions towards any of these objects would be joyfully welcomed.

They should be addressed to the Vicar, the Rev. R. R. Arbuthnot; or to Mrs. Arbuthnot, St. James' Vicarage, Butcher Row, Ratcliff, E.; or to Miss R. Warry, 26 London Street, Ratcliff, E.; or to The Hon. Florence Dodson, 6 Seamore Place, May Fair, W.

Donations of clothes of any kind—old or new—would be a great boon. A sale of garments of all descriptions is held once a week through the winter—the proceeds are devoted to the Railway Arch Mission Chapel. If a good stock of warm clothes were forthcoming, they could be sold at a low price. Purchasers are allowed to pay in instalments. Assistance thus given need not pauperise—and those who have once had the opportunity of seeing the women's delight at securing old socks, jackets, and frocks for their children, would never hesitate to send cast-off clothes.

Presents of books or games for the Institute, or Scripture pictures for the children's classes, would be thankfully received. Gifts of flowers, fruit, and vegetables are most acceptable to the Club managers, and distributed by them among those for whom they are intended; the flowers especially are welcomed by all with an enthusiasm which only those who know the joy they afford, alike to old and young in East London, can appreciate.

Reader, will you help a little? Please do.

FLORENCE H. DODSON.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

Wandering Jew, Flounder, Grasshopper, Roy Fidelia, Harum Scarum, all good. Weaver's, perhaps, the best. Give a list of the ten books that you prefer, with the reason—each reason to occupy no more than twenty words.

Stamps received from Fidelia, Speranza, Caritas, Sintram, Weaver, Spinning Jenny, Roy, Pot and Kettle, Flounder, J. M. B., Metelille, Wandering Jew.

"FORSAKE ALL, AND THOU SHALT FIND ALL."

FROM 'THE IMITATION OF CHRIST,' BY THOMAS À KEMPIS.

The true principle of self-denial is, in the words of a writer of our own day,* "*to act no more from the standing-ground of self.*" He and the holy Thomas à Kempis would have us learn that true self-denial means to be emptied of self—to be filled with Christ, to be lost unto self—to be found in Him. But we must be careful not lightly to quote the words wherein these teachers would fain impress upon us the true principle of self-denial; for how low our standard falls in comparison with what they hold out, and how poor and trivial are our efforts at self-denial when contrasted with that pure, self-forgetting life of which they tell us! To be emptied of self is very hard and difficult, for self is very insidious; and in the holiest things, how often self-love exists without our being conscious of it. Much so-called self-denial is not self-denial at all. In denying oneself something to give to another, there is often mixed up with it much self-love and self-satisfaction; while, in many cases, to withhold from giving to another may be real self-denial. It is the *renouncing of self*, whether in giving or withholding, the renouncing of that self-seeking spirit which is so treacherous—that final losing of self is the real root of self-denial. The only perfect One, Who, from the oradle to the bitter Cross, ever lived constantly in perfect self-denial and self-renunciation, said, 'For I came down from Heaven, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me.'† And we are not sent into the world to do all that we like, but, with strength from above, to take up our cross‡ and follow Him. And we are shown that, if the true spirit be given us, it will not be a bitter thing to renounce self, and the way of the cross will be made wondrously sweet with Heaven's own light.

But to act with uniform self-renunciation is a difficult and life-long

* George Macdonald, 'Unspoken Sermons,' p. 252 (2nd Series).

† John vi. 38.

‡ Matt. x. 39, and xvi. 20, 26.

task ; at times it seems well-nigh impossible to prevent self-denial becoming sullied, and rendered no longer true self-denial, by that self-love which taints many of our best endeavours ; and this leprosy of the soul can only be cured by constant 'cleansing and healing by the great Physician of mankind. And if, through His grace, we can reach farther—if we cannot only become dead to self, but alive unto Him, *then* shall the true principle of self-denial be carried out in us. St. Paul teaches us this lesson, when he says, 'I live ; *yet not I*, but Christ liveth in me.'*

Again, self-denial does not consist in wounding self gratuitously. Many ascetics, in mortifying their flesh, frequently allowed a spirit of great self-satisfaction and self-gratification to creep into their hearts, and in wounding their flesh, gratified their pride. On the contrary, the early Christian martyrs, who, for love of their Lord, joyfully endured the most horrible torture and death, quite lost every thought of self, and valued not their lives in comparison with their faith.

The self-denial that must be a part of all true love should be a losing of self in the loved one. When Gertrude, the young wife of Rudolph von der Wart, endured all indignities and insults that she might comfort and sustain her husband in his awful death, she quite forgot herself, and only thought of him. The poor mother who goes without her portion of bread that her little ones may have more, forgets herself in her loving care for them ; she puts herself quite aside. The little clown, who only possessed sixpence in the world, and gave that sixpence to a children's hospital, that a sick child might be enabled to have the care in illness that he had once enjoyed—that little clown truly and unconsciously taught the true spirit of self-denial, for it was such a pure joy to him to give all that he had for another's sake. And let us notice that, from the delicate boy, who, one bitter night, took off his coat and wrapped it round his sister, thereby perishing of cold himself, to Sir Philip Sydney, who relinquished in his last moments a cup of cold water to his thirsty fellow-sufferer—let us notice that self was completely and entirely forgotten. It comes not in the way of most of us to be called to any great act of self-denial, but if we would be ready when the occasion arises, we must live in constant and daily self-renunciation. There is plenty of scope for all of us, and in the words of the poet—

'The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.'

It is surely the most Christ-like of all virtues, this self-denial ; and if we come to think for a little while, we shall find that love and all the germs of holiness and true happiness are bound up with it. To close with the words of the teacher whose thoughts we began with—'The Heaven of Christ is a loving of all, a forgetting of self, a dwelling of each in all, and all in each.' And here we must end our imperfect survey of this great subject.

WEAVER.

* Gal. ii. 20.

Notices to Correspondents.

Please observe that advertisements without addresses are not of much use. Also, that post-offices will not keep letters addressed to initials.

J. E. T.—Read the first book of Spencer's 'Fairy Queen.'

In a remarkable story, 'Events in an Irish Country House,' published by Heywood, Manchester, are the lines—

'And the name of that Isle was the Long ago
We buried our Treasure there.'

Kindly say the author of the lines.

M.

Can any one tell me if it would be possible to procure a life of Arthur Cheek, who was killed in the Indian Mutiny? M.

C. P. will find a short account of Francis Quarles, with some extracts from his poems, in Campbell's 'Specimens of British Poets,' also a memoir prefixed to his poems. P. L. P. and A. S.

A. S. will find an historical account of Scutari in Albania (or Scodra, as it is otherwise called), in 'The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic,' by Lady Strangford, London, 1864.

The Isle of Man was called Mona by Julius Cæsar, and by the Romans after him. Probably it received its name from the Gauls and Britons, or from some ancient Greeks that might pass by it from Ireland into the northern part of Brittany. They possibly might name it Mona of Novus Solus, being a solitary little isle in the midst of four neighbouring nations. The Manx call their island Mannin, it being an old Celtic word for island. They suppose their island to have derived its name from Mannanan-Beg-Mac-y-Leirr, who was, they say, the father, founder, and legislator of their country. He was also king at the coming of their apostle, St. Patrick. In the Statute Book of the Isle of Man, Mannanan-Beg-Mac-y-Leirr is described as—'The first person who held Man, was the ruler thereof, and after whom the land was named, reigned many years, and was a paynim. He kept the land *under mist* by his necromancy. If he dreaded an enemy, he would cause one man to seem a hundred, and that by art magic.' Some suppose that Man originated from Manne, one of St. Patrick's names before he took the name of Patricius. At the present day the Isle of Man is called in Latin Mannia, by the natives Mannin, and by Englishmen Man. The inhabitants are called Manx.

Also by Metelille, A. S., and the Muffin Man.

Conservative.—The author of the lines is John Byrom, b. 1691—d. 1760. Contribution to the 'Spectator' under the name of John Snacton. E. S. S.

The poem is by Mrs. Hemans, the title 'He Never Smiled Again.'

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for April.

13. Enumerate the Oracles of Apollo, and mention some historical instances of the intervention of the Delphic Oracle in the affairs of Greece.

14. State the causes which led to the invasion of Greece by Darius.

15. Give an account of the battle of Salamis. In what work of Greek poetry is it described?

16. Compare the national characteristics of the Lacedæmonians and Athenians. Which do you prefer? and why?

January Class List.

Seventy-five (not seventy-eight) papers have been received, which are classified and marked as follows. Full marks are forty.

First Class.

'Αμύχδωρ	} 38	Persephone	} 33
King Arthur			Eva		
Hecla	} 37	Lia	} 32
Cherry Ripe			Nesta		
Creag an Fitheach	} 36	Great Grandmother	} 31
Vorwärts			Speranza		
Mignonette	} 35	Moonraker	} 30
Water-wagtail			Bladud		
Squirrel	} 34	Harum-Scarum	} 24
March Hare			Haji Baba		
Kettle	} 25	Lisle	} 22
Kittiwake			Alpha		
			Weaver		

Second Class.

A modern Boottian	} 29	Cockrobin	} 24
Britomart			Madame Louise		
Marion	} 28	Latter Lorinus	} 23
Apia			Emu		
Fieldfare	} 26	Actium	} 21
Fidelia			Bluebell		
Robin	} 25	Carlotta	} 20
Philomela			Pot		
Apathy	} 25	Electra	} 20
Tropaeus			Eve		
Cinderella	} 25	Erin-go-bragh	} 20
Kamila			Maiblume		
Apis	} 25	Hub Margaret	} 20
Mabel			Hawthorn		
Wallflower	} 25	οκτωρη	} 20
			Toby		

Third Class.

Aloestis	} 19	Donna Pia	} 14
Spectacles		Sapphire	
Taffy		Penelope	
Tisiphone		Lalage	
Grimmidge	} 16	Dolphinton	} 10
Punchinello		Excelsior	
Charissa		Balbus	
Countess		Thetis	
Design	} 15	Dame Wood	} 10
Audrey			

N.B. 'Αμυχάρη should correct her *nom-de-plume*, as compound adjectives in *os* have only two terminations.

REMARKS.

1. Poetical quotations about Greece have been given from twenty-nine English poets, past and present. But why does Neta quote Spenser's lines on the ruins of Verulam, as if they referred to Athens?

Alcestis (whose writing is almost illegible) names Landor, instead of Keats, as the author of the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.' Clarissa does not know that the Ionian Islands are no longer under the British Protectorate, but are re-united to Greece. Countess mistakes the Penens for the Alpheus. Kittiwake, Speranza, Taffy, and others, confound Mount Ida in Crete with Ceneone's 'many-fountained Ida,' at the foot of which was Troy. Speranza says the Ilissus rises in Mount Ida (presumably meaning the Simois).

2. The first part of Question 2 has been answered correctly by about twelve only. Our knowledge of the origin of the Hellenes is derived from the science of language. It was the discovery of Sanscrit, the sacred language of India, which proved, by the essential similarity between that language and Greek, that the Greeks must have come, in some pre-historic age, from the central table-land of Asia, along with the other members of the great Aryan race.

Neta and Philomela:—'eponymous' ('name-giving') is derived from *ἐπί* upon, and *ὄνομα* a name. Fieldfare:—Hellas was not 'the original name' of the Grecian Peninsula, but of a small district in Thessaly.

3. Many students seem not to understand, that among the ancient Greeks, each city, for the most part, was a state, or independent political community. The only country which was a 'state,' in the modern sense of the term, was Attica. In view of the history of the Peloponnesian War, it may be useful to remember, that the Dorian States in Sicily were,—Trotulus, Megara, Thapsus; Acræ, Casmenæ, Gela; Camarina, Selinus, Agrigentum; Lipara and Syracuse.

4. Vorwärts, and several others, do not distinguish clearly between the earlier bards, or minstrels, who sang their own lays

to the accompaniment of the lyre, and the later Rhapsodists, or professional reciters, who declaimed the poems of others.

N.B. Clio is distressed to observe, that some students write of Hellen, the son of Deucalion, as 'Helen,' Pyrrha, as 'Phyrra,' the Ilissus, as the Illyssus,' and the 'tale of Troy divine,' as the 'Illiad.'

P.S. As papers cannot be returned, students are requested to keep copies of their work.

FROM THE EDITOR,

Letters to 'Clio' should not be enclosed *under cover* to publisher or editor, but 'Clio,' to care of publisher, be written *outside*. Otherwise they go in the wrong direction. One student actually directed her answers to Eros, a most extraordinary substitute for Clio! At least it might have been another muse, but perhaps she meant Erato.

Dido adds that the word *Mon*—isolated—is probably the origin of *Mona*. The Isle of Man is the *Mona* of Cæsar, the *Monapia* of Pliny—*Monæda* of Ptolemy—*Menavia* of Orosius and *Bede*—*Eubonia* of Nennius.

Erratum.—'The Life of Lord Macaulay' is by his nephew George Otto Trevelyan.

The Monthly Packet.

MAY, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V

CAPTIVITY.

'Hold fast thy hope and Heaven will not
Forsake thee in thine hour.
Good angels will be near thee,
And evil ones will fear thee,
And Faith will give thee power.'

—SOUTHEY.

THE whole northern coast of Africa is inhabited by a medley of tribes, all owning a kind of subjection to the Sultan, but more in the sense of Pope than of King. The part of the coast where the Tartane had been driven on the rocks was beneath Mount Araz, a spur of the Atlas, and was in the possession of the Arab tribe called Cabeleyzen, which is said to mean the revolted. The revolt had been from the Algerine power, which had never been able to pursue them into the fastnesses of the mountains, and they remained a wild independent race, following all those Ishmaelite traditions and customs that are innate in the blood of the Arab.

When Estelle awoke from her long sleep of exhaustion, she was conscious of a stifling atmosphere, and moreover of the crow of a cock in her immediate vicinity, then of a dog growling, and a lamb beginning to bleat. She raised herself a little, and beheld, lying on the ground around her, dark heaps with human feet protruding from them. These were interspersed with sheep, goats, dogs and fowls, all seen by the yellow light of the rising sun which made its way in not only through the doorless aperture, but through the reeds and branches which formed the walls.

Close as the air was, she felt the chill of the morning, and shivered. At the same moment, she perceived poor Maître Hébert, covering himself as best he could with a dirty brown garment, and bending over her with much solicitude, but making signs to make as little noise as possible, while he whispered 'How goes it with Mademoiselle?'

'Ah,' said Estelle, recollecting herself, 'we are shipwrecked. We shall have to confess our faith! Where are the rest?'

'There is M. l'Abbé,' said Hébert, pointing to a white pair of the bare feet. 'Poor Laurent and Victorine have been carried elsewhere.'

'And mamma? And my brother?'

'Ah! Mademoiselle, give the good God thanks that He has spared them our trial.'

'Mamma! Ah, she was in the cabin when the water came in! But my brother! I had hold of his hand, he came out with me. I saw M. Arthur swim away with him. Yes, Maître Hébert, indeed I did.'

Hébert had not the least hope that they could be saved, but he would not grieve the child by saying so, and his present object was to get her dressed before any one was awake to watch, and perhaps appropriate her upper garments. He was a fatherly old man, and she let him help her with her fastenings, and comb out her hair with the tiny comb in her *étui*. Indeed, friseurs were the rule in France, and she was not unused to male attendants at the toilette, so that she was not shocked at being left to his care.

For the rest, the child had always dwelt in an imaginary world, a curious compound of the Lives of the Saints and of Télémaque. Martyrs and heroes alike had been shipwrecked, taken captive, and tormented; and there was a certain sense of realised day-dream about her, as if she had become one of the number and must act up to her part. She asked Hébert if there were a Sainte Estelle, what was the day of the month, and, if she should be placed in the Calendar if she never complained, do what these barbarians might to her. She hoped she should hold out, for she would like to be able to help all whom she loved, poor papa and all. But it was hard that mamma, who was so good, could not be a martyr too; but she was a saint in Paradise all the same, and thus Estelle made her little prayer in hope. There was no conceit or over-confidence in the tone, though of course the poor child little knew what she was ready to accept; but it was a spark of the martyr's trust that gleamed in her eye, and gave her a sense of exaltation that took off the sharpest edge of grief and fear.

By this time, however, the animals were stirring, and with them the human beings who had lain down in their clothes. Peace was over; the Abbé awoke, and began to call for Laurent and his clothes and his beads, but this aroused the master of the house, who started up, and threatening with a huge stick roared at him what must have been orders to be quiet.

Estelle indignantly flew between and cried—'You shall not hurt my uncle.'

The commanding gesture spoke for itself; and, besides, poor Phelim cowered behind her with an air that caused a word and sign to pass round, which the captives found was equivalent to innocent or imbecile; and the Mahometan respect and tenderness for the demented spared

him all further violence or molestation, except that he was lost and miserable without the attentions of his foster-brother; and indeed the shocks he had undergone seemed to have robbed him of much of the small degree of sense he had once possessed.

Coming into the space before the doorway, Estelle found herself the object of universal gaze and astonishment, as her long fair hair gleamed in the sunshine, every one coming to touch it, and even pull it to see if it was real. She was a good deal frightened, but too high-spirited to show it more than she could help, as the dark-skinned, bearded men crowded round with cries of wonder. The other two prisoners likewise appeared: Victorine looking wretchedly ill, and hardly able to hold up her head; Lanty creeping towards the Abbé, and trying to arrange his remnant of clothing. There was a short respite, while the Arabs, all turning eastwards, chanted their morning devotions with a solemnity that struck their captives. The scene was a fine one, if there had been any heart to admire. The huts were placed on the verge of a fine forest of chestnut and cork trees—and beyond towered up mountain peaks in every variety of dazzling colour—red and purple beneath, glowing red and gold where the snowy peaks caught the morning sun, lately broken from behind them. The slopes around were covered with rich grass, flourishing after the summer heats; and to which the herds were now betaking themselves, excepting such as were detained to be milked by the women, who came pouring out of some of the other huts in dark blue garments; and in front, still shadowed by the mountain, lay the bay, deep, beautiful, pellucid green near the land, and shut in by fantastic and picturesque rocks—some bare, some clothed with splendid foliage, winter though it was—while beyond lay the exquisite blue stretching to the horizon. Little recked the poor prisoners of the scene so fair; they only saw the remnant of the wreck below, the sea that parted them from hope, the savage rocks behind, the barbarous people around, the squalor and dirt of the adowara, as the hamlet was called.

Comparatively, the Moor who had swum ashore to reconnoitre seemed like a friend, when he came forward, and saluted Estelle and the Abbé respectfully. Moreover, the *lingua Franca* Lanty had picked up established a very imperfect double system of interpretation by the help of many gestures. This was Lanty's explanation to the rest: in French, of course, but, like all his speech, Irish-English in construction.

'This Moor, Hassan, wants to stand our friend in his own fashion, but he says they care not the value of an empty mussel-shell for the French, and no more for the Dey of Algiers than I do for the Elector of Hanover. He has told them that M. l'Abbé and Mademoiselle are brother and daughter to a great Bey—but it is little they care for that. Holy Virgin, they took Mademoiselle for a boy! That is why they are gazing at her so impudently. Would that I could give them a taste of my cane! Do you see those broken walls, and a bit of a

castle on yonder headland jutting out into the sea? They are bidding Hassan say that the French built that, and garrisoned it with the help of the Dey; but there fell out a war, and these fellows, or their fathers, surprised it, sacked it, and carried off four hundred prisoners into slavery. Holy Mother defend us! Here are all the rogues coming to see what they will do with us!’

For the open space in front of the huts, whence all the animals had now been driven, was becoming thronged with figures with the haik laid over their heads, spear or blunderbuss in hand, fine bearing, and sometimes truculent, though handsome, brown countenances. They gazed at the captives, and uttered what sounded like loud hurrahs or shouts; but after listening to Hassan, Lanty turned round trembling. ‘The miserables! Some are for sacrificing us outright on the spot, but this decent man declares that he will make them sensible that their prophet was not out-and-out as bad as that. Never you fear, Mademoiselle.’

‘I am not afraid,’ said Estelle, drawing up her head. ‘We shall be martyrs.’

Lanty was engaged in listening to a moan from his foster-brother for food, and Hébert joined in observing that they might as well be sacrificed as starved to death; whereupon the Irishman’s words and gesticulations induced the Moor to make representations which resulted in some dry pieces of *samh* cake, a few dates, and a gourd of water being brought by one of the women; a scanty amount for the number, even though poor Victorine was too ill to touch anything but the water; while the Abbé seemed unable to understand that the servants durst not demand anything better, and devoured her share and a quarter of Lanty’s as well as his own. Meantime the Cabeleyzen had all ranged themselves in rows, cross-legged on the ground, opposite to the five unfortunate captives, to sit in judgment on them. As they kept together in one group, happily in the shade of a hut, Victorine, too faint and sick fully to know what was going on, lay with her head on the lap of her young mistress, who sat with her bright and strangely fearless eyes confronting the wild figures opposite.

Her uncle, frightened, though not comprehending the extent of his danger, crouched behind Lanty, who with Hébert stood somewhat in advance, the would-be guardians of the more helpless ones.

There was an immense amount of deafening shrieking and gesticulating among the Arabs. Hassan was responding, and finally turned to Lanty, when the anxious watchers could perceive signs as if of paying down coin made interrogatively. ‘Promise them anything, everything,’ cried Hébert; ‘M. le Comte would give his last sou—so would Madame la Marquise—to save Mademoiselle.’

‘I have told him so,’ said Laurence presently; ‘I bade him let them know it is little they can make of us, specially now they have stripped us as bare as themselves, the rascals! but that their fortunes

would be made—and little they would know what to do with them—if they would only send M. le Abbé and Mademoiselle to Algiers safe and sound. There! he is trying to insense them. Never fear, Master Phelim dear, there never was a rogue yet, black or white, or the colour of poor Madame's frothed chocolate, who did not love gold better than blood, unless indeed 'twas for the sweet morsel of revenge; and these, for all their rolling eyes and screeching tongues, have not the ghost of a quarrel with us.'

'My beads, my breviary,' sighed the Abbé. 'Get them for me, Lanty.'

'I wish they would end it quickly,' said Estelle. 'My head aches so, and I want to be with mamma. Poor Victorine! yours is worse,' she added; and soaked her handkerchief in the few drops of water left in the gourd to lay it on the maid's forehead.

The howling and shrieking betokened consultation, but was suddenly interrupted by some half-grown lads, who came running in with their hands full of what Lanty recognised to his horror as garments worn by his mistress and fellow-servants, also a big kettle, and a handspike. They pointed down to the sea, and with yells of haste and exultation all the wild conclave started up to snatch, handle and examine, then began rushing headlong to the beach. Hassan's explanations were scarcely needed to show that they were about to ransack the ship, and he evidently took credit to himself for having induced them to spare the prisoners in case their assistance should be requisite to gain full possession of the plunder.

Estelle and Victorine were committed to the charge of a forbidding-looking old hag, the mother of the sheyk of the party, the Abbé was allowed to stray about as he pleased, but the two men were driven to the shore by the eloquence of the club. Victorine revived enough for a burst of tears and a sobbing cry—'Oh, they will be killed! We shall never see them again!'

'No,' said Estelle, with her quiet yet child-like resolution, 'they are not going to kill any of us yet. They said so. You are so tired, poor Victorine! Now all the hubbub is over, suppose you lie still and sleep. My uncle,' as he roamed round her, mourning for his rosary, 'I am afraid your beads are lost; but see here, these little round seeds, I can pierce them if you will gather some more for me, and make you another set. See, these will be the Aves, and here are shells in the grass for the Paters.'

The long fibre of grass served for the string, and the sight of the Giaour girl's employment brought round her all the female population who had not repaired to the coast. Her first rosary was torn from her to adorn an almost naked baby; but the Abbé began to whimper, and to her surprise, the mother restored it to him. She then made signs that she would construct another necklace for the child, and she was rewarded by a gourd being brought to her full of milk, which she was able to share with her two companions, and which did something to

revive poor Victorine. Estelle was kept threading these necklaces and bracelets all the wakeful hours of the day—for every one fell asleep about noon—though still so jealous a watch was kept on her that she was hardly allowed to shift her position so as to get out of the sun, which even at that season was distressingly scorching in the middle of the day.

Parties were continually coming up from the beach laden with spoils of all kinds from the wreck, Lanty, Hébert, and a couple of negroes being driven up repeatedly, so heavily burthened as to be almost bent double. All was thrown down in a heap at the other end of the adowara, and the old Sheyk kept guard over it, allowing no one to touch it. This went on till darkness was coming on, when, while the cattle were being collected for the night, the prisoners were allowed an interval, in which Hébert and Lanty told how the natives, swimming like ducks, had torn everything out of the wreck: all the bales and boxes that poor Maître Hébert had secured with so much care, and many of which he was now forced himself to open for the pleasure of these barbarians.

That, however, was not the worst. Hébert concealed from his little lady what Lanty did not spare Victorine. 'And there—enough to melt the heart of a stone—there lay on the beach poor Madame le Comtesse, and all the three. Good was it for you, Victorine, my jewel, that you were not in the cabin with them.'

'I know not,' said the dejected Victorine; 'they are better off than we?'

'You would not say so, if you had seen what I have,' said Lanty, shuddering. 'The dogs!—they cut off Madame's poor white fingers to get at her rings, and not with knives either, lest her blessed flesh should defile them, they said, and her poor face was an angel's all the time. Nay, nor that was not the worst. The villainous boys, what must they do but pelt the poor swollen bodies with stones! Aye, well you may scream, Victorine. We went down on our knees, Maître Hébert and I, to pray they might let us give them burial, but they mocked us, and bade Hassan say they never bury dogs. I went round the steeper path, for all the load at my back, or I should have been flying at the throats of the cowardly vultures, and then what would have become of M. l'Abbe?'

Victorine trembled and wept bitterly for her companions, and then asked if Lanty had seen the corpse of the little Chevalier.

'Not a sight of him or M. Arthur either,' returned Lanty; 'only the ugly face of the old Turk captain and another of his crew, and them they buried decently, being Moslem hounds like themselves; while my poor lady that is a saint in heaven—' and he, too, shed tears of hot grief and indignation, recovering enough to warn Victorine by no means to let the poor young girl know of this additional horror.

There was little opportunity, for they had been appropriated by

different masters: Estelle, the Abbé, and Hébert to the Sheyk, or headman of the clan; and Lanty and Victorine to a big, strong, fierce-looking fellow, of inferior degree but greater might.

This time Estelle was to be kept for the night among the Sheyk's women, who, though too unsophisticated to veil their faces, had a part of the hut closed off with a screen of reeds, but quite as bare as the outside. Hébert, who could not endure to think of her sleeping on the ground, and saw a large heap of grass or straw provided for a little brown cow, endeavoured to take an armful for her. Unluckily it belonged to Lanty's master, Eyoub, who instantly flew at him in a fury, dragged him to a log of wood, caught up an axe, and had not Estelle's screams brought up the Sheyk, with Hassan and one or two other men, the poor Maitre-d'hôtel's head would have been off. There was a sharp altercation between the Sheyk and Eyoub, while Estelle held the faithful servant's hand, saying, 'You did it for me! Oh, Hébert, do not make them angry again. It would be beautiful to die for one's faith, but not for a handful of hay.'

'Ah! my dear demoiselle, what would my poor ladies say to see you sleeping on the bare ground in a filthy hut?'

'I slept well last night,' returned Estelle; 'indeed, I do not mind! It is only the more like the dungeon at Lyons, you know! And I pray you, Hébert, do not get yourself killed for nothing too soon, or else we shall not all stand out and confess together, like S. Blandina and S. Ponticus and S. Epagathius.'

'Alas, the dear child! The long names run off her tongue as glibly as ever,' sighed Hébert, who though determined not to forsake his faith by no means partook her enthusiasm for martyrdom. Hassan, however, having explained what the purpose had been, Hébert was pardoned, though the Sheyk scornfully observed that what was good enough for the daughters of a Hadji, was good enough for the unclean child of the Frankish infidels.

The hay might perhaps have spared a little stiffness, but it would not have ameliorated the chief annoyances—the closeness, the dirt, and the vermin. It was well that it was winter, or the first of these would have been far worse, and, fortunately for Estelle, she was one of those whom suffocating air rather lulls than rouses.

Eyoub's hovel did not rejoice in the refinement of a partition, but his family, together with their animals, lay on the rocky floor as best they might; and Victorine's fever came on again, so that she lay in great misery, greeted by a growl from a great white dog whenever she tried to relieve her restless aching limbs by the slightest movement, or to reach one of the gourds of water laid near the sleepers like Saul's cruse at his pillow.

Towards morning, however, Lanty, who had been sitting with his back against the wall, awoke from the sleep well earned by acting as a beast of burthen. The dog growled a little, but Lanty—though his leg still showed its teeth-marks—had made friends with it, and his

hand on its head quieted it directly, so that he was able cautiously to hand a gourd to Victorine. The Arabs were heavy sleepers, and the two were able to talk under their breath; as, in reply to a kind word from Lanty, poor Victorine moaned her envy of the fate of Rosette and Babette; and he, with something of their little mistress's spirit, declared that he had no doubt but that 'one way or the other they should be out of it: either get safe home, or be blessed martyrs, without even a taste of purgatory.'

'Ah! but there's worse for me,' sighed Victorine. 'This demon brought another to stare in my face—I know he wants to make me his wife! Kill me first, Laurent.'

'It is I that would rather espouse you, my jewel,' returned a tender whisper.

'How can you talk of such things at such a moment?'

'Tis a pity M. l'Abbé is not a priest,' sighed Lanty. 'But, you know, Victorine, who is the boy you always meant to take.'

'You need not be so sure of that,' she said, the coy coquetry not quite extinct.

'Come, as you said, it is no time for fooling. Give me your word and troth to be my wife so soon as we have the good luck to come by a Christian priest by Our Lady's help—and I'll outface them all—were it Mahomet the Prophet himself, that you are my espoused and betrothed, and woe to him that puts a finger on you!'

'You would only get yourself killed.'

'And would not I be proud to be killed for your sake? Besides, I'll show them cause not to kill me if I have the chance. Trust me, Victorine, my darling—it is but a chance among these murdering villains, but it is the only one; and, sure, if you pretended to turn the back of your hand to me when there were plenty of Christian men to compliment you, yet you would rather have poor Lanty than a thundering rogue of a Pagan Mahometan.'

'I hope I shall die,' sighed poor Victorine faintly. 'It will only be your death!'

'That is my affair,' responded Lanty. 'Come, here's daylight coming in; reach me your hand before this canaille wakes, and here's this good beast of a dog, and yonder grave old goat with a face like Père Michel's for our witnesses—and by good luck, here's a bit of gilt wire off my shoulderknot that I've made into a couple of rings while I've been speaking.'

The strange betrothal had barely taken place before there was a stir, and what was no doubt a yelling imprecation on the 'dog Giaours' for the noise they made.

The morning began as before, with the exception that Estelle had established a certain understanding with a little chocolate-coloured Cupid of a boy of the size of her brother, and his lesser sister, by letting them stroke her hair, and showing them the mysteries of cat's cradle. They shared their gourd of goat's-milk with her, but

would not let her give any to her companions. However, the Abbé had only to hold out his hand to be fed, and the others were far too anxious to care much about their food.

A much larger number of Cabeleyzes came streaming into the forum of the adowara, and the prisoners were all again placed in a row, while the new-comers passed before them, staring hard, and manifestly making personal remarks which perhaps it was well that they did not understand. The Sheyk and Eyoub evidently regarded them as private property, stood in front, and permitted nobody to handle them, which was so far a comfort.

Then followed a sort of council, with much gesticulation, in which Hassan took his share. Then, followed by the Sheyk, Eyoub, and some other headmen, he advanced, and demanded that the captives should become true believers. This was eked out with gestures betokening that thus they would be free, in that case; while, if they refused, the sword and the smouldering flame were pointed to, while the whole host loudly shouted 'Islam!'

Victorine trembled, sobbed, tried to hide herself; but Estelle stood up, her young face lighted up, her dark eyes gleaming, as if she were realising a day-dream, as she shook her head, cried out to Lanty, 'Tell him, No, never!' and held to her breast a little cross of sticks that she had been forming to complete her uncle's rosary. Her gesture was understood. A man better clad than the rest, with a turban and a broad crimson sash, rushed up to her, seized her by the hair, and waved his scimitar over her head. The child felt herself close to her mother. She looked up in his face with radiant eyes and a smile on her lips. It absolutely daunted the fellow: his arm dropped, and he gazed at her like some supernatural creature; and the Sheyk, enraged at the interference with his property, darted forth to defend it, and there was a general wrangling.

Seconded by their interpreter, Hassan, who knew that the Koran did not prescribe the destruction of Christians, Hébert and Lanty endeavoured to show that their conversion was out of the question, and that their slaughter would only be the loss of an exceedingly valuable ransom, which would be paid if they were handed over safe and sound and in good condition.

There was no knowing what was the effect of this, for the council again ended in a rush to secure the remaining pillage of the wreck. Hébert and Lanty dreaded what they might see, but to their great relief those poor remains had disappeared. They shuddered as they remembered the hyenas' laughs and the jackals' howls they had heard at nightfall; but though they hoped that the sea had been merciful, they could even have been grateful to the animals that had spared them the sight of conscious insults.

The wreck was finally cleared, and among the fragments were found several portions of books. These the Arabs disregarded, being too ignorant even to read their own Koran, and yet aware of the

Mohammedan scruple which forbids the destruction of any scrap of paper lest it should bear the name of Allah. Lanty secured the greater part of the Abbé's breviary, and a good many pages of Estelle's beloved *Télémaque*; while the steward gained possession of his writing case and was permitted to retain it when the Cabeleyzes, glutted with plunder, had ascertained that it contained nothing of value to them.

After everything had been dragged up to the adowara, there ensued a sort of auction or division of the plunder. Poor Maître Hébert was doomed to see the boxes and bales he had so diligently watched broken open by these barbarians, nay, he had to assist in their own dissection when the secrets were too much for the Arabs. There was the King of Spain's portrait rent from its costly setting and stamped upon as an idolatrous image. The miniature of the Count, worn by the poor lady, had previously shared the same fate, but that happily was out of sight and knowledge. Here was the splendid plate, presented by crowned heads, howled over by savages ignorant of its use. The silver they seemed to value; but there were three precious gold cups which the salt water had discoloured, so that they were taken for copper and sold for a very small price to a Jew, who somehow was attracted to the scene, 'like a raven to the slaughter,' said Lanty.

This man likewise secured some of the poor lady's store of rich dresses, but a good many more were appropriated to make sashes for the men, and the smaller articles, including stockings, were wound turban fashion round the children's heads.

Lanty could not help observing: 'And if the saints are merciful to us, and get us out of this, we shall have stories to tell that will last our lives!' as he watched the solemn old chief smelling to the perfumes, swallowing the rouge as splendid medicine, and finally fingering a snuff-box, while half-a-dozen more crowded round to assist in the opening, and in another moment sneezing, weeping, tingling, dancing frantically about, vituperating the Christian's magic.

This gave Lanty an idea. A little round box lay near, which as he remembered contained a Jack-in-the-box, or Polichinelle, which the poor little Chevalier had bought at the fair at Tarascon. This he contrived to secrete and hand to Victorine. 'Keep the secret,' he said, 'and you will find your best guardian in that bit of a box.' And when that very evening an Arab showed some intentions of adding her to his harem, Victorine bethought herself of the box, and unhooked in desperation. Up sprang Punch, long-nosed and furr-capped, right in the bearded face.

Back the man almost fell: 'Shaitan, Shaitan!' was the cry, as the inhabitants tumbled pell-mell out of the hovel, and Victorine and Punch remained masters of the situation.

She heard Lanty haranguing in broken Arabic and lingua Franca, and presently he came in, shaking with suppressed laughter. 'If ever we get home,' said he, 'we'll make a pilgrimage to Tarascon!

Blessings on good St. Martha that put that sweet little imp in my way! The rogues think he is the very genie that the fisherman let out of the bottle in Mademoiselle's book of the Thousand and One Nights, and thought to see him towering over the whole place. And a fine figure he would be with his hook nose and long beard. They sent me to beg you fairly to put up your little Shaitan again. I told them that Shaitan, as they call him, is always in it when there's meddling between an espoused pair—which is as true as though the Holy Father at Rome had said it—and as long as they were civil, Shaitan would rest; but if they durst molest you, there was no saying where he would be, if once you had to let him out! To think of the virtue of that ugly face and bit of a coil of wire!

Meantime Hébert, having ascertained that both the Jew and Hassan were going away, the one to Constantina, the other to Algiers, wrote, and so did Estelle, to the Consul at Algiers, explaining their position and entreating to be ransomed. Though only nine years old, Estelle could write a very fair letter, and the amazement of the Arabs was unbounded that any female creature should wield a pen. Marabouts and merchants were known to read the Koran, but if one of the goats had begun to write, their wonder could hardly have been greater; and such crowds came to witness the extraordinary operation that she could scarcely breathe or see.

It seemed to establish her in their estimation as a sort of supernatural being, for she was always treated with more consideration than the rest of the captives, never deprived of the clothes she wore, and allowed to appropriate a few of the toilette necessities that were quite incomprehensible to those around her.

She learnt the names for bread, chestnuts, dates, milk and water, and these were never denied to her; and her little ingenuities in nursery games won the good will of the women and children around her, though others used to come and make ugly faces at her, and cry out at her as an unclean thing. The Abbé was allowed to wander about at will, and keep his hours, with Estelle to make the responses, and sometimes Hébert. He was the only one that might visit the other two captives; Lanty was kept hard at work over the crop of chestnuts that the clan had come down from their mountains to gather in; and poor Victorine, who was consumed by a low fever, and almost too weak to move, lay all day in the dreary and dirty hut, expecting, but dreading death.

Some days later there was great excitement, shouting and rage. It proved that the Bey of Constantina had sent to demand the party, threatening to send an armed force to compel their surrender; but, alas! the hope of a return to comparative civilisation was instantly quashed, for the Sheyk showed himself furious. He and Eyoub stood brandishing their scimitars, and with eyes flashing like a panther's in the dark, declaring that they were free, no subjects of the Dey nor the Bey either; and that they would shed the blood of every one of the

captives rather than yield them to the dogs and sons of dogs at Constantina.

This embassy only increased the jealousy with which the prisoners were guarded. None of them were allowed to stir without a man with a halbert, and they had the greatest difficulty in entrusting a third letter to the Moor in command of the party. Indeed, it was only managed by Estelle's coaxing of the little Abou Daoud, who was growing devoted to her, and would do anything for the reward of hearing her sing *Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*.

It might have been in consequence of this threat of the Bey, much as they affected to despise it, that the Cabeleyzes prepared to return to the heights of Mount Araz, whence they had only descended during the autumn to find fresh pasture for their cattle, and to collect dates and chestnuts from the forest.

'Alas!' said Hébert, 'this is worse than ever. As long as we were near the sea, I had hope, but now all trace of us will be lost, even if the Consul should send after us.'

'Never fear, Maître Hébert,' said Estelle; 'you know Télémaque was a prisoner and tamed the wild peasants in Egypt.'

'Ah! the poor demoiselle, she always seems as if she were acting a comedy.'

This was happily true. Estelle seemed to be in a curious manner borne through the dangers and discomforts of her surroundings by a strange dreamy sense of living up to her part, sometimes as a possible martyr, sometimes as a figure in the mythological or Arcadian romance that had filtered into her nursery.

(To be continued.)

EYES TO THE BLIND.

BY CAROLINE BIRLEY, AUTHOR OF 'UNDINE, A ROMANCE OF MODERN DAYS,' &c.

CHAPTER XI.

BLACKRABBITTING.

'WHAT are you going to do with that?' said Meave.

That was an enormous Swedish turnip, about the size of his own head, which Denys, seated with his legs across a tree-bough, was engaged in scooping out. At the same time he was singing—

'Brian O'Lynn had no watch for to wear,
So he got him a turnip and cut it out fair,
And caught up a cricket, and put it within.
"Don't ye hear the watch ticking?" says Brian O'Lynn.

Do you remember how that goes, Mab? I can't get the words quite right.'

'No, I don't,' said Meave. 'Is there room for me beside you?'

'Heaps of room,' said Denys. 'Come along.'

This tree he had selected was not at all a difficult tree to climb, and the bough where he was seated was not much more than half way up. Yet Meave's colour went and came with great rapidity, and she was absolutely panting with exertion when she took her place by Denys—not too close to him, however, to interfere with the energetic action of his arm and knife. There is a good deal of work required to hollow out the whole interior of so big a turnip, and Denys went at it with a will.

'It is to-night, isn't it, that father and mother are dining with the Wilsons?' said he.

'It is.'

'That's all right. It will be a dark night too—not the vestige of a moon.'

'No,' said Meave. As yet she did not grasp the drift of the conversation. 'What then, Denys? What are you going to do?'

Her brother did not answer. He had finished most of the scooping business, and was now surveying the swede critically.

'Blackrabbitting?' she hazarded.

A word of explanation of blackrabbitting. Perhaps you know that naughty little street-boys have a practice of amusing themselves by giving 'run-away rings,'—that is, pulling the door-bells of houses for the express purpose of troubling the servants to answer them, and then rushing away out of sight to escape being caught and cuffed

by some enraged domestic. It is not a very high form of diversion, but such as it is, it was (sad to say) a favourite with the Ryan family; only for some reason known to themselves alone, it bore with them the title of blackrabbitting.

'Blackrabbitting'? said Meave.

'Not only blackrabbitting,' returned Denys, plying his knife with renewed vigour as soon as his mind was made up with regard to the next operation. It was fast becoming evident that the turnip was being fashioned into the likeness of a human face; and one, moreover, of which the eye-orbits were extremely fine and large. 'When I've finished the features properly, and put a lighted candle in the middle, this will make a splendid death's head with which to astonish Miss Anstruther's treasure, Sarah. It is for her I am doing it. We owe her something,' he said, indignantly.

'What for?'

'Didn't I tell you? Con and I walked over the stone door-step yesterday in our muddy boots, without thinking, you know, just as she had finished cleaning it. And her pail and mop were there, and she flirled a lot of water over us, as if it were accidental, but we saw by her eye that she was doing it on purpose. And we vowed we would be revenged.'

'Yes,' said Meave, in a tone which meant 'of course.'

The house occupied by the two Misses Anstruther was a square red brick edifice, on the opposite side of the road to Sunnyside, which it faced directly. Miss Anstruther and Miss Sophia Anstruther led very quiet lives, and except to attend the services at the Parish or to do a little shopping, seldom ventured beyond their own Church precincts.

Ding-a-ding! Ding-a-ding! Ding-a-ding!

The sisters, having partaken of their evening meal, were sitting together, when they were startled by this hearty peal at the front door bell.

'Elizabeth! Oh, Elizabeth! What is that?'

Miss Sophia was quite frightened by a ring at such a late unusual hour. She shook and trembled violently, and Miss Anstruther, who had also been greatly surprised by the sound, felt obliged to treat the matter lightly.

'A circular of some kind, probably. Certainly, nothing of any moment. These surprises always turn out to be absolutely nothing. There, I hear Sarah going to the door. We shall know directly what it is.'

Imagine the horror of her mistresses when, instead of a brief, low-voiced colloquy between Sarah and the stranger, they heard Sarah, the discreet staid Sarah, give vent to an appalling shriek.

'Oh! oh! oh!' Her frightened cries rang through the front part of the house.

'Stay where you are, Sophia. I will see what is the matter,'

hastily commanded the elder sister, as she rushed into the hall, whither, it is hardly necessary to add, Sophia followed her as rapidly as possible.

Sarah had retreated to the background, where she stood with her apron covering her eyes, in order to shut out the dreadful vision, but Miss Anstruther was in the doorway, transfixed as it were, by the horrid luminous object, like a head without a body, which was dancing up and down before the doorsteps in the maddest and most animated manner. A judicious arrangement of twine to the turnip, fastened also to a tree in the Sunnyside garden, enabled Lucius and Denys—who were in hiding in the bushes there, to regulate its movements with the utmost nicety. Meave was with them, and Con, who could run like the wind, had been chosen for the office of blackrabbitter. He was crouching in some shadow out of sight.

The children heard the terrified shrieks of Sarah, and could see the slight thin figure of Miss Anstruther standing in the doorway motionless. At the moment when Lucius began to pull the turnip in again, the figure turned hastily and suddenly, and the door was shut, and they saw and heard no more. They were pretty well satisfied, however, for there was no doubt that Sarah had been thoroughly frightened, and her naughty young tormentors felt all the elation of success.

‘Shall I go and ring again?’ said Con, stealing up softly to his elders.

‘Yes,’ said Meave and Denys. ‘Let us give her another sight of the beauty.’

But the more prudent counsel of Lucius prevailed over their desire.

‘Let well alone,’ said he. ‘If she sees it again she will probably not be half as frightened as she is already. She will begin to think things over, and reflect how very odd of a ghost it is to go and ring the bell like an ordinary caller.’

‘True for you,’ said Meave. ‘Only it seems a pity that the fun shall so soon be over, and I thought it was the correct thing for a ghost to appear three times.’

“And if it comes three times, I thought,
I take it for a sign.”

Meave had just been learning ‘The May Queen,’ for her poetry lesson, and gave out the quotation proudly.

But unfortunately even the single visit of the apparition was supposed to have significance!

Dr. Marsh’s carriage was waiting in the road in front of the red house for a long time the next morning. Moreover it took up the same station upon three following days, but Miss Sophia Anstruther was known to be so often ailing that it never occurred to the Ryan

children to attach special importance to the doctor's visits, or to speculate upon the cause and reason for them.

It happened upon the afternoon of the fourth day which succeeded to the incident of the Swedish turnip, that Denys was seized on by his mother to put the garden tidy. There was a professional who took charge of all the gardens in that row, and visited each of them two days a week; but in the intervals of his attention, steps had occasionally to be taken to remedy the havoc caused by feet rampaging over the flower-beds in such games as hide-and-seek. In this instance a particularly spirited frolic at mid-day, had left the borders in a condition pronounced by Mrs. Ryan to be 'beyond the beyonds'; and Denys, being the only idle child to hand, was set to work immediately, under her own eye. A basket-chair, made by Mark Acton, was put under a tree for her, and she sat there, sewing in the shade. Denys kept as much as possible within easy talking distance. It was always a treat if one of the family could get the mother by herself.

Presently, however, their conversation was interrupted by the arrival on the scene of a visitor, a certain middle-aged Miss Benson. Denys brought out another chair for her, and thought that her coming gave a good excuse for stopping work, but his mother held a contrary opinion, and bade him straighten a piece of border which was close to the spot where she was camping out. This was disappointing, for he had been promising himself a chat with Mark that afternoon; and Meave, who might otherwise have been persuaded to help him to get through the labour quickly, was having tea next door with Bruna, and thus was unavailable. But it was not Denys's way to make his hardships worse by grumbling at them. As there was no escape for him, he raked away cheerfully enough, sometimes listening, and sometimes *not* listening, to the dialogue kept up between his mother and her friend. He found nothing very exciting in it until it reached this point.

'How very sad about poor Miss Sophia Anstruther! I have just been to inquire for her,' said Miss Benson.

'Indeed! I had not heard,' said Mrs. Ryan. 'Denys said he saw you going in there, a little while ago. What is it? One of her old attacks?'

'Ah, no!' sighed Miss Benson. 'Really I hardly know how to tell you. You may feel inclined to laugh, I fear, though it is a most serious thing. But you know how superstitious the Scotch are prone to be?'

'I do.' Mrs. Ryan agreed to this opinion in a hurry, for she wanted to get to the gist of the matter without delay.

'Well, poor thing, she thinks that she has had a warning—something supernatural, you understand,' resumed Miss Benson, in that sort of mysterious whisper which is so singularly distinct. 'There is no doubt that something very curious did actually occur. The eyes of

all of them cannot have been deceived—Miss Anstruther, and Miss Sophia, and Sarah, the maid.'

'But what did they see, or think they saw?' asked Mrs. Ryan.

'A death's head!' answered Miss Benson, solemnly. 'The sisters were sitting together one evening just as usual, four or five nights ago, I think it was, when the loud ringing of a bell was heard. Sarah went to the front door directly, but no person was in sight—only a horrible shining apparition of a head without a body, dancing up and down the path outside. She shrieked, *of course*,' said Miss Benson, emphatically, as if no other conduct had been possible, 'and Miss Anstruther rushed to see what was the matter, followed *most* unhappily by Miss Sophia. Naturally the sight proved too much for her, in her weak state of health. She went off at once into a violent fit of hysterics, and ever since Miss Anstruther and Sarah brought her out of it, (not without great difficulty), she has been in an alarming state of low spirits and exhaustion. She is firmly convinced that this—whatever it is—was sent to her as a warning to prepare for another world, and unless that impression can be removed, there seems every likelihood that her fears will make her verify her own prediction.'

'Poor woman! Poor dear foolish woman!' said Mrs. Ryan, pityingly. 'But she surely cannot think that a ghost could ring the front-door bell?'

'Ah, that is exactly what Miss Anstruther and I both put before her,' said Miss Benson. 'But she only shakes her head, and asks us whether we have never heard of phantom bells.'

'Then you have seen her, have you? I should have thought she was too ill for visitors.'

'Yes; but Dr. Marsh declares that the best chance for her is in rousing her from this nervousness and depression. He insisted on her getting up to-day as usual, and being brought downstairs; and there she lies upon the sofa, looking so sad and wan and miserable that it makes one's heart ache to see her. She says it is not the thought of death that afflicts her, but she cannot bear to leave her sister all alone. She is such a tender, gentle, unselfish little soul, and certainly poor Miss Anstruther is wrapt up in her.'

And concerning this affair Miss Benson and Mrs. Ryan continued to express their sympathy and surmises, until interrupted by Ellen's announcement that afternoon-tea was ready in the drawing-room. The two ladies therefore retired thither, and Denys was left alone. His cheeks were crimson with disgust and shame, for never before had he felt so clearly how

'Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.'

He went up to his garret, and washed his hands, and brushed his hair, and put on a clean collar, and then stole away softly down the steps on to the road.

CHAPTER XII.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

DENYS gave but a gentle ring at the door of the red house, and, as he expected, it was his enemy Sarah who thereupon appeared. He said hurriedly, 'Look here, I *must* see the Miss Anstruthers!' and, before she divined his intention, he slipped past her into the entrance hall. A door upon his left hand stood a little open, and he thought the room there would probably be the drawing-room. Knocking lightly with his knuckles, he said, cheerily, 'May I come in? I'm Denys Ryan from just across the way,' and stood before the astonished pair of sisters.

'Yes, come in,' said Miss Anstruther, politely, 'and sit down. Have you brought us any message from your father or mother?'

The old ladies were aware that there were a number of young Ryans, but they knew none of them individually.

'No,' said Denys. He did not avail himself of the invitation to be seated, but stood still half way across the room, with his fascinated gaze on Miss Sophia. She was lying on a sofa, looking more ill even than he had imagined from Miss Benson's words. 'You have had a great fright?' he said, abruptly.

'Hush!' said Miss Anstruther, in a startled voice, looking anxiously at Miss Sophia; but the invalid held up her thin hand with a little gesture of command.

'Nay, sister,' she said, 'why should you wish to silence our young visitor? It is quite true that I have had, not a fright, as you call it, but a supernatural warning that my end is near. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; and it seems to me no wonder that I cannot in a moment familiarise myself with the idea. I am resigned, I am content—but for the thought of parting——' Here her voice failed utterly, and she put up her handkerchief to her eyes.

It was a miserable moment for Denys, and none the less so that his very nervousness disposed him strongly to burst into a laugh. He, however, succeeded in repressing this inclination, and managed to get out his confession.

'Oh, no! Indeed you haven't had a warning! It was only a lark of ours, meant to startle Sarah; and what you saw was nothing but a swede.'

A Swede! In their total bewilderment this term conveyed to the Misses Anstruther no other meaning than that of a native of Sweden; and why a foreign spectre should have come to visit them, was more than they could understand.

'A swede, a Swedish turnip,' went on Denys. 'Con and I wanted

to be revenged on Sarah because she spurted water over us when she was washing the steps. So I scooped out the turnip, and put a face to it, and stuck a lighted candle in; and with a string we jerked it about, and made it seem to dance. That was all you saw, really and truly; and I am awfully sorry that I did it. Of course I never thought that it would do anybody any harm.'

His words could not fail to carry conviction with them, and Miss Anstruther's relief was immediately apparent. But so strange and complicated is human nature that it may be doubted whether at first Miss Sophia's chief sensation was not disappointment at finding herself no longer the heroine of such a remarkable experience. Why she had at any time claimed a right to the warning, superior to the right of Sarah or Miss Anstruther, it had never occurred to anyone to inquire.

'And why have you come to tell us about this to-day?' asked Miss Anstruther of Denys. She thought that probably the children's trick had just been discovered by the parents, and that this explanation was a portion of the punishment decreed.

'Because I heard Miss Benson say that it had made your sister ill,' said Denys, frankly meeting the gaze of his questioner. 'So when she and mother went into the house for tea, I came off here as quickly as I could.'

'And that was *not* a phantom bell?' said Miss Sophia, wishing to feel quite sure of her position.

'Not it!' said Denys, cheerfully. 'It was a run-away ring, given by one of my brothers—what we call blackrabbiting, you know. Indeed, I am very sorry I made you ill, but now you know it was my fault, you will soon be all right again, won't you?' he added, wistfully.

'Thank you. Yes, perhaps I may,' said Miss Sophia, doubtfully; but it was already evident that she was beginning to feel better, and Miss Anstruther spoke with confidence.

'In a day or two, when her nerves have had time to recover from the shock, I trust and believe that my sister will regain her usual health. Thank you for coming to us. It must have been an effort to you. But I cannot let you go without asking you to think with seriousness of the harm that might have been caused by your practical joke, in the hope that you will thus be deterred from repeating it. People have been known to lose their reason from just such a sudden fright.'

'Oh, poor boy, poor boy, don't be hard upon him!' said Miss Sophia, who could never bear to see anybody in disgrace or trouble. 'He didn't think! That was just it. He didn't think.'

'But I ought to have thought,' said Denys. 'I'm always getting into scrapes because of not thinking. Well, I suppose I'd better be going now, as I can't do any good by staying.' And he was on the point of taking his departure when the sight of the musical instruments in the further part of the double drawing-room, arrested his

attention. He drew a deep breath. 'Hullo!' he said, 'you've got a harmonium, and an organ.'

'Yes,' said Miss Sophia. 'Are you fond of music?'

Denys nodded.

'And do you play yourself on either instrument?'

'No. Do you?' said Denys.

'My sister is a remarkably good musician,' said Miss Anstruther. 'We both delight in music, but my performanees are poor indeed in comparison with hers.'

'It is the joy of my life,' said Miss Sophia, rapturously, forgetting all about the vision now.

'And is it very difficult to learn to play on the harmonium?' asked the boy. 'I don't mean to play well, but just to understand a little, so as to help a fellow who is blind to get through the services all right. I can read music easily, you know,' he added, 'and play on the piano.'

'Then you are probably in the church choir,' said Miss Sophia. 'We knew that one or two of Mr. Ryan's sons were members, but we very stupidly, I dare say, cannot tell you all apart.'

'That isn't stupid! Hardly anybody can,' said Denys. 'But I'm not in the choir. Well, is the harmonium difficult?'

'No, not at all, in the way you mean,' said Miss Sophia; and Miss Anstruther, perceiving that the interest of this conversation was really good for her, insisted upon Denys sitting down on a chair close by the sofa. As might be expected, in a little while he had imparted his great scheme for Mark, with such particulars as Meave's notion of foregoing butter and sugar; but he thought it wiser not to mention in this quarter the street-trading in which they had engaged. He felt that the information would giye a shock only second to that which the turnip had inflicted.

'We don't mean *only* to get money by doing without butter and sugar,' he owned, however. 'That would take us more than four years and a half—two hundred and forty weeks, you know, for the twelve pounds. But, any way, I suppose neither Mark nor I need hurry about taking lessons, really. He learnt, of course, at the Milborough Asylum, but it was a good while ago, and he says he is forgetting it for want of practice.'

'And is he a nice youth, dear? Not—not rough?' said Miss Sophia, diffidently. 'And—and—clean?'

'He is. Why?' said Denys, innocently.

'Sister, what do you think?' asked Miss Sophia.

'I should follow the promptings of my heart, Sophia. Only be careful not to overtax your strength.'

Denys glanced from one to another. What were they talking about? he wondered. But Miss Sophia did not keep him many moments in suspense.

'I shall be very happy to give you some lessons on the harmonium,

Denys,' she said, in her stately manner, 'provided that when you lay the scheme before your parents, it receives their approbation.'

'Thank you. That is awfully kind of you,' said Denys, with enthusiasm. He was more delighted than he could possibly express. 'And when you have taught me anything, I can go over it again with Mark, on the harmonium in the Windmill Chapel. When there is one,' he concluded.

'And in the meantime, perhaps, your friend could come here with you occasionally,' said Miss Sophia. 'We cannot help you much with money—glad as I shall be to contribute a trifle towards your fund—but it will give us sincere pleasure to aid you in your musical education. Some days, indeed, I may not be well enough to receive you, but whenever my health permits, you may count upon instruction.'

'Thank you. Mark will be even more glad than I am,' said Denys; and to any one beholding that radiant boyish countenance, his words indeed conveyed a high idea of pleasure. 'But need I say anything to father or mother about the lessons? Because if I do, you see, the whole story of the turnip will be sure to come out; and they will be angry.'

Miss Sophia seemed perplexed, and looked for assistance from her more strong-minded sister, who replied unwaveringly.

'That we cannot help. He who commits the fault must bear the consequences. We should certainly be doing wrong if we invited you to be our frequent guest; without the express sanction of your parents; and should you not choose to apply for that, my sister's wish to help you must necessarily be foiled.'

'Oh no!' said Denys. 'Not that. But I will tell you more to-morrow. And when may I come for my first lesson?'

'The next day, if you like. The sooner the better. I can teach you twice a week,' said Miss Sophia. She would really have enjoyed sitting up and beginning a lesson immediately, but felt sure that her sister would condemn such highly impulsive conduct. Denys remained just to decide upon the most convenient hours for his comings, and then took his final leave.

But though it had not occupied a long time, that visit to the red house had done a great deal for him. The folly and childishness, and possible hurtfulness of sporting with the death's head, threw the fun of it completely in the background; and his warm Irish heart was touched to the quick by finding how entirely Miss Sophia forgot and forgave the personal injury caused by his thoughtlessness, and how ready she was to assist him in his project. How delighted Mark would be to hear of the prospect which was opening out for him. This offer of musical teaching seemed to Denys to bring so near the realization of his hopes, that he could hardly restrain himself from rushing off at once to him, and revealing the whole secret; but he suddenly remembered that he had promised Reggie Moss to see him

that evening, and discuss a cricket match, which was coming off next week. When so important a subject is once started by two boys, anyone can tell how much leisure is likely to be left for other matters in an evening. Reggie gave him tea, too; and when he went back to Sunnyside, it was about his hour for bed. All the same, though, he was hoping for an opportunity that night of telling his father and mother about the swede, and the offered music lessons. The sooner it was over the better.

Hullo! He asked himself whether Miss Sophia could be worse again! There was Dr. Marsh's carriage driving slowly about the road, in waiting for its master. But in another minute it drew up, not in front of the red house, but of Sunnyside; and the doctor came quickly down the steps and jumped inside. This was strange indeed. Nobody at home was ill, as far as Denys knew, and he could not make it out at all.

Con was the next person whom he saw.

'Where have you been, Denys?' asked the younger boy, coming out through the drawing-room window to meet his brother. 'Mother told me to look out for you, and send you to her in the study.'

'What has Dr. Marsh been doing here? Is anybody ill?'

'It's Meave,' said Con. 'She fainted, or something, when she was with Bruna, and Mr. Luxmoore helped her home. She's in bed now, and she wants to see you; but mother said I was to send you first to her.'

'All right,' said Denys, making for the study.

His parents were there alone together, conversing gravely, and before they noticed his approach, a fragment of their talk had reached him.

'No doubt sea air would do her good; but I really do not see how it is to be afforded, just when there is this heavy additional expense for Denys coming upon us too.'

This was in his mother's voice, and a sigh completed the sentence.

'Mother, what is the matter with Meave?'

'Oh, you're there, are you, Denys? Nothing very much, we hope; but as you know, she has not been well or strong at all for some weeks past. And I suppose the heat of the weather overcame her to-day, for she nearly fainted at Rose Lawn. Dr. Marsh says he will be able to tell better about her in the morning, and he wishes her to be kept very quiet. But she declares she cannot go to sleep until she has seen you, and so I promised that you should go up to her as soon as you came in. Don't stay many minutes, for she ought not to talk.'

The gas was burning in Meave's room, and her brother saw her eyes brighten at his coming, though she made no effort to raise herself in bed. She kept in just the same position, lying flat upon her back, which was an unusual one for her; and Denys sat down on the counterpane beside her.

'What's the matter, Mab? Are you very bad?'

'I am, rather,' answered Meave. 'And I thought you were never coming back. Where have you been?'

'With the Miss Anstruthers. And I have such a jolly thing to tell you. Miss Sophia is going to give harmonium lessons to Mark and me.'

'How nice!' said Meave, languidly. 'But never mind about that now; for I'm afraid of mother coming up and interrupting before I've told you what I want to say. You know I've been feeling awfully queer for a long time, tired and sick and stupid, and as if I didn't care to move; and when I was with Bruna just now, Miss Elmer left her work which she wanted in the dining-room, and Bruna and I raced down to see which would be the first to get it. I forgot about feeling ill, and I was before Bruna, and I jumped the last four stairs. Only four! It was nothing of a jump; but such a horrid pain shot through my back and made me giddy, and I nearly tumbled down. And Miss Elmer came, and Mr. Luxmoore, and he lifted me up and put me on a sofa, and they nearly choked me with sal volatile. And then they questioned me, especially Mr. Luxmoore, and at last he said he was quite sure that I had jarred my back that time when I fell off the cab, and it would be wrong to keep the secret any longer. So he said if I wouldn't tell, *he* must, but it would be much better for me to do it; and I said I would, only I must first have time to let you know. But it will have to be to-morrow morning, before Dr. Marsh comes; and I know everyone will say that I oughtn't to have been a flower-girl, and perhaps I shall always be ill now, and——' Meave stopped. She couldn't think of a higher climax than being always ill.

'Oh, no; you won't!' said Denys, soothingly. 'If you had been very badly hurt, you couldn't have kept on so long without knocking up, not even with your pluck, Meave.' Instinct told him that appreciation would be comforting. 'Well, we'll make a clean breast of it together to-morrow morning—you about your flower-selling and your tumble, and I about the cartwheels and the death's head. Yes, I have no more choice than you, because——' And now he found his sister, with her mind disburthened, able to enjoy his narrative of the day's events. He was hardly at the end of it when Mrs. Ryan came and sent him away from Meave, and up to bed.

He wished he had had a minute longer, for he wanted to ask Meave whether she could throw any light on the perplexing expression which he had accidentally overheard—'this heavy additional expense for Denys.' The more he thought of it, the more it puzzled him; and he woke up two or three times in the night to find the sentence hovering on his lips.

(To be continued.)

ALTHEA : AN EPISODE.

CHAPTER I.

'I slept, and dreamt that life was beauty—
I woke, and found that life was duty.'

HALF-PAST four o'clock on a June day in the city of Norfolk, Virginia. Away in the mountains the friends whom I had lately been visiting were groaning in the agonies of the first hot spell, and were writing me of burning days and oppressive nights. This afternoon was for them, probably, the culminating point of torridity. But here, near the sea-board, the cool breeze was already beginning to blow, and up the broad Elizabeth River the blessed 'Doctor' was stealing on his errand of mercy.

For my part I was down at the wharf, with the intention of meeting one of two young people in whom at that time I was very much interested—and am still, for that matter. My cousin, who had married a gentleman as uniformly interested in cotton as I happened to be just then in love affairs, had accompanied her husband to England on one of his business trips, and for the last two days I had been left in possession of house, horses, and last, but not least—I groan as I recall my experiences with city coloured folk—servants. I was a woman whom even then only the extreme of courtesy could pronounce middle-aged—in fact, I was elderly—but I was, and am still capable of appreciating some of the enjoyments of youth. Among these must be reckoned the possession, if only temporary, of a pair of fast and well-bred horses; and as I sat in the buggy that afternoon in the shadow of a huge freight shed, listening to the impatient stamping of hoofs and swishing of long tails in vain endeavour to scare away the flies, I found I was dwelling with anticipatory pleasure on the rapid drive which was before me after the New York boat should have disembarked her passengers.

The spacious harbour, crowded with vessels of all descriptions, blazed in the strong yellow light. On the burnished water floated big English steamers, come to this, the second cotton port of the South, to return laden with freight; coasters of various rigs and tonnage, trading in fruit and vegetables and other country produce; 'centre-boards,' white-winged and dangerous, row-boats by the dozen, and busy ferries bustling backwards and forwards between Norfolk and Portsmouth. Fine passenger steamers swung at anchor, or were getting up steam preparatory to starting for Boston, Philadelphia, or Washington, and small but well-appointed paddle-boats were return

ing from their daily trips in Chesapeake Bay. The Bay itself, far-famed in the annals of the hunter of the wild duck—lay twelve long miles away, beyond the junction of the two wide rivers, the James and the Elizabeth.

My meditations, if they could be called such, were interrupted by the sudden appearance of the gentleman for whom I had been waiting, and five minutes later his baggage had been consigned to the Ocean View train, and he had taken his seat in the double buggy beside me. Another minute, and we, too, were speeding in the Ocean View direction—rattling through the noisy streets, tumbling over the cobble-stones and into the holes, catching our spider-wheels in the track of the street-cars, and having them torn free again by the restrained energy of the small, but spirited, horses.

Conversation was scarcely possible under these circumstances, and the young man at my side—a Yankee, and a stranger to the city—contented himself with making disjointed remarks on the condition of the streets, declaring that they were absolutely worse than those of New York, although Norfolk ought to be able to aspire to better things, considering that she could have no Irish ‘city boss’ to tyrannise over her. However, he condescended to say that the city was considerably more alive than he expected, and as I was not a Southern woman, I felt constrained to be content with this meagre praise.

Main Street, on this fine evening, with its store-windows filled with Yankee novelties and ‘notions,’ its side-walks thronged with more or less well-dressed people, its crowded roadway, on which large and admirably horsed street-cars were conspicuous, certainly presented a by no means contemptible appearance. But the languor and dirt consequent on the overcrowding of an idle negro population, ready to starve between brick walls rather than thrive and grow fat in the country, became apparent (as is always the case in a Southern city) when once the principal streets were left behind. Yet in the faces of the white people, even within the city lines, there was a comparative absence of that worn look so commonly to be observed in the mountain districts in summer time, and I wondered to myself how much of truth there was in the cry of chills and fever raised by the hill folks whenever Norfolk was mentioned—a cry met, by-the-by, with an indignant refutation on the part of these Eastern Virginians.

At length the streets came to an end ; and our driver, catching his horses by the head, sent them off at top speed along one of the broad, oyster-shell roads which intersect the flat stretches of country about Norfolk. At first my companion and I conversed on indifferent topics, as people do who have much to say and but little time to say it in—spoke of the horses, for instance, for my companion was a genuine American in his fancy for fast roadsters.

‘A month ago,’ he said, ‘I was pounding around Hyde Park in a lumbering carriage, the weight and substance of whose wheels alone would have gone far towards building the whole of one of our

buggies. How the pace of this evening's drive would astonish the sober jog-trotters across the pond! Yet after all these are only Mrs. Fairfax's carriage horses, and not "fast travellers" in the proper sense of the word.'

On we flew, now between hedges, now between fields of yellow buttercups and ox-eye daises, none of which I had seen during my lengthened sojourn in the mountains—slowly over resounding wooden bridges, which spanned wide creeks slipping gently seawards betwixt low banks of vivid green—now through a pine-wood full of gloom and mystery even in the slanting western sunlight, and then out once more—this time into the great truck-garden of Eastern Virginia. Now, to pass for the first time through these seemingly endless acres of fruit and vegetables has in it something of the nature of an experience; broken only by patches of wood or meadow land they spread for miles about the city; yet I could not help feeling a secret amusement as I observed the overdone interest with which my companion gazed upon this vast garden dotted with busy workers engaged in planting, hoeing, or gathering fruit and vegetables for market. He asked me many questions, and I answered them demurely, willing to indulge his masculine fancy in the belief that I was deceived by his manner. Indeed, the details of truck-gardening as carried on in the South are far from being uninteresting, particularly to Northerners who enjoy the luxuriant produce; and when it comes to numbering the exported melons by thousands, counting the acres of strawberries owned by one man alone by hundreds, and the pickers thereof by many hundreds more, the export trade in garden stuff ceases to be insignificant. If a certain landowner made, as was asserted, \$90,000 clear profit merely on potatoes, and that in a single season, truck-gardening is worth attention; and I remember my cousin's husband telling me that in years when the Northern potato-crop failed no difficulty was experienced in obtaining an average of \$6.50 a barrel for those of Southern growth. He himself had not enough leisure to attend properly to his own small farm, yet he fully expected to get twelve hundred barrels of potatoes off it.

Well, this subject being exhausted, we subsided into silence. Then, relenting, I determined to give my young friend a helping hand.

'Luke,' I said to the servant, as the carriage once more entered into the shadow of a pine-wood, 'give this gentleman the lines to hold, and go and gather me some of that yellow jessamine on the hedge yonder. It's nearly over now, and this is the last I shall get.'

Luke obeyed promptly, and we two were left alone in the buggy. It was cool and peaceful here beneath the towering pines, and I threw back my thick gauze veil—the Southern woman's invariable protection from sun and dust, and which I had at last grown wise enough to adopt. Then I turned to my companion. 'Well, Mr. Royal?' I said.

He did not speak at once, but occupied himself in taking off his

hat and running his fingers through his thick fair hair, and in watching the frail buggies and rockaways as—each with its allotted beau and belle—they skimmed noiselessly past. ‘Tell me about Althea,’ he said at length, in a low voice whose intensity quite startled me. ‘You know what I am here for, Mrs. Gordon.’

‘Althea is well—as she always is, Mr. Royal. And you, I hope, are visiting Norfolk with the idea of advancing yourself in some way in your profession.’

‘Tell me,’ he persisted, unheeding, a world of persuasiveness in his tone.

This tall and muscular young man, with his eager grey eyes and somewhat rugged features, with his slightly brusque manner—which caused me each time I met him afresh to wonder for one weak and fleeting moment at his universal popularity—was evidently not to be dallied with. The strong, uncompromising lower jaw, barely modified by a drooping moustache—the square brow, above which the dense masses of hair, untamed still in spite of the attacks of many barbers, grew in determined waves—the large mouth, only just saved from being too large by the redeeming clause of sweetness and refinement—all these external characteristics seemed to forbid further trifling on my part. So I began, and told him what I could about Althea.

My first utterance, however, partook of the nature of an interrogation.

‘You have heard of the trouble with her brother?’ I said.

‘Something of it, but not presumably the correct version of the story. My hurried departure for England, on legal business connected with my English relatives, upset all my plans. I have returned to this country twice within the last two years, but on both occasions only for a week’s stay, and on the first visit I was informed that the Danes had left Washington. Every month I hoped to be able to conclude the wearisome piece of business on which I have been engaged, but it has been a case of hope deferred. Now, at last, I am free.’

He paused an instant—then continued—

‘It is said in scientific circles at the North that Professor Dane has got mixed up with some science forgery, or plagiarism—I forget which—in connection with the last pamphlet he wrote before I sailed for England. This is a most regrettable occurrence, and, knowing the man as I do, I am persuaded that it will affect him very seriously. Such a scandal, however unfounded, is a slur on an honoured name; yet he may take comfort in the knowledge that not one of his friends, nor even of his acquaintance, credit a word of it. In any case he will live it down.’

‘And in the meantime “live down” Althea, too,’ I could not help observing, under my breath.

‘What!’ he cried, with some vehemence. ‘What do you mean, Mrs. Gordon?’

But immediate explanation was impossible, for just then Luke came back with his hands full of somewhat *passé* yellow jessamine, which he presented to me along with sundry voluble remarks to which I had to listen and respond.

Then he sprang up to his seat, took the reins from Mr. Royal's passive hands, and started his horses once more. When our conversation was resumed it was in suppressed tones.

'It is difficult,' I said, 'to describe Professor Dane's present condition. Too proud to defend himself he has borne the unjust aspersions of the past two years in a silence which has eaten into his soul, and gone near to unhinging his reason. This method of endurance is not uncommon with persons of extraordinary sensitiveness; but in him it has become a species of morbidity which amounts to mania. He will explain nothing, even to Althea, who perfectly believes in him.'

'And she hoped so much!' murmured the young man. 'Hers was the highest kind of ambition.'

'Ambition is not necessarily ignoble,' I replied, 'and in her it became the most generous of aspirations. You know how she toiled for her brother, how she made herself mistress of quite abstruse forms of science in order to save him drudgery and help him on in his career. It is now nearly two years since she persuaded him to retire to his little shanty on the sea-board, hoping that scenes associated with much interesting work in the past might stimulate him to exertion. In former days he erected a small observatory near his present abode, and his fine zoological collections have always been kept down here. He and Althea may often be seen, I believe, prowling along the coast in their boat, going sometimes as far as Cape Henry in search of specimens, and renewing old and valued acquaintanceship with the oyster-dredgers. The girl is indefatigable, and, when by some rare chance a pamphlet appears to which his name is attached, it is not hard to guess to whom we really owe it. The physicians have told her that she alone can save her brother's intellect, that with her only rests the power to rouse him from the sullen brooding over his wrongs which, if allowed to settle on him without a break, must sooner or later end in madness. It is for this end that she strives—sometimes well nigh without hope.'

'He is mad!' exclaimed Royal, forcibly, and with a manly disregard for details—'He is mad already. Althea should not be permitted to sacrifice herself thus.'

'She would not call it sacrifice,' I said. 'If you called it so to her she would not understand you. Love owns neither self nor sacrifice. Besides, he is not mad, and I trust may never become so.'

I paused; to say more would have been to betray the girl's confidence. How could I speak to him of that quintessence of human anguish—vicarious suffering, which to our weak sight looks often to be borne in vain? There is no pain such as this. It has been said

that for all suffering there is compensation, even in this life. For personal troubles there may be personal satisfaction, for pain that is in a measure selfish in that it is suffered for ourselves, there may be compensation in some shape or form, but for the agony which is endured for another, whom yet we fail to save, there is no such word as compensation! Hereafter there may be—there will surely be—but not here, or now. Ameliorations may arise—or time may gently press that immortal anguish into the background; but what, while life lasts, can make up for suffering of such a kind? But enough of this. I am now an old woman, and even then was full of memories, and I could still hope that Althea's experience would not be so bitter as one or two I could recall if need were. Yet I knew every step of the thorny way the girl was now treading—dumb, with bleeding feet. . . .

The young man sat silent by my side for a full half-mile, pulling at his moustache as young men do when the world is not going well with them, or when they wish to assist meditation. Finally—

'And my love for her?' he said. 'Is there no place for me?'

I was at a loss for a reply, so attempted none.

'Althea is not a woman to allow one—— You know what I mean, Mrs. Gordon,' he broke out, with an impetuosity that was quite boyish.

'You mean that had she been altogether averse to you she would not have permitted you to pay her so much attention in Boston and Washington the winter before you sailed?'

'Yes—you are a good interpreter.'

Then, after a pause—

'I have been very patient, Mrs. Gordon.'

'Yes,' I replied, with something which was, I fear, very like a smile; but the young man was accustomed to me, so did not resent it; 'and very faithful, too, I know you would add. And if I were to say that you had not yet been very severely tried you would not like it.'

He deigned no reply to my remarks, but merely begged that I would give Luke orders to drive along the seashore a little beyond Ocean View, so that I might have the felicity of wishing Miss Althea good evening. Of course I consented. I would not have thwarted the poor youth, thus hastening as I shrewdly suspected to his fate, on any consideration.

For some seven miles we had been repeating the wood and water picture. Now we quitted the oyster-shell road, and drove along a less even track overhung with trees many and various—chiefly oaks and maples of the small size usual in Virginia. Then a fresh wind blew in our faces, and a suspicion arose that we were nearing the sea. The trees parted, the road became suddenly heavy with sand, hillocks covered with rushes appeared like half-forgotten acquaintances, a huge wooden building bounded our view—we swung round it, and were on the sea-beach.

Did the sea ever look so glorious before to any one in the world as it did to me at the close of that hot June day, after what had seemed like an eternity of parching summers? I thought of my friends, withering in the breath of their boasted 'mountain breezes,' and envied them not. Wide and golden lay the Bay beneath the setting sun, and towards the verge of the horizon the Atlantic glittered, vague and far away as an unrealised dream. Yonder to the left, a dozen miles across the water, just at the mouth of the James River, the Mammoth hotel at Old Point Comfort was flashing back the sunlight from its high glass piazzas, rising tier above tier to the roof, to which in the winter time flock shivering millionaires, driven thither by the pitiless blasts of their bleaker Northern land. Beyond, the Fortress was visible, and further still, around the Point, we could just distinguish the famous Normal Schools of Hampton. Between Hampton and Cape Charles, the extreme point of Northampton County, a steamer was passing on its way to Baltimore or Washington. From our position on the beach we faced the Atlantic, the entrance to which is guarded by Cape Henry and Cape Charles; and far away the great Atlantic rollers were breaking themselves to atoms at the feet of those headlands whose bright and sleepless eyes keep watch the whole night through.

The sun was very near the horizon, so after devoting a few moments to admiration and enjoyment, we drove on along the beach, avoiding the big hotel which stood not far above high-water mark. We rounded a pine-crowned knoll, whereon was plainly to be seen a small observatory, and discovered on the other side and more removed from the sea, a medium-sized frame-dwelling of the regulation type—white, with green outside blinds and the usual allowance of flower-yard and shade-trees. Everything was, however, beautifully neat and well kept, as the surroundings of Virginia country houses are not always. The porch was lined with tubs of flowering plants, and vines of various kinds were carefully trained around the balustrades. One particularly daring cypress, and a madeira imbued with the same spirit, were racing for the roof of the house, and one was even now clinging to the projecting shingles. At the little gate stood a horse, already comfortably settled on three legs, although his driver could only that moment have descended from the rockaway to which he was harnessed, for as we drove up she was in the act of fastening the hitching chain to the post.

Then she looked round. It was Althea herself.

CHAPTER II.

SHE must have recognised the young man in the carriage with me, but until he had sprung out and advanced to meet her, hat in hand, she vouchsafed him no notice. Then she was obliged to greet him, which she did with dignified courtesy, passing on immediately to

afford me a different kind of reception. But I observed that the hand she laid on the side of the buggy trembled in a manner quite unworthy of its mistress. Mr. Royal, not having this evidence of weakness to console him, stood, looking as he felt—left out in the cold. Very soon I brought him into the conversation; and while they lingered, talking about nothing at all, I took a long look at Althea.

Yes,—she was changed undoubtedly; but it was a transformation so subtle, so almost indefinite, that I could scarcely feel indignant with the comfortable report of that careless, purblind world of ours, when it wrote me—‘Trouble rolls over Althea Dane like water off a duck’s back. She keeps her health and her youthful looks just the same. What a mercy for her that she is not a sensitive woman! Now if it had been I——’

And so on.

But I knew Althea better—knew that the composure her friends and acquaintance wondered at was no gift of the gods, but had been won by herself on many a hard-fought field. Had those who had told me of her no eyes to note how in the past two years her young beauty had been hardening into lines Nature never intended it to take so early? Alas! to me it was clear that in this comparatively brief space Althea had lived ten years, and had lost the freshness of her girlhood for ever.

She was now a woman—and a woman of imposing presence, with a noble head, and a face like a cameo, pale and pure. Indeed, it was this very purity of outline which had in days agoone saved her from a fate which threatened her nearly—namely, that of becoming a mere æsthetic beauty. Her hair, her eyes, her figure had placed her in jeopardy. But the curved mouth and clear-cut chin were wanting in ‘sensuousness,’ the slightly aquiline nose should have been more indefinite in outline; there should have been less intellectuality and more ‘fleshliness’; all the features, indeed, required blunting and coarsening. Her hair was, on the other hand, allowed to be ‘wondrous.’ It was light-brown, in which a flame of deepest red seemed to be continually burning, sometimes brightly, but always with a certain lustre. It grew somewhat low on the broad forehead, and she wore it swept back in a great burnished wave. It appears somehow unnecessary to mention that she was above the common height of women, and that the long lines of her figure were instinct with that grace and freedom to which short stature can never rightly attain.

Certainly hers was a proud face—of that there could be no doubt—and now it was cold and curiously patient, too. But once let the fringe of dark and curling lashes be raised, and the wonderful eyes beneath them be revealed, and all the coldness was gone like snow at the touch of the sun of spring. In former days it had not been her habit to veil her eyes so constantly; but I was soon to discover that

with some other things, she had learned this also. It was hopeless for her to attempt to conceal the intensity of the nature which had at last been fully roused within her, were she once to permit herself to flash at you one of her indescribable glances. It was as if two natures strove within her for the mastery—as if those windows of her soul would express all that she could not, dared not, utter. Think of wide, brown pools beneath a summer sky—deep within deep—darkening in the passing shadow of the cloud, yet never wholly losing the blue that lurks within the brown. Such were Althea's eyes.

'Do you ever sing now, Miss Althea?' Royal was saying, as I came back to the present.

'Not often,' she replied, glancing at me the while with an expression which I understood to be a request that I would take the young man away, 'Shall I see you this evening, Mrs. Gordon? I can come to supper if you like. Judge Roberts has persuaded Julius to play whist at the Club House to-night. It is weeks since he has been outside the yard with any one but me.'

'Come by all means, my dear. I do not return to the city till morning.'

Suddenly a voice, harsh and resonant, came pealing out of the little wooden house, through its open doors and windows, startling us all—'Althea! Althea! what is the meaning of this? Are you never coming in?'

It was not the words but the tone which startled and shocked us who were new to it, who had never before heard it other than fond and gentle when addressed to Althea. As for the girl herself, I do not know how she looked, for my eye happened to be turned in David Royal's direction. Indignation, a perfect fury of love and compassion, contended one with another in that expressive countenance—for one brief instant—in the next they were all crushed back, and bidden to bide their time. Before I had fully recovered myself Althea was smiling bravely up in my face, and saying—

'I must go now; but I will come and see you after awhile. Good evening, Mr. Royal.'

So we drove away to the hotel.

My companion remained absolutely silent till the buggy drew up at the piazza. Then, as he assisted me to alight, he said, more to himself than to me—

'I can wait. It cannot last for ever. I would wait twenty years for Althea.'

What could I say? Nothing. I must leave him to her to manage.

Now I own that I had not believed much in the reality or the lasting power of these young people's mutual inclination, so that it was rather a shock to me to discover—as from a letter of David's I had done some weeks previously—that on his side at least it still endured; and now I had just found out that Althea was not

altogether oblivious of the past. I had never been able to conceal from myself that she had been impressed very unusually for her, but her brother's life and interests had always engrossed her, even when there was no occasion for anxiety on his behalf, and I had not suspected that her feeling for Mr. Royal had gone below the surface. (His name was David, by-the-by, and it was an appellation which to my mind suited him peculiarly well. He was for ever pitting himself against some giant or other, and at present it seemed as if his Goliath was to be Althea's resolution. But in this conflict I surmised that he would inevitably be worsted.) I had undoubtedly depended too much on a couple of years' silence and separation, and on the engrossing power of filled lives; had permitted myself, perhaps too readily, to dwell on the mere attraction of youth to youth, which is specially powerful when, as in Althea's case, youthful pleasures only come by fits and starts to those pre-eminently fitted to enjoy them. The two had not only met in society, but Mr. Royal, a lawyer by profession and a dabbler in science by way of recreation, had been seized upon, during a vacation trip to Boston, by Professor Dane in order to assist in certain scientific researches the Professor was at that period engaged in. Later on the Danes removed to Washington, and there Mr. Royal constantly met them. Now Althea's absorption in her brother's pursuits almost rivalled his own, and many a time I have seen her enter the crowded parlours at a large evening reception with that solemn hush in her great eyes which seemed, to my fancy, to come of late intercourse with the stars and their mysterious teachings, as if they had bestowed on her some of their remoteness. Althea was always in great request in social circles. Her brother's celebrity, her personal beauty and grace, and her extraordinary gift of song, caused her to be everywhere desired. Her marked indifference to her own charms of person, her utter lack of anything approaching to coquetry or affectation, her phases of dreamy abstraction which she allowed perhaps to alternate too freely with the simple gaiety of the girl, detracted I believe somewhat from her attractiveness in the eyes of those who cared only for the externals of life; but the opinions of such people were of no consequence to Althea. For my part I used to think she needed but a touch of trouble to make her perfect. An unkind, almost uncharitable thought, you will say; and yet I hardly agree with you. There are few characters which do not require, for the development of the best that is in them, an occasional cloud of adversity, more or less heavy. Uninterrupted leisure for the work she loved, social intercourse of the kind most congenial to her tastes, freedom from all grave cares (though no doubt, in those days, she deemed her petty crosses burdensome enough), satisfied home affections—had this luxurious existence continued indefinitely, Althea, generous and large-hearted as she must always have been, would nevertheless have become in a sense narrow and uncomprehending. When I first

knew her she was even then slightly deficient in sympathetic power, a little slow to perceive the needs of others less prosperous than herself, careless when she might have been thoughtful and anticipatory. Yet, Heaven knows, I never desired trouble for her, and when it came I was sorely distressed. As to saying that I was surprised at the quarter from which it arose, this I could not truthfully aver, although the manner of its coming was unexpected enough. Premonition told me that some day her brother would fail her—on that day when the battle is to the strong, and to him who turns his face to the foe and fights without a thought for self but rather for those to whom are due his love and protection. And now that day had arrived, and the Professor had not disappointed my melancholy anticipations.

To Althea, then, raised in a necessarily restricted school of science, came David Royal, with his brilliant intelligence, his breadth of view, his enthusiasms and his tolerations, above all with his daring common sense; and she was aware of a fresh element in her existence. Yet it is possible that had all continued to go well with her, had there been no break in her happy life of perfect comradeship and affection, the (to her) undeniable attractiveness of David's personality might have been but as the fair cloud in the summer sky, which a change of wind sends hurrying upon us in a devastating storm, but which otherwise fades away as softly and calmly as it appeared. The wind did change. When Althea found herself suddenly doomed to minister to a condition of diseased sensitiveness, which in a woman would have been termed aggregated hysteria, but which consideration for the superior sex forbids to call by such a name—a disease which first prays upon itself, and ere long turns and rends its nearest and its dearest—then much was remembered that might haply have been forgotten.

Society, neither at Ocean View nor at Norfolk, was of the kind to which Althea had been accustomed, and when she was free to mix in it, which was not very often, it was not likely that it could afford her the distraction and relaxation she needed. When life becomes one tense breathless struggle the petty interests, the harmless pleasures and topics peculiar to mere worldly enjoyment, seem like the aimless hovering of butterflies in the warm air of June. In a hand to hand conflict, when the breath comes short and the limbs wax faint and yet no end is to be seen, things about us take their true and lose their fictitious value.

And David himself? In former days I had been more than once led to speculate as to whether his feeling for Althea would have gone beyond a sincere admiration, had not circumstances combined just then to fan it into a ruddier flame—another's too plainly manifested homage, for instance. The girl, by reason perhaps of her simplicity and single-mindedness, had something in her manner, even at that period, which exercised an unconscious check on sentimental advances;

yet there had been more than one individual who had been sufficiently in earnest to break down all discouraging barriers and press boldly forward, only to receive a more decisive rebuff. But this was long ago. Althea was no longer the same, and I was learning to believe that I had not done David full justice. Much as I like men, they are apt to accuse me of failing in this respect, poor fellows ; they declare that I say they split their hearts into too many pieces to have much of those organs worth offering to anybody, and that nine times out of ten they are incapable of recognising the highest kind of woman when they do meet her. Still I have always allowed that there are plenty of exceptions to the rule, and this ought to satisfy everybody.

During our drive from Norfolk David had informed me that he had obtained a three weeks' release from his duties, which interval he proposed passing at Ocean View. He had further added that it was his intention to run down to Norfolk by boat from Washington on most Saturdays during the heated term. What were the tactics of this bold young general now, I could not say ; he had already suffered one repulse, and it was but natural to infer that there might be others in store for him.

Well, to resume. That evening, at the hotel, a coloured waiter had just run upstairs to inform the 'guests' that the excursionists had vacated the dining-room, when Althea appeared, and we went down together. Fly-fans were spinning round on every table, and active negroes were here, there, and everywhere, palm-leaf fans in hand ; but even the carefully closed blinds could not entirely keep out those pests, the flies, who press in at every loophole, and are verily the scourge of the States. Woe to the careless housewife who is not sufficiently particular about excluding light during the daytime ; her house will be uninhabitable to those who value rest and peace and—last but not least—cleanliness. At the first streak of dawn these disgusting insects will begin to make life a burden and a misery, and cease not from their onslaughts until the last lamp in the house is extinguished. With the warm days of March they are on the alert, and even the November and December frosts are not always powerful to destroy. However, in the Ocean View hotel we were enabled to partake of our oysters and soft crabs, our batter-cakes and waffles, our strawberries and ice-cream, in comparative comfort.

After supper Althea and I returned to the upper piazza and, separating ourselves from our acquaintance, found with some difficulty a quiet corner. The hotel was already becoming noisy, in spite of the fact that we had barely entered on the month of June, and many people were assembled on the wide piazza, enjoying the spectacle of a glorious full moon sailing up over the water. It was Saturday night, too, the American father was in his element, and many a pretty little picture of domesticity did I observe. Down below, the plank-walks leading from the hotel to the sea-beach were

deserted, except by a few straying couples; for the miniature train of cars, bearing its load of shouting excursionists from the charms of rifle-gallery and bowling-alley, bathing-houses and dancing-pavilion, had plunged into the heart of the woods. Every now and then a beau and a belle passed us to wander in the moonlight or strum on the piano in the parlour, and as I listened to that belle's strident voice and laugh I recollected with a shudder that midnight *tête-à-têtes* on the upper piazza were all the fashion at Ocean View, and horrid visions of prolonged and all too lively social amenities close to my open window hung like a cloud on present ease. However, in the South we elders are not permitted to grumble much; the young people's whims are paramount.

Gradually, and by very gentle means I drew Althea out to talk to me and to tell me something of her present life with her step-brother. I felt that speech would ease her. No doubt much escaped her lips, and still more was revealed by other means than those of words, than she had ever intended to betray. Of Mr. Royal she said almost nothing, but the subject did not require enlargement to discerning eyes. Althea herself was not a woman of quick perceptions, beholding everything with too large a vision to be easily stirred by details. Falling in love is, in any case, a more complicated matter than appears at the first blush; and indeed who but ourselves can count the subtle links which bind us one to the other, whether in friendship or in love? We are friends—and why, none other knows except we two. We love—and it is the same.

After awhile there was a stir on the upper piazza, and we all adjourned to the lower one, minus the babes who had at last been consigned to repose. It was Mr. Royal who had initiated the movement by coming up to Althea and pressing her to sing. She had yielded without hesitation, partly from a natural inclination to give others pleasure, and partly for the sake of peace. We took possession of sundry rush-bottomed rockers outside while Althea went into the parlour, of which the doors and windows stood wide open. People began to collect in the halls and on the piazza, for it was well known that the voice we were to hear was no common one. I drew my own chair close to one of the windows, through which I could see Althea at the piano, the light from the one lamp overhead shining on her burnished head, and pale and exquisite profile. Just behind me, on the outermost edge of the piazza, David Royal was sitting in the company of the enevitable *belle* of Southern society, and in the pause that preceded the song I heard her say, evidently continuing some discussion—

'Altheas are common purple flowers that grow on a bush—common as weeds. We don't set any store on them.'

'Sometimes they are white, and tall, and beautiful,' murmured the young man, dwelling on each word as he swayed slowly to and fro in his rocker.

'Oh yes, there *are* white kinds,' assented the girl, grudgingly, and too much absorbed in settling her 'bangs' to follow his drift—'but they're mighty ordinary, anyway.'

Then some one said 'Hush!'—and Althea began to sing. The song I had heard often before and knew by heart. The words, as you can see, are little in themselves; from her lips they became but a vehicle for her voice and the exquisite music.

SONG.

'Let thy coming be ere the dawning
While the waves still sleep,
When the lonely grow weary,
And the hillsides steep.

For thy greeting will still the weeping
Of the grey, tired night,
Whom clouds alone remember,
Or the wan starlight.

Or let the pale morning bear thee
On its wide, poised wings,
Stealing up the hushed heaven
Where the fog-bank clings.

We are heart-sick—we are soul-sick—
Why tarry then so long?
For there comes an end to courage,
An end to being strong.

With sad faces turning seaward,
We cry, 'Are we forgot?'
See! the night pales to morning—
O Sleep, forsake us not!

Althea's voice was a contralto, perfectly trained, of purest tone and widest compass—such a voice as would have made a fortune on the stage; but far more remarkable was her manner of using it. While she sang she could do with her hearers what she would; our souls lay open to her, and she played on them with finest touch. The chain armour of commonplace, everyday life, which shuts us in from the heaven of beauty about us, dropped link by link as the notes dropped from her lips; or, as a shower of rain upon a dry and thirsty land, so fell those perfect sounds upon the expectant silence. Many a time have I known that voice of hers strike large and crowded assemblies into a stillness that could be felt; and, indeed, in some women's hands so great a gift might have had power for harm, though never so in hers. And yet to-night the music was weird and even passionate, and its very beauty touched some of us with the melancholy which seems inseparable from perfection. Who can analyse such things? Who knows why absolute beauty is so near akin to pain that in some moods the presence of it, in sight or sound, is the last drop which makes the brimming bowl run over?

David Royal, as if drawn by some influence impossible to resist, had

approached nearer and nearer to the singer, and at the close of the song was leaning against the window by my side. His eyes were bent on Althea with an expression difficult to read, but in which I seemed to perceive a sense of distance and separation well nigh unbearable. But he remained faithful to some inward resolution; and when Althea, extricating herself from her grateful audience, announced somewhat abruptly her intention of returning home, he did not offer to accompany her, but passively abandoned her to other escort, merely requesting permission to call on the Professor the following morning.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the weeks that followed, I was, by Althea's desire, constantly backwards and forwards between Norfolk and Ocean View. While the moon lasted I was able to make these trips in the evening, but as the nights grew darker and the days warmer I was compelled to leave the city at a later hour, and, on my arrival at Ocean View, send the carriage straight home, returning myself by the last train. It was a curious experience, rattling through the woods and across the truck-gardens in those queer little cars through the lonely night. Once the engine broke down in the middle of a strawberry patch, and while it was being fixed up in deliberate Southern fashion, several of the passengers descended and groped for strawberries in the starlight.

I soon saw that Althea was passing through something of a crisis with her brother, and by one way and another I gathered of what kind it was. There were times when the recluse would not see me, but more often he would, and of course I lost no occasion of relieving Althea's guard. His condition varied much; days occurred when I found it hard to believe that he was not already past hope, and it required the combined assurances of the great Washington physician and his medical brother from Norfolk to convince me to the contrary.

'There is at present, Madam,' said the former authority, 'no positive mental derangement. We own that the case is a peculiar, even a critical one, but we anticipate ultimate improvement and possibly total recovery under proper treatment as carried out by Miss Dane.'

'And Miss Dane herself?' I said, I fear quite impatiently.

'Miss Dane is young and strong, and specially gifted for this work,' he replied, with grave and dignified reproach; 'she will grudge nothing which tends to the salvation of such an intellect.'

And he bowed himself out.

Yes—that was how it was. Althea would grudge nothing, and she was strong, and too palpably fitted to stand a good deal of wear and tear. The traces of suffering were only visible to those who knew her well. Had she been a little, delicate, clinging creature, it is possible that she might have met with more sympathy; as things

were, I verily believe that her silent endurance was a source of irritation rather than admiration to many of her acquaintance.

I had known the mother, and seemed to see in the daughter's conduct now the reflection of that mother. The second Mrs. Dane, an Englishwoman by birth, was one of those women of whom it may confidently be asserted that Nature intended them for wives and mothers—and of how comparatively few can this be said! If love to be perfect must cast out fear, so must it cast out self also, and Alice Dane, in her fulfilment of the duties of wife and motherhood, achieved self-abnegation in its highest form; yet if she needed earthly reward she certainly obtained it (in spite of a life which in other respects was far from happy) in the love and confidence alike of husband, daughter, and step-son. But she was as wise as well as a tender mother, and having herself proved the value of self-restraint, and been witness of the deplorable results of the lack of it, she was not likely to overlook this virtue in the rearing of her daughter. With the son she was too late to do much towards counteracting inherited tendencies, and, indeed, his naturally gentle disposition had hitherto gone far towards concealing dangerous symptoms. Her training of Althea was now bearing good fruit.

As I said before, the Professor was never the same for two days together. Sometimes I would find him the mild, affectionate creature of yore, full of talk and interest, and apparently unable to make enough of his sister. More often, however, the conversation would be almost entirely one-sided, and my efforts would be met with settled gloom on his part, or else he would silence me with a string of monstrous accusations against Althea, to which he would compel her also to give ear, grasping her wrist, and scarcely removing his angry gaze from her the while. Self-defence was at once vain and impossible. The girl would stand, with her face set like a stone, holding herself with both hands, as it were, and passing during these ordeals through the outer bounds of pain to that inner circle where all words fail. Ah! it was easy for the doctors to talk and offer glib explanations of this condition of affairs; but too well I knew that months must have gone by before she could have learned to bear as she did the cruel lash of that tongue, which all her life long before had had nothing but tender words for her! Think of it, and then consider if the elucidations of science can altogether still the passionate protestations of the heart. Many a time Althea must have striven with him, beating herself piteously against the bars of unreason, unable to realise that in these moods he had travelled far, far beyond her touch. I can believe that, after sitting for hours beneath the stream of querulous or bitter outpouring, she would have gone forth into the night and wept out her soul, face downwards upon the pine-crowned knoll above the sea. And when at last she emerged into the sad light of knowledge, she was as one spent by fruitless contest, yet in a measure serener. She could never suffer again thus. Desolate

weary, even hopeless, she might be, but the way was now clear. She had passed through the valley of the shadow; and though harsh words from a beloved mouth must always scourge, and though self-confident indeed must be that nature which can detect no grain of truth in most accusations, the worst was over for her.

There was a new form of trial, however, now in store. The Professor suddenly took it into his head to reverse his acquired habits of seclusion, and walk over to the hotel after supper. His morbid sensitiveness spasmodically abandoned him, and in these attacks of sociability he seemed wholly insensible to a fact of which, as a rule, he was acutely conscious—namely, that curiosity to behold a great man in trouble was a strong motive power in the assembling of worshippers around his chair. Althea would have welcomed this temporary love of society if it did not always come upon him when he was in a high state of nervous irritability and delusion, and possessed with the idea that she had in some way—Heaven knows how!—injured or neglected him. On these occasions he was apt to be very easily drawn out, and there soon came to be a set of people in the hotel—many of them old acquaintances from Washington—who criticised her conduct with that freedom which ignorance alone bestows. The girl had to listen to inuendoes, or to advice as impossible to follow as it was easy to give—and to listen, too, with deference, for many of these counsellors were old and once valued friends. It was a torture which I never could have endured quietly. She did, however, and this with a patience that had in it something essentially noble. Her motives were misunderstood, her conduct misjudged. Life is not measured by time only; the accumulation of years does not inevitably bring with it either wisdom or experience. Althea was unavoidably conscious that in the months that were past, and in those that were now rolling by, she was concentrating experiences such as are not contained in the whole existences of many persons; and I, who looked on, was aware, equally unavoidably, that those who judged her would themselves have been loud in outcry and complaint, had their lot have been such as hers. Yet Althea was dumb.

It is a hateful truth, yet one which must be acknowledged, that there are women in the world who are born bullies. To feminine minds of a certain calibre, the withdrawal or failure of protective masculine affection is an irresistible incentive to trample on the unprotected one. These are not necessarily ungenerous women, either; but it is as if the temptation to triumph is too great. 'Your day is over,' they seem to say, 'now comes ours. To her that hath shall much be given, and from her that hath not shall be taken even that that she hath.' In the hotel there was at this time a person about whom I may have more to say at some distant date and in connection with wholly different subjects. She was such a woman as I have attempted to describe, and seeing Althea deprived of her

natural champion and protector, she considered herself entitled to give the rein to her own love of tormenting. 'Nothing succeeds like success,' indeed, and poor Althea just now could not be called successful. And besides all this there was David Royal, who was by no means an unimportant element in Althea's causes for unhappiness. Indeed, most girls find love-troubles quite enough of themselves. Althea must have felt puzzled, even as I did sometimes, by Mr. Royal's behaviour. During the three weeks of his unbroken sojourn at Ocean View he flung himself with zest into all the passing pleasures of the hour, adapting himself readily to Southern social habits, even to that of unlimited flirtation. I had never known the young man in this light before, and consequently I felt suspicious of the genuineness of his enjoyment. More than once, too, I discovered that on the occasions when he appeared oblivious of Althea he was in reality most watchful of her comfort, most anxious to save her from gossip or from the mortification of having her name unwillingly coupled with his. Yet Althea did not perceive this, and in the contradictions of her woman's nature she could not have avoided feeling a pang at the success of her schemes to drive David from her. Standing beside her brother's chair on those evenings when they went to the hotel together, surrounded by innocent frivolities in which the weight of care and necessary watchfulness forbade her to take any share, a constant spectator of home love and happiness from which it seemed to her that she was for ever debarred, she must at times have felt her lot to be bitter beyond the common lot of women. You must remember that Althea had tasted of one form of home love and happiness, to a degree perhaps unusual; a greater love, a keener bliss had been within her grasp; a love higher yet had bidden her forswear the last, and a mysterious providence had deprived her of the first. To have possessed, and to have lost! Yes, that is where the sting lies. What are dreams as compared with the sleepless memory of realities? She was deeply sensible of gratitude for her happy past; but just because it had been so happy this 'learning to do without'—the severest lesson of all—came harder to her. I have watched her gazing out beyond the lamplight and the chattering crowd with an expression in her face in which bitterness struggled with her usual serenity and composure. 'What have I done,' her silence seemed to say, 'that I should be thus doomed to stand without, to look into happiness through another man's eyes?' And when she turned later to her own desolated home, leaving the laughter and the love behind, the bitterness must sometimes have well-nigh overwhelmed her in its flood, before she could find peace and forgetfulness in the nobler thoughts gained by midnight studies beneath the stars. But such bitterness was only a phase. Had it lasted she never would have created in me the admiration I felt for her, and for the dignified calm with which she bore the apparent defalcation of her lover and the ill-concealed exultation of those who fancied that they had deprived

her of him. Her new and almost pathetic desire, too, to sympathise with and aid any who might be in trouble was a wondrous development, and touched me infinitely. Yet for her, though I sorrowed, I had no fear; her nature, while capable of immeasurable growth, was incapable of harbouring the gall of bitterness. But for David I did fear. The young man was constant in his visits to his friend, the Professor, and from some caprice or other the latter was always particularly urbane in his presence. David knew little or nothing of those trying evenings at the hotel, being otherwise engaged with the younger and gayer portion of the community, and no doubt he fancied that the Professor's condition had been exaggerated, or that at least it was greatly improved. In either of these cases he perhaps felt that he had a right to resent Althea's persistent ignoring of his previous relations with her, and like some other young men expected her to meet him half-way. His absorption in the ordinary seashore amusements became, to my eyes, more and more unreal, and I began to wonder how it was that nobody else perceived this. Althea herself of course would not do so; never very observant, she was always easily duped, and now more easily than ever. My liking for David grew, and I confess that it distressed me to discover how sorely he was chafing in his bonds. He was an interesting young man, and beginning to be spoken of as likely to make his mark not only in his profession but outside of it. That he was blamelessly upright as well as talented and energetic was calculated to make him sought after by men who, if unable themselves to stem the tide of political corruption, are always anxious to draw into their ranks youthful aspirants who are at least willing to make any sacrifice to further noble aims. The one defect likely to go against David, either in a professional or public career, was his lack of oratorical power. His most brilliant thoughts were hustled into the world after a fashion proverbially 'English,' and the influence of his New England father—himself a man gifted with peculiar powers of expression—had not proved sufficient to override that of the old country, which came to David through his mother. He was accustomed to pour out to me, in his rapid, stumbling way, many of the ideas that crowded his eager brain, and more and more I regretted to see him 'wasting his impassioned might' on that which I sadly felt must prove a chimera; or, far worse, dreaded lest he should be caught at the rebound by some girl wholly unworthy of him. What can be much more grievous than the spectacle of a young man, who has entered on life with high aims and noble aspirations, being dragged slowly down to mediocrity and ignoble content by a woman of second-rate capacities of brain and heart? With Althea at his side I should have hoped great things for David; without her I trembled for him.

But perhaps you will say that I did not know David Royal? We shall see.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE morning I had driven over to Ocean View soon after sun-up, and it being impossible to secure a room for the day owing to the now crowded condition of the hotel, I had spent the long warm hours behind the green blinds of the Professor's house. We were all re-assembled, refreshed by the afternoon siesta, when a well-known step was heard on the porch, and the Professor called out cheerily—

‘Come in, Royal; come in! I am waiting to hear about your catch this morning.’

‘Two hundred and thirty-four before an 8.30 breakfast, Professor,’ said the young man, after greeting us; ‘chiefly spots and hog-fish. But I met a fisherman who had just netted a 15lb. sheepshead—a splendid fish, which I should have liked to have shown you, sir, but I dare not keep it, and expressed it at once to my sister, packed in ice. However,’ he continued, ‘if I may return after I have had my swim I will show you some nice little zoological specimens I got off one of the dredging boats this morning.’

Of course the Professor's permission was gladly accorded, and then David—who, by-the-by, was looking both worried and dejected—turned to Althea and myself and asked us if we intended to go in the water that evening. As Althea never left her brother, unless he absolutely declined her company or had some one else with him, it ended in my setting off alone with David.

Now this ‘going in the water’ is a great institution at Ocean View, and is managed on a different, and as I venture to think, a far better system than is the bathing on the English coast. Indeed, I had no defence to make when one day in my presence a Washington lady of European experience spoke in no measured terms of the bathing arrangements at English watering-places, and of how scandalised she had been by their mingled prudishness and indecency. At Ocean View everything is done decently and in order. Ladies and gentlemen meet in the water suitably and decorously clad for the occasion, and plank-walks, sheltered on either side by lattices so designed as to hide their emerging forms from the scornful spectator, lead them by diverging paths back to their respective dressing-rooms in their allotted portion of the bathing-house.

Mr. Royal and I went together to the hotel-office to procure tickets, and thus provided, proceeded to the bathing-house, where we received our costumes and the keys of our apartments. Before Mr. Royal left me to go off to the gentlemen's side of the house he roused himself from his abstraction sufficiently to inform me somewhat abruptly that he was about to return to Washington.

While I was in my room I heard several other ladies—girls, by their voices—enter the house, and scatter to their various cells amid the usual Babel of tongues. Two or three of these young people I knew, and finding that they were chattering about David Royal, I

hurried on my preparations, endeavouring meanwhile to stop my ears. But what efforts can keep out the voice of the youthful and unregenerate American? And as I unlocked my door and sped along the passage between the rooms I heard one of these damsels scream to another—

‘Well, I call that real mean, Lelia; I’m just positive that he was Althea Dane’s beau away over in Washington city, and now you’ve stolen him—real mean, I call it!’

A peal of laughter answered this accusation, and in another instant I was safe at the end of the plank-walk. Nothing was to be seen, except at a little distance out to sea the head of some ‘strong swimmer,’ whom I took to be David Royal, and far away to the left a boat being pushed out from the shore. Very soon there would be noise enough, but now it was utterly peaceful, and the tiny golden wavelets fell one after the other at my feet. ‘I will tell you something,’ they seemed to say, ‘only be silent, and listen—listen—listen!’ And if you have time to listen they do tell you all kinds of wonderful things.

But now I could not delay, for though the sun was still warm enough to make me glad of my broad Panama, it was dropping westward, and I wished to have a good swim before this golden peace should be disturbed.

A certain amount of patience is required before one can get out of one’s depth at Ocean View, so gradual is the slope of the sandy shore. From the safety point of view the bathing is considered perfect, but I confess that I often chafed at the long walk which had to be taken before the water began to buoy me up. Exploration beyond the Bar is discouraged on account of stray sharks who may be cruising supperless outside; but to-night I perceived to my astonishment that David Royal was swimming steadily seawards, and that in another ten seconds, unless he turned about, he would be over the Bar. Such action on his part was particularly surprising, because I had more than once heard him inveigh against that kind of foolhardiness which courts destruction and therefore deserves to perish. I could only imagine that in one of his fits of abstraction, to which he was subject when in low spirits as on this evening, he had become oblivious of his surroundings. I shouted two or three times, but wholly without effect; if he heard me at all he probably mistook my cries for those ebullitions of youthful enjoyment and pretended terror which he was accustomed to hear nightly during the fashionable bathing hour, for he proceeded calmly on his dangerous way. I now began to be seriously uneasy, and as I swam at my utmost speed towards the Bar, which was fully three-quarters of a mile from the shore, I watched every ripple on the smooth water ahead, dreading lest it should mean peril for him after whom I was toiling. Presently, to my relief, I saw him turn on his back and lie idly floating on the glassy sea. Very soon I should be near enough to call to some purpose, and until

then I would not spend my strength in vain. Besides, what is more ridiculous than to make a fuss about nothing, as I should inevitably be accused of doing; for sharks, after all, are not everyday visitors, and are only just common enough to make a caution necessary.

But even as these thoughts crossed my mind I saw a dark object rise out of the water not fifty yards beyond the floating figure. A thrill of horror ran through me, for a moment my limbs refused their office, and darkness seemed to close on sky and sea. But I struggled into freedom again, and still swimming hard, looked once more. Pray Heaven it might be a school of dolphins! But no—it could not be—for this object was stationary, and resembled only too hideously the fin of a small shark—and even as I gazed it began to move slowly in David's direction. I was now much nearer the Bar, and resolved to make one last effort; so raising myself as high as I could, treading water the while to keep myself afloat, I gave vent to a prolonged and piercing shriek.

In an instant the scene changed. David flung himself over on his face, and, glancing round, for the first time perceived his danger. To see was to act. He was a powerful swimmer, and his long steady strokes brought him rapidly on towards the Bar, to the buoy marking which I was now clinging. But his enemy had at length discerned him, and came on rapidly, too.

I looked wildly round for aid, and there just beyond the Bar though still at some distance from the swimmer, I saw a little boat making towards him. With that awful clearness of vision which is bestowed in moments of intense peril to ourselves or others, I took in the whole scene: the far-off figures on the edge of the water gazing horror-stricken out to sea, two or three boats which could never hope to be in time shoving off nevertheless from the shore—and much nearer, though still perhaps too far, another boat, swiftly advancing, in the stern the Professor, and bending over the oars Althea's strong, lithe form. I noted also that the rudder was shipped, and that she had to glance momentarily over her shoulder in order to direct her course. Oh, how I blessed now her courage and endurance, for on these, humanly speaking, hung all David Royal's hopes of life!

She was desperately handicapped, and I scarcely dared to breathe. Nearer and nearer the boat and the swimmer approached one another, but the shark was approaching too—in uncertain dashes, Heaven be thanked, and as if he were only half in earnest. I closed my eyes—I could no longer bear the agony of being the helpless spectator of such a tragedy . . .

Then I heard Althea say in strained, unnatural tones—

'This side, Mr. Royal—so—do not move, Julius.'

I looked again. David was close to the boat—but, merciful Heaven, did Althea know how near the shark was also? Powerless and fascinated I gazed. Yes—she did—her eye was on him—and just at the right moment, that moment which would otherwise have

left nothing of David Royal to be seen but a dark red stain upon the water, the boat, impelled by two strokes of the oars in which all her remaining strength seemed to be concentrated, shot between the shark and his intended victim, the brute's nose just grazing the bows and turning him suddenly discomfited from the pursuit. The small craft was on a level with David now, and with the quickness of thought Althea flung herself against the further side, thus adjusting the balance, while he, swiftly but cautiously, gained his refuge.

It was over—but had that shark been in dead earnest, or had the girl's presence of mind failed her, David had been lost.

For a few seconds rescuer and rescued sat in exhausted silence. But the young man speedily recovered, and raising his eyes to Althea as she sat opposite to him, white and trembling now, he laid his hand on hers, which still held the oars. She did not look up, and after a minute he quietly dispossessed her of her seat and began to row slowly to the shore.

The brief twilight was falling, the shark had disappeared, and I, too, turned shorewards—not hurrying, for I felt strangely tired, and shrank from the little crowd upon the sandy beach.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXXXX.

1645-1647.

ARMY AND PARLIAMENT.

THE Battle of Naseby had two great results. It made the army and Cromwell the most powerful force in England, and it was the mortal blow to the cause of Charles. Montrose's defeat at Philiphaugh set the whole Scottish army free to bear down on the King at Newark; and he was forced to leave that place. In the dead of night of the 6th of November, the remnant of Cavalier horse, four or five hundred in number, were brought together in the market-place, and the King joined them—with his beard shaved off, to prevent recognition in case of meeting the enemy,—reached Belvoir Castle that night, and on the ensuing day came for the last time to Oxford.

All was exceedingly dark around him. Fifteen places of strength had in the last five months been taken by the Roundheads, among them Basing House, in which the brave old Henry Paulett, Marquess of Winchester, had held out for two whole years; and only two bodies of Cavaliers were still in arms—one in Devonshire under Lord Hopton, the other on the borders of Wales under Lord Astley, both of whom had been made peers as the only reward in the poor King's power. So great was his distress that he wrote to his son, Charles, to prepare him for being sent abroad.

He made a fresh attempt at negotiations with the Parliament, but at this very time a disclosure was made which did him more harm than anything which had yet happened. The Scottish army in Ulster had never ceased fighting with the Irish, and in a skirmish near Sligo, the Romanist Archbishop was killed, and his carriage taken. In it were found papers by which it appeared that Lord Glamorgan, the eldest son of the Marquess of Worcester, had been sent over to Ireland with the promise of liberty, toleration, and equal rights to the Irish Roman Catholics, provided they would furnish the King with 10,000 men, and also with supplies to carry on the war in England.

How much of this Charles authorised was uncertain. The original documents have not been preserved, and only two letters remain in the Vatican Library, one of which thanks Glamorgan for his services, and the other appears as if he had exceeded his instructions. It is to

be remembered that the Lords of the Pale were honourable men, and no rebels at heart; and that there was nothing but justice here promised to them; but in the popular English mind, mercy to a Roman Catholic was like sparing a Canaanite, and the whole ten thousand were supposed to be lawless savages about to wreak their fury on the English homesteads. The Marquess of Ormond, seeing how much the idea would injure the King, had Glamorgan arrested for treating with the rebels, and injuring the King's cause. Glamorgan would not show his instructions, and said 'he might have exceeded them,' and Charles disavowed all but that he had been sent to Ireland to raise soldiers.

This, however, was not believed, and the Parliament in their indignation requested Cromwell to retain his command in spite of the self-denying ordinance. On the 16th of February, 1646, Fairfax defeated Hopton at Torrington, and drove him through Cornwall to the Land's End. His troops would not fight again, and he learnt that the men of Truro hoped to put an end to the war by delivering up the Prince of Wales, whereupon he sent the youth off with Hyde to the Scilly Isles, and, after making terms for his army, followed thither with Lord Capel.

Old Lord Astley, who had been on the march to join the King at Oxford, was met by Sir William Brereton at Stowe, and defeated after a gallant resistance and the loss of more than half his men. He was obliged to surrender, when he was so much exhausted that his captors brought a drum for him to sit upon. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you have done your work. You may now go to play, unless you fall out among yourselves.'

This was exactly what was happening. The moderate men, who had begun the war, were getting greatly alarmed at the power of the army; and there were plans on foot for bringing the King to Whitehall, when the City, now heartily weary of the war, would have welcomed him with transport. The Parliament were exceedingly alarmed at the idea; and, forgetting all their distrust of the army, called on Fairfax to hasten upon Oxford.

Colonel Rainsborough with three regiments arrived before the place. The fortifications had been rendered exceedingly strong, but there was no use in holding out, when no army remained to relieve the garrison. Charles offered to 'give himself up if Rainsborough would pledge himself by an oath to conduct him safely to Parliament, but this was refused, and the King had no alternative but to escape before the place was fully invested, and throw himself upon the Scottish Covenanting army.

The Scots had never dropped their connection with France, and the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, had sent over an agent called Montreuil, who had dealt with both parties, and assured the King that he would find a safe and honourable asylum among the Scots, his original fellow-countrymen.

With this hope, on the 27th of April, 1646, Charles left Oxford, only accompanied by Colonel Ashburnham and a clergyman named Hudson, who knew the country well. The King was disguised as a groom, and carried a portmanteau on his horse, and at the same time three other men went out in the same order at each gate of the city. They took the London road, and at Harrow-on-the-Hill Charles drew rein, and looked long upon the towers and spires, trying to decide whether he should go on his way, or enter Whitehall and rally the loyal around him. Finally, in a slow and hesitating manner, he turned his horse's head to the north. Montreuil had promised to meet him at Harborough, but failed to keep his appointment. The King sent Dr. Hudson to look for him, and went to Downham, where he made inquiries for a ship to take him to Scotland—but in vain—and presently was joined by Hudson, bringing a note from Montreuil, saying the Scots had given their word to fulfil their engagement to the King, but he could get no written pledge from them.

Utterly wearied out, the King accepted this security, repaired to Montreuil's lodgings, and on the 5th of May, 1646, was conducted by him into the headquarters of the Scots at Kelham. Old Lord Leven and his officers pretended to be much astonished. They treated the King, however, with much respect, but they watched him closely, and when he was going to give the password for the night, Leven said: 'I beg your Majesty's pardon, but as I am the oldest soldier here, your Majesty will permit me to perform that duty.'

There had been great agitation in London at the tidings that the King had quitted Oxford. He was said to be hidden in the City, and a proclamation was put forth that any person who concealed him should be put to death. Officers were sent off to seek him everywhere, and the loyal were as anxious and uncertain as the rebels.

On the evening of the 6th of May, messengers came to announce that the King was in the Scottish camp. There was a great outcry against the Scots, whom the English viewed as mercenaries in their pay, and the Commons voted that Parliament alone had the right to dispose of the Royal person, and that he should be conducted to Warwick Castle. The Lords, however, refused to ratify this vote, but decided that the Scottish army should be closely watched by the English. Charles had been immediately required by the Scots to send orders to Lord Bellasis, the governor of Newark, to yield it to Colonel Poyntz, also to cause Montrose to lay down his arms, and moreover he was to sign the Covenant. The two first he did, and the Scots then moved off with him to Newcastle, where they were near their own border. To induce him to take the Covenant, Alexander Henderson, one of their most distinguished preachers, was sent to instruct him. Charles had something of his father's taste for controversy, and as he had once argued on the Romish questions with the Marquess of Worcester, so he now discussed Calvinism with Mr. Henderson. Both were calm and showed no virulence or bitter-

ness, treating one another respectfully, and the controversy was afterwards printed—only strengthening each side in attachment to its own cause. Henderson died before the summer was over, and the Royalists said it was of remorse at having contradicted his sacred Majesty—a rumour which gave great concern to the General Assembly.

The Scots had refused to yield the King to the Parliament, but he was in correspondence with the two Houses, and at their bidding he sent orders to his few remaining garrisons to surrender. Pendennis and the 'faithful city of Worcester' were given up. Oxford, with its ancient colleges and numerous clergy, had to open its gates to the rude and sacrilegious spoiler; and last of all the royal standard was hauled down at Ragland Castle, after a two years' siege, the journal of which has been preserved, recording all Lord Glamorgan's ingenious and wonderful mechanical devices for baffling the enemy. The story may be read in 'St. George and St. Michael,' the best of all the many romances founded on this war. The brave and good Marquess of Worcester, an unwieldy man of eighty, dropsical and asthmatic, was taken to London, where he soon died, so poor that the House of Lords voted a sum for his funeral.

Orders came down to Oatlands, that the infant princess Henrietta Anne, should join her brothers and sister at Sion House. Her guardian-governess, Lady Dalkeith, by birth a Villiers, wife of the eldest son of the Earl of Morton, on this disguised herself in an old gown as a servant's wife, stuffing out her back with linen to hide her tall, graceful figure, and dressing her little two-year-old charge in rags, as a boy, and calling her Piers, as a sound resembling her lisps of Princess. Thus the faithful lady carried the child on her back to Dover, often alarmed by the little thing's passionate endeavours to assure every one that these rags and dirt were not her proper clothes, and she was not boy Piers, but the Princess. Safely reaching France, little Henrietta was restored to her mother, who received her with ecstasy, and vowed to bring her up in the Roman Catholic Church.

But though no Cavalier still fought in the King's name, Charles had hopes in the disagreement of the Parliamentarians and army, or rather of the Presbyterians and Independents—neither definition of course entirely covering the adherents of the two parties, since many of the Parliamentary sympathisers were officers, and some of the most distinguished Independents were civilians, such as the poet, John Milton, who had turned his pen to the production of political pamphlets so heterodox that the Presbyterian clergy had reported him to the House, but without effect. Religiously, the desire of the Parliament was Calvinism; politically, it was a monarchy with a king closely restricted. The theory of the army was universal toleration in religious matters, except of 'superstition;' in secular ones a republic. The Ironsides (mostly men who had read nothing but their Bibles) looked for a government of the Saints modelled on its books of conquest, with Cromwell for their Joshua, and the Church and Royalists for Canaanites.

Parliament began to feel that it had conjured up an instrument much too strong for it, and hoped to tame it with rewards. Cromwell was granted £2,500 a year from the lands of Lord Worcester; Fairfax received an income, of £5,000 and others in proportion. But such measures only served to increase this formidable power; and the House of Commons sent Commissioners to Newcastle, headed by the Earls of Pembroke and Suffolk, to carry their proposals to the King, but without power to modify them. They were, that he should adopt the Covenant, should abolish the Church, give up the whole military force of England to the Parliament for twenty years, and allow seventy-one of his most faithful friends to be excluded from the amnesty, and all who had fought in his cause to be excluded from public employment as long as the Commons might see fit.

Every one urged him to accept these terms—the Earls of Argyle and Loudon naturally did so, even on their knees—and the French Ambassador, M. de Bellièvre, assured him that it was the only way out of his trouble. Charles had written to Bishop Juxon to inquire whether it would be lawful for him to comply in a temporary manner, so as to recover his regal power, when he made no doubt of being able to bring back Episcopacy. Juxon, ever simple and straightforward, made answer that he had no right to do any such thing as make an engagement against his conscience which he did not intend to keep.

The Queen, however—to whom one Protestant was no worse than another, and who deemed that no faith was to be kept with rebels—not only sent him letters by Montreuil, but sent the witty poet and playwright, Sir William Davenant, to tell him that his resistance was disapproved of by all his friends.

‘By what friends?’ asked Charles.

‘By Lord Jermyn, Sir.’

‘Jermyn understands nothing about the Church.’

‘Lord Colepepper is of the same opinion.’

‘Colepepper has no religion. What does Hyde think of it?’

‘We do not know, Sir—the Chancellor is not at Paris, he has chosen to remain in Jersey.’

Davenant added some words so contemptuous of the Church and the Bishops that the King angrily ordered him out of his presence. Charles sent away the Commissioners with a letter, desiring to come to London and treat in person. It was a virtual rejection of these proposals. The Independents were delighted, but the Covenanters, both Scotch and English, were wrathfully disappointed. The Scotch declared that they would not take him into their kingdom till he had accepted the Covenant, and sent messages to the Parliament, offering to surrender all the places they held in England and withdraw themselves to Scotland. The Lords thanked them for their services, the Commons forbade any one to speak evil of them. But then came the questions—How about the arrears of payment to them? And what was to be done with the King’s person?

They demanded £700,000, though they were brought to profess themselves willing to accept £400,000; but they were made to understand that they would not get this unless they acknowledged that to the English Parliament alone belonged the right of disposing of the King's person.

In the meantime, the Duke of Hamilton arrived at Newcastle. He was bred a Presbyterian but was sincerely attached to the King, and through him, such strong solicitations were made, that Charles offered to reduce the Church to five dioceses, provided he might have free worship for himself and his children. But nothing would satisfy the Covenanters except the utter extinction of Prelacy, and this fell to the ground.

Meanwhile the first instalment of what was really the price of his blood, was sent off from London in gold and silver, packed in thirty-six waggons, containing two hundred parcels, all sealed with the new seals of the two nations, and escorted by a guard of soldiers under the command of Skippon. It was received at York with a salute of cannon, and handed over to the Scots at Northallerton.

Nine Commissioners started from London to receive the King on the part of the Parliament. It was while they were on their way, that a Scottish minister, preaching before him at Newcastle, gave out the 52nd Psalm—

‘Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself
Thy wicked deeds to prove?’

Charles stood up in his place, and in the general pause, begged that the previous one might be sung—the Miserere,

‘Have mercy on me, Lord, after
Thy great abounding grace.’

The whole assembly joined, in a manner that showed their pity for him, and scandal at the insult.

‘I am bought and sold,’ he said, only too truly.

He was, however, gracious to the Commissioners, congratulated old Lord Pembroke on being so little fatigued by the long journey, and inquired into the state of the roads. One more attempt was made by Lord Lauderdale and the other Scots to induce him to take the Covenant, in which case he would have been heartily greeted in Scotland. They even offered to bribe Montreuil to obtain a promise from him; but the King was resolute against sacrificing the Church, though he treated the gentlemen courteously and made no complaints.

On the 9th of February, 1647, he was made over to the English; and the Scots returned home, reproached in many a ballad for having sold their King, while Charles's refusal of the Covenant is treated as simple obstinacy by those who cannot comprehend conscientious attachment to the Church.

A regiment of horse escorted the King southwards. Much affection

was evinced for him—the people flocked to gaze on him and greet him, and numbers afflicted with scrofula or king's evil were brought at each halting-place for the benefit of his touch. The Commissioners tried in vain to hinder this concourse, and the soldiers durst not deal roughly with the people. At Nottingham, where Sir Thomas Fairfax was in command, he came out to meet the King, and rode by his side in conversation. When they parted, Charles observed that the General was a man of honour, and he arrived the next day, the 16th of February, at Holmby House, gratified by his reception from his subjects.

There he remained with the semblance of a Court. There was apparently free access to his person; he had his usual attendants, rode, hunted, and played at bowls at Harrowden and at Althorp, also spending a good deal of time in reading and writing. But he was carefully watched by two Parliamentary Commissioners, Maltby and Greaves; he was not allowed his own chaplains, only Presbyterian ministers. No one was admitted to his presence without an order from Parliament; and the people who came to be touched for the king's evil were dismissed by the guard.

Meantime, the two chief powers in the realm, Parliament and Army, were at issue. The Commons, having gained the victory, their object was now to get rid of the army.

Fairfax, the commander-in-chief, was a Presbyterian, but not after their pattern, having no fanaticism or intolerance in his nature, and a good deal of loyalty. Most of the other generals were Independents. The Lieutenant-General, Cromwell, though not yet highest in rank, was by far the strongest power, and, when he chose, could lead Fairfax by the way of reason and common sense, and deal with the others by appealing either to party spirit or to fanaticism, according to which was strongest in them. Ireton, Lambert, Harrison, Pryde, Rich, Rainsborough, were all colonels formed under his guidance, embodied in his famous dictum: 'Trust in God, and keep your powder dry,' and were all ready to dare and do anything for the cause, such as he made them see it; while the subordinates and the privates were of the same Ironside quality. They belonged to all manner of sects, and among them were many Fifth Monarchy men, so called because they believed themselves to be about to set up that fifth kingdom which Daniel had seen in vision overthrowing all the kingdoms of the world; but all alike were welded together by strongest ties of brotherhood, and were full of vague expectations of producing a wonderful renovation of some kind.

On this force fell the vote of the sober-minded Presbyterian majority of the Parliament, that all the army should be disbanded, except what was needed for the Irish war and for garrisons. No member of Parliament was to serve in it, and all officers were to be Presbyterians sworn to the Covenant; and the troops, until they were paid off, were to be removed to a greater distance from London.

Cromwell knew that there would be a strong and indignant resistance, but he held back from seeming to promote it, and remained in town, taking his place in the House of Commons, and appearing submissive. A petition came up signed by fourteen officers, very moderate in its terms, and this, being coldly received, was followed by one much stronger and more explicit, and signed by all the officers of the regiments within reach—not addressed to the House of Commons, but to Fairfax—and declaring that the expedition to Ireland was only a cloak for separating the men from their officers and preventing justice from being done them.

On this the Commons ordered Cromwell, Skippon, Ireton and Fleetwood to repair to their regiments and pacify them; and on the other hand, Pryde, Hammond, and other officers came up to Westminster to justify themselves. Each side went on taking its measures. The Parliament voted that such regiments as refused to serve in Ireland should be disbanded, and appointed the places, and forwarded an instalment of the sums of money for this purpose.

The troops, however, were indignant at this treatment. They marched about with colours flying, made fortresses of the churches, and refused obedience; and Fairfax found himself helpless to restore order. All he could do was to convene a council of officers, and inform Parliament in their name that the money voted was insufficient, and that the army must have better security. At the same time, the troops moved to Triploe Heath, secured the artillery at Oxford, and seized £4000 of the money intended to pay them, and another important step was taken.

The King was playing at bowls on Althorp Down, about two miles from Holmby, attended by the two Commissioners, when they observed among the people looking on, a gentleman in the uniform of Fairfax's guards. They spoke to him, and he answered courteously, but as if he meant to hold his ground. They asked him if he had heard that a body of horse was on the way to Holmby.

'I have more than heard,' he said; 'I saw them yesterday, not far from this spot.' There was much alarm at this, and an instant return to Holmby, where the garrison promised to support the Commissioners. At two o'clock in the morning, a party of horse came up to the gate and demanded admittance.

'Who is your commander?' asked the Commissioners.

'We are all commanders,' was the answer, and then the same person who had been seen on the Downs came forward, said he was Cornet Joyce, and demanded to speak with the King.

'By whose desire?' he was asked.

'By my own,' he answered.

There was a laugh at this, but he sternly said there was nothing to laugh at. 'I am not come to ask your advice; I must see the King immediately.'

Greaves bade the garrison prepare to fire on the intruders, but they

had been in parley with their comrades, had lowered the portcullis, admitted them to the courtyard, and were shaking hands with them, and promising to stand by them. Having thus secured possession of the place, and posted sentinels of his own, Joyce waited till ten o'clock the next night, when, pistol in hand, he demanded admittance to the King.

He was told that his Majesty was in bed.

'I care not,' he said. 'I have waited long enough; I must see him.'

The gentlemen in waiting still refused, and the dispute became so loud that the King rang, and desired that he should be admitted. He came in, with his hat off, and, with fair civility, though still holding his pistol, said that his comrades were apprehensive of the King being taken out of their hands, and had sent to conduct him to a place of greater security. Charles undertook to go with him if his soldiers should confirm all that he had promised.

At six o'clock the next morning, the King, attended by the Commissioners, was on the steps leading from the hall door, and before him were Joyce's troop on horseback in full array. Joyce advanced to the foot of the stair.

'Mr. Joyce,' said the King, 'I must ask you by what authority you pretend to seize me, and take me from this place.'

'Sir,' returned Joyce, 'I am sent by command of the army, to prevent the designs of their enemies, whose desire is once more to overwhelm the kingdom in blood.'

'This is no legal authority,' answered Charles. 'I acknowledge no other in England than my own, and after mine that of Parliament. Have you a written warrant from Sir Thomas Fairfax?'

'I have orders from the army,' was the reply; 'the General is comprised in the army.'

'That is no answer. The General is at the head of the army. Have you a written warrant?'

'I beg that your Majesty will question me no further. I have already said enough.'

'Come, Mr. Joyce, be frank with me; tell me, where is your warrant?'

'There it is, Sir.'

'Where?'

'There!'

'But where?'

'There! Behind me,' and he pointed to the line of soldiers.

The King smiled, and said: 'Never did I before see such a warrant! It is written in fair characters to be read without spelling! These gentlemen are all wonderfully well equipped, and very good looking. But you must know that to take me from hence, you must employ force, if you do not promise that I shall be treated with respect, and that nothing will be required of me against my conscience or my honour.'

'Nothing! Nothing!' was the cry of all the soldiers.

'It is not our rule,' said Joyce, 'to constrain any one's conscience, and especially that of our King.'

'Whither are you going to take me?'

'To Oxford, Sir, if you please.'

'No, the air is not wholesome.'

'Then to Cambridge.'

'No, I would rather go to Newmarket—it is an air that I have always liked.'

'As you please, Sir.'

The Commissioners made an appeal to the soldiers as to whether all approved of Joyce's proceedings, and found there was not one dissentient voice. They were permitted to accompany the King; and as the cavalcade started, Joyce sent off a messenger to London, with a letter for Cromwell, or, if he were not to be found, it was to be given to Haslerigg, or as a third choice to Fleetwood. It was this last who received the letter, and conveyed the news to Fairfax and Cromwell, who were together. Fairfax was much disquieted. 'I do not like it,' he said. 'Who can have given such orders?'

'It was quite necessary it should be done,' said Cromwell, 'or the King would have been taken and had back to London.'

On this Fairfax sent Colonel Whalley with two regiments of horse to Newmarket to take the King back to Holmby, but he refused to go, though still protesting against the violence with which he had been taken. At Childersley, near Cambridge, Fairfax and all his officers met the King, and all greeted him respectfully, and kissed his hand, with the exception of Cromwell and Ireton, who kept aloof.

Fairfax protested that he had nothing to do with Joyce's expedition.

'I shall not believe it,' said Charles, 'unless you have Joyce hanged.'

Joyce was sent for and exonerated Sir Thomas. 'I told the King,' he said, 'that I had no warrant from the General. I acted on the orders of the army. Let the whole army be summoned, and if three parts of them do not approve of what I have done, I consent to be hanged in the presence of them all.'

Then Fairfax talked of a court-martial, but was so evidently helpless that Charles said: 'Sir, I am as powerful in this army as you are!'

He was taken back by his own desire to Newmarket, while Cromwell returned to Parliament, and there solemnly declared that he was as ignorant as the child unborn of Cornet Joyce's proceedings; but he was not believed, and soon after two officers came to give Sir Harbottle Grimstone information that in a council of leaders of the army Cromwell had said that the House of Commons needed purging, and none could do that save the army. Grimstone took them at once

to Westminster, and made them repeat their evidence before the House, whereupon Cromwell fell on his knees, and with tears and sobs avouched his fidelity to the Parliament; after which he made a speech two hours long, which so entirely convinced the House, that they were almost ready to send Sir Harbottle to prison as a libeller.

That very night, however, Cromwell went off to Triploe Heath, and openly headed the army in their requisitions, as they marched towards London, demanding a general reform, and the impeachment of Denzil Hollis and ten more members.

Meanwhile the King had been better treated by Fairfax than by the Parliamentary guards. He was allowed the attendance of his chaplains, Doctors Hammond and Sheldon; and his friends, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Southampton and the Marquess of Hertford, were permitted to come to visit him. Fairfax even procured leave for him to see his three children, James, Elizabeth and Henry, who were under the charge of the Earl of Northumberland at Sion House. They met him at Maidenhead, a number of people gathering on the way, and scattering flowers before the poor children, the two younger of whom he had not seen for five years, so that little Henry, who was only seven years old, did not know him. They went to his present abode at Caversham and spent two days with him.

Each party felt as if the authority of their own side depended upon throwing the King into the scale, and thus sufficient attention was paid to him to revive his hopes. Officers of the army who had never seen him before were greatly struck by finding him so unlike the dissolute, godless tyrant they had imagined. Legge, Berkeley and Ashburnham, fugitive Cavaliers, were allowed to come from France to bring him a message from the Queen, and on their way, Cromwell and Rainsborough saw them, and sent the King, through them, very fair and moderate proposals.

Charles, however, received these very coolly, not trusting to them, and believing that, by holding out a little longer, he should secure his own terms. While the argument was going on, news arrived that London was in an uproar. The feeling of the citizens had always been in favour of the Parliament and against the army, and this had been increased by the presence of the more moderate officers, who had been dishanded after serving under Essex and Waller; and now that in the House the Independent or Army party had cowed the Presbyterian or original Parliamentarian party, and assumed the direction of the City Militia, their discontent was great. Lord Lauderdale, the Scottish Commissioner, was sent to the King, and a covenant or manifesto was exhibited in Skinners' Hall, by which the Londoners bound themselves to bring the King to Westminster that he might confer with the Parliament. Thousands of persons of all ranks subscribed it; copies were sent all over England, and a petition carried up to the Commons in accordance with it.

They, however, voted the engagement treasonable, and thus caused a tremendous storm. The whole multitude of apprentices, backed by the mob and the discharged soldiers, roared and threatened at the doors of the House, till the members, worn out and terrified, passed a vote repealing their censure, and tried to break up, but the rabble forced them back, and obliged them to vote that the King should be brought back to Westminster. The only member who durst resist was Ludlow, who shouted 'No!' in their teeth.

Many of the members, Lord Manchester and Lenthall the Speaker at their head, fled away to the army for protection; but the remnant elected another Speaker, Mr. Pelham, and the eleven members who had been ousted resumed their seats; all in accordance with the City. Thousands swore to do their utmost for the King; cannon were placed on the walls; an invitation to him was voted in the House, and proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the streets.

Charles hoped that this new element in the struggle might so work for him as to bring him back without committing himself to the demands of either Presbyterians or Independents. He delayed his answer, and the soldiers, thinking this due to Lord Lauderdale's intrigues, called that gentleman out of his bed at midnight, and sent him back to London.

The City has never overruled the country as Paris has done. When it was known that Fairfax was at Hounslow Heath, the valiant 'prentices began to quake, and remember that they had no arms but their clubs. Nobody offered the slightest opposition, as a regiment of foot, followed by another of horse, entered the streets; then Fairfax on horseback, with his staff and body-guard; then carriages bearing the fugitive members, and another regiment of cavalry. The Lord Mayor and aldermen were all drawn up in Hyde Park to receive and compliment the General, but Fairfax hardly vouchsafed to salute them, or the Common Council who awaited him at Charing Cross. He then reinstated Lenthall in his chair, and took possession of the Tower. Two days later the entire army with Skippon and Cromwell was marched through the City, without a single act of violence or excess being committed—the citizens and their 'prentices were simply to be overawed, but no insult, no injury, was permitted; and these stern, grim, but perfectly disciplined, men implicitly obeyed. The Common Council, rejoicing at their immunity, invited Fairfax to a state banquet, and when he refused, sent him a golden ewer.

It was really the victory of Independency over Presbyterianism, and the fall of the civil power before the military force it had evoked; but probably in the entire history of the world, never had such a victory been gained so entirely without ferocity, bloodshed, or violence of any sort.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXVI.

THE FINAL RUBRICS.

Susan. We did not quite finish.

Aunt Anne. No, there was too much still to come at the end of our talk.

S. There are the Blessing, the Collects, and the Rubric.

A. The place of the Blessing used to be earlier, after the Lord's Prayer and the Breaking of the Bread, and before the *Agnus Dei*, nor was it quite the same as ours. The idea was *then* to bless in the name of Him who was especially present on the Altar, the idea now to dismiss with the blessing on us.

S. What was the former dismissal?

A. The deacon said *Benedicamus Domino* or *Ite Missa est*, according to the season.

S. The beginning of this is St. Paul's blessing to the Philippians (Ch. iv. 7).

A. And the latter part seems to have been taken from old English liturgies. It has stood as it is ever since 1549, so that generation upon generation of our forefathers have been sent to their homes with that precious blessing beyond all thought, which continues our great High Priest's own blessing, 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you' (John xiv. 27). I thought of those words when I heard of Communion celebrated in the camp before Sevastopol.

S. Do not Bonar's words breathe their spirit?

'Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.'

If one could only always remember that this peace has been pronounced over us to keep our hearts and minds!

A. If one could!

S. It is the special Eucharistic blessing, is it not? Many clergymen only give it after a Communion.

A. Yes, it is the more correct way to reserve it for that occasion, and at other times to use one of the other benedictions, the latter part

as in the Confirmation Service, the 'Grace' as in Matins, or the Israelite benediction given (in part) in the Communion Service.

S. The collects are placed afterwards.

A. Because there is a choice of them, and besides, they are not intended for use at a Celebration, but, as you see in the Rubric, to be used when there is only an Offertory, or after Morning and Evening Prayer. I remember when it was the custom to use them before or after the sermon, and how puzzled I was, as a child, to know where they came from, not being acquainted with the entire Communion Service.

S. I remember you said that in 1549, all the Occasional Prayers then existing were printed with these. I wonder these were not also transferred to the 'Prayers and Thanksgivings.'

A. I imagine because these are more a kind of appendix to the Litany, and these are meant to follow the Church Militant prayer, when there is no Communion, but may be used after the third collect at Matins or Evensong, and often are, when there is anything to make them especially applicable.

S. I see that only the two last have the regular collect construction, of preface and petition. The others all start with the petition. Are they very old?

A. The first, second, and fourth are the oldest. 'Assist us' comes through the Sarum Missal from the Sacramentaries of SS. Gelasius and Gregory, where it belongs to the Mass said on behalf of persons about to go on a journey.

S. Ah! that is why it speaks of being defended among all the changes and chances of this mortal life.

A. Knowing this, it seems to me that, just as the third Evensong Collect carries the thought of coming night on to the darkness of this world, so this collect looks from the journey to the travelling through this world.

'At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend,
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.'

S. Is there any special occasion for the second?

A. Not that I know of. It is curious, however, to compare it with the Latin, for where we say 'preserved in body and soul,' the original is *sani et salvi esse mereamur*.

S. As if *sani* was expanded to mean sound in body, and *salvi* safe in soul.

A. The third collect was taken from an old book of prayers. Blunt says it is a paraphrase from one in the Liturgy of St. James. It was placed there in 1549, when the Scriptures had just begun to be read in English, and there was an earnest desire to teach and edify by sermons. It is a most suitable prayer when instruction has been one especial object in a service, and is often said after a sermon.

S. And the fourth seems especially to belong to the beginning of an undertaking. The use of the word *Prevent* might have shown me at once that it is an old Latin one, it is so evidently translated from *Præ-venire*, to go before.

A. Evidently alluding to the promise of Isaiah, 'Righteousness shall go before thee, and the glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward' (Is. lviii. 8).

S. Like the pillar of cloud and fire going behind the Israelites to guard them from the Egyptians, though it went before to show them the way. I have so often heard it said at some foundation laying or opening with the words 'in this' inserted before 'and all our works begun, continued, and ended in Thee,' that I had to look to see whether they were in the Prayer-book. Those words do tell us much of how all our undertakings should be taken up and gone on with.

A. For God's sake, and as submissive to His will and guidance. It is the only way not to follow too much the devices and desires of our own hearts, nor to do even good things for our own glory instead of God's. The last two collects are peculiarly English—probably composed by the Reformers.

S. The first is a very excellent one, entreating to have all the deficiencies in our prayers supplied by Him who knows our weakness. 'Those things which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us for the worthiness of Thy Son——'

A. Surely the Holy Spirit, who helpeth our infirmities, since we know not what we should pray for as we ought, must have inspired the words of that collect. The final one is like an amplification of the Prayer of St. Chrysostom, as if there had been a feeling that when that did not conclude the service, some such great Amen was wanted to seal our prayers and intercessions.

S. Then come the rubrics; traces of battle-fields again, I suppose?

A. Yes. They were altered twice, in 1552 and 1661, and represent much of the changes of feeling in the Church.

S. The first tells where the service should end when there is no Communion.

A. It is plain enough, but was almost universally disobeyed till about forty years ago. The Sunday morning preacher always ended by one or more of the collects, and the blessing from the pulpit. When attention began to be paid to the rubrics, this was one of the first to attract notice, and Bishop Blomfield's and Bishop Philpotts's injunctions to observe it, thus necessitating a return to the Altar, and in most cases the wearing the surplice in the pulpit, led to the opposition we spoke of before.

S. When we were concerned with the prayer for the Church Militant.

A. I believe the rubric was meant to be in conformity with what

was called a *Missa Sicca*; when a priest who had previously celebrated, or had any other cause for not celebrating at the time, read the Epistle and Gospel, said the Lord's Prayer, and gave the Benediction. There is a rubric to the same effect in King Edward's first book: 'Whensoever the people be customably assembled to pray in the Church, and none disposed to communicate with the Priest.'

S. Then the next two forbid Celebrations unless there are at the least three communicants.

A. Blunt quotes enactments of ancient synods to the same effect, one at York in 1195. It came, however, to be the rule, as it still is in the Roman Church, that each priest should daily offer up the Holy Eucharist, whether with communicants or not, and, as you know, cathedrals and large churches had many different altars and chapels, at the east end of aisles, the east wall of transepts and the like.

S. Oh yes. I have seen the remains against pillars and in little chantries.

A. You observe that these canons were not of great councils, but only of local synods, and binding in the places subject to these. It is certain, from the example of St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Ambrose, and others, that Masses unattended, or only by a server, were celebrated. By the 10th century, it was the custom for each priest to celebrate daily, and every church to have its daily Celebration, independently of any congregation or communicants.

S. Then this rubric prevented that—why?

A. Partly out of the Reformers' hatred of the idea of sacrifice or adoration, but also from the desire to prevent the bespeaking of masses with special intention, which had come to involve great abuses.

S. I know many books speak of it as a grievous superstition.

A. As in its abuse it came to be. But it was a true and Catholic doctrine that the offering pleads the one great Sacrifice for the benefit of the entire body of the Church, whether on earth or departed; and likewise that a special desire, petition, or intercession, might be commended at the time, the Communion being made with that *intention*, according to the technical expression, though, of course, the real intention goes much higher. Well, as evil days came on, and there was ignorance on one side and greed on the other, Masses for special purposes were asked for, and paid for.

S. But a priest could only say one a day, could he?

A. Except on Christmas Day, and in cases of very dire necessity. So the priest's one Mass was secured for that special purpose.

S. Then they had Masses for the dead.

A. The belief in a period of purification for the imperfect came gradually to be formulated and defined in an unauthorised manner. Then the fact that the Holy Eucharist is offered both for the living

and dead made people desire to have it celebrated with a view to intercession for their own individual friends; and by-and-by came the habit, presumptuous if not sacrilegious, of estimating the number of Masses that were supposed to suffice to free a soul, so that it was regarded as a pious duty to pay for a sufficient number, or to endow a chantry where priests might be salaried to say their daily Masses for certain persons or families.

S. Since a priest might say only one Mass a day, if this were a true doctrine, the rich would have a great advantage over the poor.

A. Exactly, and this is doubly the case now, when the number of priests is cut down, and there is no longer the possibility of endowment for that special purpose. The abuse had risen to a great height at the time of the Reformation, and these Rubrics were designed to guard against it, by preventing solitary Masses without communicants, though, as you see, the fourth rubric endeavoured to secure constant Communion wherever there were clergymen enough to ensure, 'a convenient' (meaning suitable) number; and Bishop Cosin, following his master, Overall, wrote: 'Better were it to endure the absence of the people than for the minister to neglect the usual and daily sacrifice of the Church, by which all people, whether they be there or no, reap so much benefit.'

S. And it is one of the great improvements and blessings of our time that Sunday and festival Communion has been restored in such a large proportion of churches—Thursday in many, and daily in some.

A. Bishop Cosin took out the words 'once a month' from the injunction to the clergy in collegiate churches. In point of fact, the slackness in communicating had begun long before the Reformation, and the rubric before the last was meant to bring the people oftener.

S. What, three times a year an advance!

A. Indeed it was. Every one, not excommunicate, did communicate at Easter, or rather on Low Sunday, so called, because to save time, the Celebration was simple and not ornate; but it was held to be extra devout to receive oftener, and there had hardly been time to train people to better habits before the Rebellion threw them back, although the Restoration landed them on a higher level. Still, I can remember when the three Celebrations, or at most four, were habitual in ordinary congregations. Then the more careful clergymen gave a second, on the ensuing Sunday, for the sake of the unavoidably hindered; and about forty years ago the monthly Celebrations began, and gradually the present ways prevailed—blessings that should make us 'be not high-minded, but fear,' recollecting especially how the great restorations among God's people of old were preparations for heavy trials.

S. The rubric as to the kind of Bread we discussed before. It goes on to the Holy Elements being consumed at the time.

A. I have seen this reverently done by the last set of communi-

cants, generally the aged poor, but now there is more care not to consecrate too much, and the priests consume it themselves, as is fitter. I remember when I used to think the prohibition to carry any out of church was in imitation of the Paschal lamb, none of which might be taken out of the house.

S. But of course it was to prevent the carrying the Host in procession.

A. Calvinistically-minded persons were often sorely distressed, when they met such processions, since they thought it idolatrous to bow or kneel.

S. Yes, I have read of their difficulty, and grieved over the conscientiousness that showed itself in want of honour and worship where it was due.

A. Alas! those things come of the former fouling of pure wells. It was the material belief in an actual transformation that these people so revolted from, as to frame the rule which prevents the sick from being communicated from the Celebration in church.

S. Is there not a possibility that this may be altered?

A. It has been proposed in Convocation, and, though once rejected, may very likely be brought forward again. The rubric, too, was intended to prevent reservation. You know Roman Catholics consider that the Presence of the Holy Sacrament is the principal consecration of their churches, and never allow it to be absent. I do not feel capable of working out whether our present rule is the safer one; I only tell you as a matter of history that so it is.

S. The objection to kneeling sprang from the same spirit. But we went through that before.

A. Yes. What is called the 'black rubric,' I believe, because it was printed black to distinguish it from the red ones, was meant to pacify these scruples. It was added in 1552, and then declared that there is no 'real and essential' Presence of Christ's Nature, Flesh and Blood. Cosin, however, seeing the danger of denying the Real Presence, altered this into 'Corporal' Presence. Before we leave this great subject and pass to the other Sacrament, I should like to tell you of three corrections that have been made in my statements. One is this, that the Lutheran doctrine is that the Bread and Wine, the Body and Blood, co-exist simultaneously together in the Holy Elements, making as it were a new composite substance. Next I should tell you, that ancient Catholic liturgies, including the Roman Missal, have a prayer that the earthly offering of Bread and Wine may be borne up to the heavenly Altar, i.e., that it may be consecrated and offered by the One High Priest as His own Body and Blood.

S. If that had been understood, that expression *Sacerdos creat Deum* could never have been used.

A. No, for the earthly priest offers and hallows only earthly gifts, while the consecration and oblation, which alone are effective and profitable, are heavenly and divine, brought indeed into the most

intimate relation with the earthly rite, and giving it its efficacy and value, but not in any sense the acts of the earthly minister. And lastly, I have been assured that the Host, when sent to the sick or to captives, was certainly moistened from the Chalice, as it is still in the Eastern Church for communicating the sick. It is thought by some that the Commixture, or dropping a fragment into the Chalice, is a remnant of this rite.

SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

IN the year of grace 1184, King Henry II., visiting the borders of Wales, became acquainted with a certain Gerald de Barri, then Archdeacon of Brecknock, and about forty years of age. The king was attracted by his learning, and, after employing him in negotiations with the Welsh, made him one of his chaplains, and preceptor to his son, Prince John, with whom he sent him to Ireland as secretary in the following year, 1185.

Gerald de Barri, better known by his Latin name of Giraldus Cambrensis, had been disappointed of preferment a few years previously, the king having refused to confirm his election to the Bishopric of St. David's. For Giraldus was too nearly related to the great families of Wales and to the conquerors of Ireland, not to share in the jealousy with which the latter were regarded by the king. His grandmother was the Princess Nesta, daughter of Rhys ap Tudor, Prince of South Wales, more celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments than for her virtue. She was married, after her illegal union with Henry I., to Gerald de Windsor, castellan of Pembroke, and from this marriage sprang the family of Fitzgerald, whose great spirit of enterprise achieved the conquest of Ireland. A daughter of Gerald and Nesta, named Angharad, married William de Barri, lord of the great castle of Manorbier in Pembrokeshire, and was the mother of Giraldus Cambrensis, doubtless named after his grandfather, Gerald de Windsor. He was thus closely related to the invaders of Ireland—Maurice Fitzgerald and Robert Fitz-Stephen,* the sons of Nesta, being his uncles; and her grandsons, who almost all took part in expeditions to Ireland, being his first cousins.

Without doubt the unity of the family of the conquerors, and the vigour, enterprise and remarkable qualities possessed by the descendants of Nesta, must have increased the jealousy which their success aroused at Court, especially as they numbered amongst them the children of a son whom Nesta had borne to Henry I.

She had five sons, two daughters, and sixteen grandsons; and, of her male descendants, all took part in the invasion of Ireland except Odo Fitzgerald, her eldest legitimate grandson, who became ancestor of the Carews of Wales.

Giraldus, hindered by his calling from sharing in the exploits of his kinsfolk, became their historian, and his notices of Ireland are the more interesting as written by one so closely bound by blood and

* The Fitz-Stephens were children of Nesta by her second marriage with Stephen, Castellan of Abertivy.

friendship to those who had just achieved its conquest, and to whom that almost unknown island had become a country of the greatest interest and importance.

Dermot, Prince of Leinster, whose unlawful passion for the wife of O'Roric, Prince of Meath, caused his expulsion from Ireland, seems to have been a second Rehoboam in dealing with his subjects. 'His youth and inexperience in government, Giraldus writes, 'led him to become the oppressor of the nobility, and to impose a cruel and intolerable tyranny on the chiefs of the land.' When therefore the Prince of Meath, in revenge for his domestic injury, came against him with Roderic, Prince of Connaught, then monarch of all Ireland, 'the people of Leinster, considering in what a strait their prince was, and seeing him beset on every side by bands of enemies, began to call to mind their own long-smothered grievances,' leagued themselves with his foes, and deserted him in his desperate fortunes.

Then followed Dermot's flight to England, and appeal for help to Henry II., at that time in Aquitaine. So far as their own sovereign's mandate went, the children of Nesta were perfectly in the right in affording help to Dermot. For Henry gave him letters patent in which he sent greeting 'to all his liegemen, English, Normans, Welsh, and Scots, and to all other nations subject to his dominion,' and in which he announces:—'Whensoever these our letters shall come unto you, know ye that we have received Dermitius, Prince of Leinster, into our grace and favour. Wherefore, whosoever within the bounds of our territories shall be willing to give him aid, as our vassal and liegeman, in recovering his territories, let him be assured of our favour and license on that behalf.'

An assurance which he was far from making good. The Emerald Isle was too fair a prize not to become a cause of jealousy on the king's part towards her conquerors, and possibly fears on this head may have been felt by his subjects, for Dermot, returning from France, 'reached at last the noble town of Bristol,' and 'during his stay caused the royal letters patent to be read several times in public, and made liberal offers of pay and lands to many persons, but in vain.' Giraldus draws a graphic picture of the exiled Prince journeying to St. David's, in South Wales, 'inflamed with the natural desire of seeing his native land.'

'The passage from hence to Leinster,' he says, 'by sea, may be accomplished in one day's sailing, and the distance is so short that one coast may be seen from another. Thus snuffing from the Welsh coast the air of Ireland wafted on the western breezes, and, as it were, inhaling the scent of his beloved country, Dermot had the no small consolation of sometimes feasting his eyes with the sight of his own land, though the distance was such that it was difficult to distinguish between mountains and clouds.' He did not, however, waste his time in mere longings, but turned it to the best account by making friends with the two half-brothers, Robert Fitz-Stephen and

Maurice Fitzgerald, sons of Princess Nesta. To them he showed his royal letters patent, and promised to grant to them the town of Wexford 'with two adjoining cantreds of land, to be held in fee,' Robert and Maurice promising 'to succour him in recovering his territories, as soon as spring should come and the winds be favourable.'

Dermod himself became impatient, and one day, in August 1169, the wind being favourable he set sail, and landing about twelve miles south of Arklow Head, arrived at Ferns, which seems at this time to have been the principal seat of the Princes of Leinster, Dublin being in the hands of the Ostmen or Norwegians. He was hospitably received and entertained during the winter by the Bishop and Chapter of Ferns, and in May 1170 Robert Fitz-Stephen fulfilled his engagement, and landed on the coast of Wexford with thirty men at arms, of his own kindred and retainers, sixty men in half-armour, and about three hundred archers and foot-soldiers, the flower of the youth of Wales. He was the first of his family to set foot on the shores of that 'distressful country,' with which the fortunes of his house were henceforth to be bound up, and which could no longer remain unnoticed by the power of England. 'Then,' says Giraldus, 'was the old prophecy of Merlin the Wild fulfilled. "A knight bipartite shall first break the bonds of Ireland." On the father's side he was an Anglo-Norman, on the mother's a Cambro-Britain, being the son of the noble lady Nesta.' His armorial bearings were also, in the language of heraldry, bipartite; parti per pale, gules and ermine, with a saltier counter-charged of the same.

Having joined Dermod, and renewed their former engagements, confirming them by many oaths, the combined forces lost no time in attacking Wexford, the town promised to the stranger knights. They were at first repulsed, and Giraldus pauses in his account of the strife to mention that his own young brother, Robert de Barri, who had accompanied his uncle, Robert Fitz-Stephen, to Ireland, was struck upon his helmet by a great stone and with difficulty drawn out of the ditch by his comrades, and that sixteen years afterwards all his jaw teeth fell out from the effects of this blow. 'What is more strange,' Giraldus adds, 'new teeth grew in their places!'

'This Robert de Barri,' he says, 'was the first man-at-arms who was struck down and wounded in this invasion of Ireland. He and Meyler distinguished themselves above the rest by their eminent courage.' They were cousins, both grandsons of Princess Nesta, Meyler's father being her son by King Henry. It is touching, after the lapse of seven centuries, to read the old chronicler's fond praise of his own brother, 'who neither coveted praise nor affected popularity, and strove rather to be always among the first than to appear so. Hence it happened that the less he coveted honour, the more it clung to him; for honour follows virtue, like a shadow the substance, but it deserts those who are most ambitious of it, and clings to those who

despise it, praise being gained in an extraordinary manner when it is avoided.'

'It happened one night,' Giraldus relates, 'that the army encamped in a certain old fortification, and these two young men lying, as they were wont, in the same tent, suddenly there was a great noise, as it were, of many thousands rushing in upon them from all sides, with a great rattling of their arms and clashing of their battle-axes. Such spectral appearances frequently occur in Ireland to those who are engaged in hostile excursions. The alarm was so general that the greater part of the army took to flight and hid themselves in the woods and marshes; but the two cousins, snatching up their arms, ran to the tents of Fitz-Stephen, loudly calling on their scattered comrades to rally for the defence of the camp. Amidst the general confusion Robert de Barri exerted himself actively. For among his various excellent qualities this one was especially noted, that in no attack, however unexpected, in no sudden surprise was he ever known to fear or despair, or to flee shamefully, or to exhibit any consternation of mind.'

Wexford had been taken on the morning after the first repulse, for 'after mass had been celebrated throughout the army, they proceeded to renew the assault with more circumspection and order, relying on their skill as well as courage, and when they drew near to the walls, the townsmen, despairing of being able to defend them, and reflecting that they were disloyally resisting their prince, sent envoys to Dermod commissioned to treat of the terms of peace.' By the mediation of two bishops, who chanced to be in the town, peace was restored, the townsmen submitting to Dermod, and delivering four of their chief men as hostages for their fealty to him. He, forthwith, according to his treaty, granted the town to the half-brothers, Maurice Fitzgerald and Robert Fitz-Stephen, with the whole territory appertaining to it,' the first possession in Ireland which passed to Englishmen.

The combined forces of Dermod and of Nesta's sons advanced into Ossory, where a son of Dermod had been held prisoner by Duvenald, Prince of Ossory, who had put out his eyes. But the invaders did not penetrate far, for 'it being intricate, and full of difficult passes, woods, and bogs, they found that the people were able to make a stout resistance in defence of their country.' Not so when the latter, elated by their successes, ventured into the open country. There, the horsemen of Fitz-Stephen charged, and gained an easy victory; while 'those who were dashed to the ground by the charge of horse had their heads quickly cut off by the broad-axes of Dermod's Irish foot-soldiers.'

This was apparently for the purpose of collecting them as trophies, for about two hundred were laid at Dermod's feet, 'who,' true savage that he was, 'turning them over one by one, in order to recognise them, thrice lifted his hands to heaven in the excess of his joy, and

with a loud voice returned thanks to God most high.' Giraldus proceeds to set forth how Roderic, 'Prince of Connaught and monarch of all Ireland'* gathered the clans together against the invaders, 'considering how great things arise from small beginnings, and foreseeing the evils which threatened himself and his country from the coming in of strangers;' so that the whole of Ireland was soon in league against Dermot and his allies, and how, before they came to blows, a peace was patched up, the whole of Leinster being restored to Dermot, on condition that he should acknowledge Roderic to be paramount king in Ireland. This was the public agreement; but there was a secret one that Dermot should not bring any more foreigners into the island, and should even send away those he had called in, as soon as Leinster was in a state of order.

He was powerless to fulfil this agreement; on the contrary, the treaty was scarcely made before Maurice Fitzgerald landed at Wexford with about a hundred and forty retainers. Giraldus describes his uncle, ancestor of the Earls of Kildare, afterwards Dukes of Leinster, and of the Earls of Desmond, as 'a man much distinguished for his honour and courage, of an almost maidenish modesty, true to his word, and firm in his resolution.' Meanwhile Earl Strongbow, 'being encouraged by Fitz-Stephen's success, resolved on pursuing the same course, and, bending every effort towards one object, made all kinds of preparations for the conquest of Ireland, and having obtained the king's licence, 'although,' Giraldus says, 'given rather in jest than in earnest' sent over ten men-at-arms, and seventy archers under the command of Raymond Fitzgerald, Princess Nesta's grandson, and nephew to Maurice. Raymond quickly became one of the most distinguished among the invaders of Ireland. Waterford, near which he landed, withstood his attack for nearly four months, the townsmen being Norwegian settlers, who, better armed and trained than the natives, seem to have made the only really formidable resistance to the invaders.

And now began the cruelty and injustice which for seven hundred years has borne bitter fruit. Seventy of the principal townsmen had been taken prisoners, for whose ransom, Giraldus says, 'they might have obtained the city itself' or an immense sum of money. He gives at length a speech of the noble Raymond Fitzgerald, pleading for kind treatment to the captives, urging that 'their enterprise was honourable' and that they were not 'to be treated as thieves, insurgents, traitors, or free-booters.' Alas the counter-speech of Hervey de Montmaurice, who had joined Raymond on his first landing,

* A dignity corresponding to that of Bretwalder in the Saxon Heptarchy, and bestowed by election on one of the four kings of the provinces into which Ireland was divided, the fifth, Meath, being given to the prince paramount for the time being, to support his household.

prevailed. 'We must so employ our victory,' he said, 'that the death of these men may strike terror into others, and that, taking warning from their example, a wild and rebellious people may beware of encountering us again.' The wretched prisoners had their limbs broken, and were then cast headlong into the sea.

Earl Strongbow himself, 'having prepared all things necessary for so great an enterprise,' embarked at Milford Haven with about twelve hundred men, landed near Waterford on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, joined his forces to those of Raymond, and on the morrow of the feast took the town by assault, and 'slaughtering the citizens in heaps along the street, gained a very bloody victory.' After this his marriage with Eva, Dermot's daughter, the subject of one of the historical frescoes at Westminster, was solemnized, and 'the whole army marched towards Dublin, with banners displayed.'

Dermot had a special enmity against the citizens of Dublin, for they had murdered his father, and added insult to the crime by burying his body with that of a dog. In spite of a truce agreed upon through the mediation of the saintly Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, the city was taken by assault, and the better part of the citizens, with their Scandinavian king Asgal, took ship with their most valuable effects, and 'sailed to the northern islands.' But Giraldus relates that the crucifix, which they struggled hard to carry away with them to the islands, remained immovably fixed.

It is remarkable that in a synod of all the clergy of Ireland held at this time at Armagh, 'in which the arrival of the foreigners in the island was the subject of long debates and much deliberation,' it was resolved that, in the opinion of the synod, this severe judgment had fallen upon them for the sins of the people, 'and especially for this, that they had long been wont to purchase natives of England, as well from traders as from robbers and pirates, as slaves; and now they also were reduced to servitude by that very people.' The synod therefore decreed and proclaimed publicly, that all Englishmen throughout the island who were slaves should be set free.

But the tide of conquest flowed on, although Asgal the Dane returned and 'sailed into the Liffy, with sixty ships full of Norwegians and men of the isles, burning with revenge for his former discomfiture.' He was defeated, taken prisoner, and beheaded.

Meanwhile Henry the Second's fears were aroused lest his subjects should be setting up a kingdom for themselves in Ireland. He made proclamation that in future no ship sailing from any part of his dominions should carry anything to Ireland, and that all subjects of his in that island should return before the next Easter, on pain of forfeiting their lands and perpetual banishment from the kingdom. The king's dispute with St. Thomas à Becket was just now at its height, and he was evidently disposed to think the conquest of Ireland more troublesome than profitable, and desirous to have no more great rival subjects to deal with. Earl Strongbow sent Raymond Fitz-

gerald to the king, bearing a letter in which he said: 'My lord and king, it was with your licence, as I understood, that I came to Ireland for the purpose of aiding your faithful vassal Dermot in the recovery of his territories. Whatever lands, therefore, I have had the good fortune to acquire in this country, I consider to be owing to your gracious favour, and I shall hold them at your free disposal.'

Raymond was received with great coldness by the king, who desired the earl to come over to meet him in England. The meeting took place at Newnham, near Gloucester, where Henry was preparing to pass over to Ireland. 'After much altercation,' Giraldus writes, 'the earl succeeded in appeasing the royal displeasure, on condition of surrendering to the king Dublin, with the towns on the sea-coast, and all the fortresses; holding the rest of his conquests for the king and his heirs.'

A momentous treaty! Had Henry been one whit less energetic or strong in character, it is probable that an independent English dynasty would have been set up in Ireland, not without claim to the English crown. For it must be remembered that foremost among the invaders were the sons, Meyler, Robert, and Henry, of his own illegitimate cousin, the son of Nesta and Henry I. The king probably knew full well the vigour of that race; and hurried home from France to place himself at their head.

Nor was his jealousy allayed by the treaty, which struck the knell of Ireland's independence.

He quickly assembled a splendid fleet in the port of Milford, and while he lay at Pembroke threatened with his severest indignation the princes and lords of South Wales for having allowed Earl Strongbow to take his passage from thence to Ireland. He embarked with five hundred men-at-arms, besides a large body of horsemen and archers, and arrived at Waterford on St. Luke's Day, 1172. Here he was met by the men of Wexford, who had by treachery taken prisoner the gallant Robert Fitz-Stephen, and who now brought him in fetters to the king, excusing themselves because he had been the first to invade Ireland without the royal licence, and had set others a bad example. The king having loudly rated him, and threatened him with his indignation for his rash enterprise, sent him back loaded with fetters, and chained to another prisoner, to be kept in safe custody in Reginald's Tower.*

Henry seems, however to have been restored to good humour by his triumphant success in Ireland, all the princes, except those of Ulster, coming in to sue for peace, and to do him fealty. 'Indeed,' Giraldus writes, 'there was scarcely any one of name or rank in the island who did not, either in person or otherwise, pay to the king's majesty, the homage due from a liegeman to his lord.' He 'heartily

* This tower is still to be seen, in good preservation. It stood at an angle of the old city walls of Waterford.

forgave and pardoned Fitz-Stephen, freely restoring him to his former state and liberty,' but, true to his policy of curbing the power of Nesta's children, he kept Wexford and the adjoining lands as a royal possession.

In the same year, 1172, Henry 'inflamed with zeal to advance the honour of the Church of God and the Christian religion,' convoked a synod of the clergy of the whole of Ireland, where 'inquiry was publicly made into the enormous offences and foul lives of the people of the land.' The decrees of the synod, which are given *verbatim* by Giraldus, are mostly concerning the elements of Christian morality and teaching, but the last decree is most remarkable: 'That divine offices shall be henceforth celebrated in every part of Ireland according to the forms and usages of the Church of England. For it is right and just that as by divine Providence Ireland has received her lord and king from England, she should also submit to a reformation from the same source.' There is no other country in Europe where the religious usage of the conquerors has twice been imposed upon the conquered; first in the interests of Rome, and then against her, and there is no country where religious animosities have been so fierce, or have entered so largely into politics.

Our old chronicler informs us that Henry, recalled to England by his son's rebellion, 'was much vexed at being compelled so inopportunately to leave his Irish kingdom,' and foremost among those whom he left as governors of cities and strongholds were Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice Fitzgerald, of whom Giraldus says, 'he was a man of dignified aspect and modest bearing, of a ruddy complexion and good features. In him, both in person and in temper, moderation was the rule, the one was well-proportioned, the other equable. He was much more anxious to be good than to appear such. He was a man of few words, but his language was polished, and there was more sense than sound, more reason than eloquence, in what he said. In war he was intrepid, and second to no man in valour. He was sober, modest, chaste, constant, firm and faithful, a man not altogether without fault, but not stained by any great and notorious crime.' His nephew, Raymond Fitzgerald, seems to have been a very paladin of romance, both in war and love. When, in the year after Henry's return to England, he committed the entire charge of Ireland to Earl Strongbow, the latter refused to accept the government unless Raymond were joined with him in the commission, while his own troops came in a body to the Earl and 'loudly declared that unless Raymond was appointed their commander they would at once quit his service, and either return to England or desert to the enemy.'

The earl, 'finding himself in great straits,' wrote to Raymond, who had returned to Wales: 'As soon as you have read this letter, make all the haste you can to come over to us with all the force you can muster, and be assured that immediately on your arrival, I will give

you my sister, Basilia, in marriage, according to your wishes.' Joyfully was the message received, 'both for love of the noble lady, to whom he had been long ardently attached, and from his desire of exhibiting his prowess and carrying succour to his lord in his time of need.' The story of his hurried journey to subdue the citizens of Waterford, who were ready to massacre the English, 'when, behold, they saw from the nearest hill the well-known ensigns of Raymond's fleet entering the bay,' reads like a chapter in *Amadis of Gaul*; 'nor was he content to leave Wexford,' Giraldus says, 'until messengers were sent to Dublin in great haste, to fetch Basilia.' Then came the marriage, the day and night spent in feasting and pleasure, in the midst of which came tidings of an irruption of the Connaught men up to the very city walls of Dublin. On the morrow, Raymond, 'forgetting wine and love,' sprang to arms, and marched in haste to repel the enemy, who retreated before he had struck a blow, so that 'the island enjoyed peace for a time, in consequence of the terror struck by his successes.'

It has not often happened that the firm footing made by a family of invaders has been maintained in a country for seven hundred years, their descendants always holding a chief place among its nobles, while yet never rising to sovereignty themselves, but conquering and holding the land for the monarch of another realm. The annals of Giraldus are full of tokens of pride in the achievements of his cousins, and of affectionate sympathy in their success. 'The Normans, who are newly come among us,' he says in his *Conquest of Ireland*,* 'may be very good soldiers in their own country, and expert in the use of arms and armour after the French fashion, but everyone knows how much that differs from the mode of warfare in Ireland and Wales. In France it is carried on in a champaign country, here it is rough and mountainous; there you have open plains, here you find dense woods. In fighting against naked and unarmed men, whose only hope of success lies in the impetuosity of their first attack, men in light armour can pursue the fugitives, an agile race, with more activity, and cut them down in narrow passes and amongst crags and mountains. In all expeditions therefore either in Ireland or in Wales, the Welshmen bred in the marshes and accustomed to the continual wars in those parts, make the best troops.'

Such were the Fitzgeralds and the other descendants of Nesta by her second husband, Stephen, Castellan of Abertivy. It is certainly instructive to read, in the light of seven centuries of experience, their opinion as to the best way of dealing with the people brought under their rule. 'As these people are easily moved to rebel,' says our old chronicler, 'and are as light-minded as they are light of foot, they will have to be ruled with great discretion. The government should be entrusted to men of firm and equitable minds, who in

* Chap. xxxvi.

times of peace, when the people obey the laws and are content to be loyal subjects, will win their hearts by keeping good faith and treating them with respect; but, if through their natural levity, they break into revolt, the governor should then divest himself of all gentleness, and bring the offenders to condign punishment. But governors who throw all things into confusion by being slow to punish the rebellious while they oppress the humble, *by fawning on insurgents while they plunder peaceable subjects*, robbing the weak and truckling to the refractory, as we have seen many do; such governors in the end bring disgrace on themselves.'

The chronicle of the conquest of Ireland ends with an account of the mischief done by Prince John's government, although Giraldus lays them rather to the account of evil counsels than to his youth. 'But,' he says, 'any nation is cursed when it is governed by a boy-king.'

His account of the natural history of Ireland is most amusing and curious; and it is certainly wonderful that one so acute and clear-sighted in matters of war and policy, should have been so strangely credulous as to facts reported to him. He considers that Ireland, 'separated from the rest of the known world, and to be distinguished as another world, by the objects out of the ordinary course of nature contained in it, seems to be Nature's especial repository, where she stores up her most remarkable and precious treasures, while the air being milder and more wholesome than Britain, it renders the land more fruitful. The woods abound with wild animals, but the island is more productive in pasture than in corn, in grass than grain, and is rich in pastures and meadows, honey and milk, and also in wine; Poitou exporting vast quantities of wine to Ireland, which gives in return its ox-hides and the skins of cattle and wild beasts.'

Giraldus especially notices the excellence and abundance of fishes on the coast, and also in the lakes and rivers, and says that the country produced hawks and falcons in greater numbers than any other, while 'eagles are as numerous here as kites are in other countries.' 'There are immense flights of snipe,' he adds, 'both the larger species of the woods (probably woodcock) and the smaller of the marshes, while cranes assemble in flocks of a hundred, and by natural instinct keep watch in turns at night for their common safety, perched on one foot and holding a stone in the other claw, that if they should fall asleep the fall of the stone may rouse them to keep their watch.'

The fable of the barnacle goose Giraldus entirely believes, and informs us that they are at first 'gummy excrescences from pine-beams floating on the waters, and then being enclosed in shells hang by their beaks, like sea-weed, attached to the timber; their nourishment and growth being supplied, while they are bred in this very unaccountable and curious manner, from the pieces of the wood in the sea-water. In process of time they are well covered with feathers,

and either fall into the water or take their flight in the free air.' 'I myself,' he adds, 'have often seen with my own eyes more than a thousand minute embryos of birds of this species on the seashore, hanging from one piece of timber!'

Of Irish ospreys he relates that, 'by an extraordinary contrivance of sportive nature, one of their feet spreads open, armed with talons for taking their prey; the other is close, harmless, and only fit for swimming.'

Giraldus notes that 'Ireland produces badgers but not beavers.' The latter were still found in his time in Wales on the River Tivy, near Cardigan. Of badgers he says that, 'some of them have been seen, to the great admiration of the observers, lying on their backs with the earth dug out heaped on their bellies and held together by their four claws, while others dragged them backward by a stick held in their mouth, fastening their teeth in which, they drew them out of the hole with their burthens.'

Our chronicler does not marvel that Ireland should not naturally produce venomous reptiles, 'but it does appear very wonderful,' he writes, 'that when anything venomous is brought there from other lands, it never could exist in Ireland. Sometimes, for the sake of experiment, serpents have been shipped over, but were found lifeless and dead as soon as the middle of the Irish Sea was crossed. Poison also was found to lose its venom when mid-way on the waters, disinfected by a purer air. Indeed, almost all things produced in the island have virtues against poison, and the soil of Ireland is so hostile to poison that if gardens or any other spots in foreign countries are sprinkled with its dust, all venomous reptiles are immediately driven far away. The air also is so healthy, that the islanders have little need of physicians, for you will find few sick persons except those who are at the point of death. It is warm at almost all seasons; the grass in the fields is green in the winter as well as in the summer, so that they neither cut hay for fodder, nor ever build stalls for the cattle.'

Giraldus accounts for the absence of venomous creatures in Ireland by the theory that 'the east is the well-spring of poisons, and the further the stream flows from the fountain-head the less is its natural force, so that the strength of the venom has wholly evaporated in these extreme parts of the world.' He is always disposed to find a supernatural reason for events, and seems to have believed every story of miracle related to him: as of the mountains in Ulster, near the church of St. Beanus, where 'the saint protects not only the birds, but their eggs, so that any one trying to rob a nest of eggs, instantly sees a brood of young birds;' or, of the region in Munster, where St. Brendan affords an asylum to all beasts of chase, for as soon as they cross a certain rivulet 'the hounds stop their running, and the animals find themselves out of danger.'

We are told by our author of a lake in Munster, containing two

islands, the larger of which no woman could ever enter without instant death, while on the smaller island no one could ever die, so that it was called the Isle of the Living; and of a certain bell in Leinster, which, unless adjured by its keeper every night with a special exorcism, and fastened by some cord, however slight, was found next morning in the church of St. Finnan, in Meath, from which it had come. He describes the miraculous fire at the shrine of St. Bridget, in Kildare, which was never extinguished, and relates that as in her time 'twenty nuns were here engaged in the Lord's warfare, since her departure nineteen have always formed the society. Each of them has the care of the fire for a single night in turn, and on the evening before the twentieth night, the last nun, having heaped wood upon the fire, says, "Bridget, take charge of your own fire, for this night belongs to you." In the morning it is found that the fire has not gone out, and that the usual quantity of fuel has been used.' But amongst all the miracles in Kildare, Giraldus says that none appeared to him more wonderful than 'that marvellous book written at the dictation of an angel. It contains the Four Gospels according to St. Jerome, and almost every page is illustrated by drawings illuminated with a variety of brilliant colours.' Dr. Petrie thought that the Book of Kells, now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, is probably the volume described by Giraldus. Having been allowed to examine it, the writer can testify to the accuracy of the old chronicler's description. 'If you apply yourself to a more close examination,' he wrote, 'and are able to penetrate the secrets of the art displayed in these pictures, you will find them so delicate and exquisite, so finely drawn, and the work of interlacing so elaborate, while the colours with which they are illuminated are so blended and still so fresh, that you will be ready to assert that all this is the work of angelic, and not human skill.' The treasured manuscript in Trinity College could hardly be better described at this day, whether the above words were written of it or of another similar volume.

Although marvelling at the admirable art displayed in Irish illuminations, Giraldus lays his finger on the great sore in the national character, laziness and dislike to taking trouble. 'Whatever natural gifts they possess are excellent,' he says, 'in whatever requires industry they are worthless; the only thing to which I find that this people apply a commendable industry is playing upon musical instruments, in which they are incomparably more skilful than any other nation I have ever seen. For their modulation, unlike that of the Britons, is not slow and harsh, but lively and rapid, while the harmony is both sweet and gay. They always begin from B flat and return to the same, that the whole may be completed under the sweetness of a pleasing sound.' He adds that the Irish 'only use and delight in two instruments, the harp and the tabor,' and 'also use strings of brass instead of leather.'

Alas! of a race possessing unusual artistic power and taste, it is to be feared that the words in which Giraldus Cambrensis sums up their character are for the most part still true: 'Their greatest delight is to be exempt from toil, their richest possession the enjoyment of liberty.' For he uses 'liberty' in the sense of freedom from the restraints of law.

TWO GIRLS' VIEWS OF 'THE GIRLHOOD QUESTION.'

DEAR ARACHNE,

I have been reading the discussion that has been going on about us in the 'Monthly Packet' lately, and I want you to let me say a few words about it, on behalf of those of us who are 'nothing particular,' either one way or the other. We are by no means perfectly proper and docile and respectful, and we certainly have not, as Chelsea China suggests, sacrificed our happiness, taste, talents, almost *individuality*, for ever,' on the altar of domestic duty; in fact, I expect we get quite as much of our own way as is at all good for us! But at the same time we have no wish to grow up into the strong-minded independent women that we hear our parents laughing at every now and then, as being unable to manage details, or to see anybody's view but their own, or to make the best of the people they employ or work with. We don't want to be 'independent.' We don't at all want to go and knock about in the world by ourselves. And we consider, in theory at any rate, that it is 'very bad form' not to be respectful and attentive to our parents, and that it is 'very nice' to be useful to them in any way. And if we are told kindly, by some one like yourself, that any of our ways are undesirable, we have the grace to feel ashamed of ourselves. But, please, it hurts our feelings rather to have it hinted by 'Chelsea China' that we are neglecting our talents, and stunting our powers, and rendering ourselves altogether inferior to the independent young ladies who can't stay at home and do what they are told!

We love our homes, and our home people; and though, through our own laziness or inferiority we are always neglecting the opportunities we have of doing good to others or of improving ourselves, yet we know that the opportunities are there. We know that others in our position have managed to do good and noble, aye, and far-reaching work, though they may not have known its importance; and that if we do not do so, too, it is only because we have not the sense, or the self-denial. The fault is in ourselves, not in our position. Perhaps some of us may have a vague sort of hope that some day or other we may be able to join in some particular good work that we have heard of; but we have read in Matt. xv. how our Lord condemned the Jewish teaching, that a man might make special offering to God of that which would otherwise have been claimed from him by his parents; enforcing the absolute and literal observance of the Fifth Commandment without exception or evasion; and, knowing

this, we *dare* not disregard home needs and wishes, under pretence of making offering of our time and talents to God, for self-chosen service.

Some girls there may be with very special talents and inclination, pointing them very strongly to some particular line of work, which yet their parents do not wish them to take up, or which would involve the sacrifice of obvious home duties. But even they cannot be quite certain of their vocation, for they cannot know all their own disqualifying faults, nor their future circumstances. And I should like to remind them, with all reverence, that Our Blessed Lord, in the full certainty of *His* vocation, yet worked on in the seclusion of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth till He was 'over thirty years old.' Why cannot they wait also? Let them attend diligently to the broad clear lines of present duty; trusting that God Almighty will send them all necessary training and opportunity for work which, if it is to be worth anything at all, must be His own, done in His strength and to His glory.

MOONRAKER.

DEAR ARACHNE,

Will you allow one of the 'girls' whose characters are being discussed in the 'Monthly Packet' to join in the discussion with her elders and betters? I can assure you that the letters have been read with interest by some of those same girls who are by no means so entirely contented with themselves as they are at times supposed to be; but whose short-comings, on the contrary, are known to none so bitterly as they are to themselves. I am sure much that has been said of us all is true; we acknowledge that we *are* shorter in manner more brusque, uncompromising, opinionated—pig-headed if you will—less absolutely feminine even than our mothers were. May I say what I think helps to cause this? It is the principle upon which we have been educated. No longer is there the quiet sound of geography, arithmetic, history (Mrs. Markham's), and Scripture, in the home schoolroom, beyond which very few cared to penetrate in former days to think original thoughts for themselves, the few who did so being Mary Somervilles, George Eliots, and others such; the object of our modern education from our earliest days has been to make us stand alone, to look at every character or event in history, every fact in political and social economy, even every question of religion, from our own stand-point, to make up our own mind about it, and give in exercise and essay our own opinion, with, I think, this result; that facts, theories, controversies, have come home to us; and, in consequence, great historical characters, great geniuses, great writers, painters, musicians, philanthropists, schemes of improving the world, and so on, are very *real* to us; the men and women—these great ones whom our mothers would have spoken of as a different race from us

commonplace folk—are to us so very *human*, the questions at issue press so hard upon us for solution, that it is little wonder if our train of thought is cast in another mould.

And what is our fate when this preliminary education is completed?

At eighteen or thereabouts, we, raw and unfledged, but opinionated and self-confident young people, are launched out into the world. We come into it inexperienced and ignorant of its ways, only knowing of its many abuses by reading and by hearsay; but carrying with us, believe me, true and lofty ideals of doing *something* to improve it, in a new and unconventional way, backed by that foolish (?) but indomitable vigour and 'enthusiasm of youth' which determines at first to overcome and surmount all obstacles. Who can look back upon this time,—an ideal life, with great principles underlying the commonest actions, the little petty round of duties wearing a halo of poetry, life for a while a beautiful waking dream,—and scoff at it? It passes soon enough. Little by little, the glamour fades. Our grand schemes won't work. We are told by our elders, to whom in our own off-hand fashion we do earnestly look for counsel and help to guide our adventurous young feet, but who instead very often answer us with a supercilious smile of superior experience—it is not *our* fault that we have not lived long enough to get this hardening, deadening experience—'My dear, when you have lived as long as I have, you will know that it is all of no use, *nobody ever does it.*' Oh, those elders don't *mean* to be cruel. They don't know how hopeless it is when you ask for advice on some point of difficulty, religious, social, or what not, to be met by 'Why should you trouble yourself about such things?' or, 'I cannot pretend to understand you modern girls, and so I cannot help you.' *Is* this the way to help the young women of England by sharing with their untrained enthusiasm your mature and valuable experience? We turn into cynics—cynics at twenty-two. It was all a mistake; we are tempted to say, 'God has no work for me in the world, everything I try to do is discouraged, I am not wanted.' We have been learning Greek when we ought to have been mending our clothes, and when we should have been paying society calls, have been pottering in and out of dirty cottages. Now we have learnt better. Away with all the glow, and enthusiasm, and spirit, we will settle down into life, either of mere getting along from day to day in spiritless amusement or trifling duties, or—and this is surely the better course—in a steady resolve to go on with our efforts to do some good in the world, in spite of the half pitying smile of those to whom we looked for help, and realising fully those words of old Thomas à Kempis, 'Thou art none the holier if thou art praised, nor the viler if thou art reproached.'

Please do not take this as a mere fretful complaint of 'misunderstanding' on the part of our elders; I know well how loving and

forbearing they are; but I *do* say that very often it is the utterly unintentional misconstruction which is sometimes put upon our actions by those for whom we would go through much, if but to win one smile of approval in the end.

I want to say one word more. Even our kind friend Arachne accuses us of being slangy, and unmaidenly.

The first, a minor charge, I deny on the part of all my friends and myself, except in the most intimate intercourse of girls with one another, in joke. It was quoted to me against a girl by a friend of my own, that she had used the word 'shove' instead of 'put' when a few friends were assembled together, and this was decidedly an evidence of 'fastness' in the opinion of the quoter.

Secondly, I think we are all very firmly convinced that no man we should care to know would care to improve our acquaintance unless our conduct *was* maidenly to the fullest degree.

Believe me, dear Arachne,

A regular Reader of the 'Monthly Packet,'

'ONE OF THE "MODERN GIRLS."'

LETTER FROM ARACHNE.

Here are two letters from girls, each taking an exceedingly different point of view!

'Moonraker'—to my great relief and comfort is a thoroughly old-fashioned girl, and fears that 'Chelsea China' meant to imply that the putting home duties first, may be a sacrifice of powers otherwise designed, a thing contrary to her intention, which was chiefly to show that in some cases there might be a conflict of claims. 'A Modern Girl' seems, on the contrary, to charge all that jars in the young female England of to-day on the comparative narrowness of the education of the elder generation, and their consequent want of sympathy. Perhaps she would hardly believe that this was exactly the feeling of the race whom she looks on as too *bornées* to have any aspirations. I belong to it, and can testify to fervent *personal* affection for the great characters of old, not only in myself, but in my friends; to battles fought over favourite heroes, great questions thought and argued out; earnest study, keen aspirations, and, in some cases, impatience of restraint. If the 'Modern Girl' looks round her, does she not see and know of many women whose day-dreams have become earnest, and who are powerful, able workers and thinkers, who grew up in those dark ages when she seems to think nobody got beyond Mrs. Markham—who, by-the-by, is not worthy of so much contempt. I wonder if the modern High School girl could stand an examination on her History of France; whereas in our day, St. Louis, Du Guesclin, Bayard and Turenne were very real heroes to us. She seems to say that her contemporaries are brusque and off-hand, because

their elders will not enter into their enthusiasm for doing good, and try to hush instead of directing their enquiries. Now really, if she looks back to 'New Year's Words,' she will find that there is not a word to check the pursuit of study, or of 'pottering about cottages.' In fact, the poor, despised, narrow-minded mother is very apt to be left to do all the pottering in the country cottages, which her daughter votes uninteresting, craving for more sensational work in the slums, and thinking herself misunderstood and thwarted if she is not gratified.

I do not say—far be it from me to think—that this is the case with 'a Modern Girl,' but what we were told over and over again, and repeated to our school children was, that no advance in culture was an excuse for want of respect and consideration for parents and elders. Moreover, we were used to believe them right in their decisions and counsels, and I would hint to the 'Modern Girl' that I strongly suspect that she may yet find this the case, not only 'hardly ever.'

I had fondly thought my words tended to real quiet study at home and active exertion among the poor; certainly not to wasting the time in spiritless amusements. Mayhap if the elders' advice and guidance were sought in a less 'off-hand manner,' it might be more readily forthcoming and more sympathetic.

I am thankful to hear that slang is being discouraged. I hope it is a sign that the pendulum may be swinging in the direction of what is gentle and refined; that which indeed is the true strength and power of womanhood. Many and many good girls there are, some who are devoted to their parents and elders; but some who go their own way, and take it for granted that their elders have no sympathy, and are to be either set aside or cosseted as 'dear old things.' And may be these same elders are not at all past the freshness of aspiration, and only long to be in real intercommunication with the young ones whom they could help!

I am aware that indulgence on the parents' part is often to blame for destroying the habit of loyal deference, and also that the school-room work too frequently makes a separation; but surely the Fifth Commandment might bridge it over for those who remember that 'the holy spirit of discipline is the beginning of wisdom.'

Before closing my letter, I should like to say a few words on 'E.'s' letter, and Edna Lyell's two earlier tales. They run somewhat on contrary lines. Edna Lyell's main purpose seems to have been to show that harshness and persecution only alienate those whose faith is unsettled, according to the old fable of the Sun and the Tempest; and she therefore heightened the colouring both of the severe Christian and the misjudged sceptic. She made a careful drawing of the gradual development of faith in Donovan, and the probable difficulties that might still lurk in him. 'E.,' on the other hand, is struck with the danger to young girls of being led to make a hero of a sceptic, and wishes to show that there are possible dangers in dwelling on the book with sympathetic admiration. And certainly there are portions

of the book that only ardent enthusiasm could have dictated, and that the author herself will probably outgrow. And there are omissions made for the sake of truth to nature and probability, which have appeared as equivalent to negations of doctrine on the author's part. So earnest a writer would no doubt fully agree with me in warning young people against playing with scepticism, or thinking doubt a proof of intellect, till by entertaining and fostering it they have really tampered with their own faith, and lost the greatest of blessings.

The readers of the 'Packet' will, I hope, take up the suggestion of 'Chelsea China.' I promise them the fair field of a page or two on which to break their lances on the Debatable Ground.

ARACHNE.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

A PROPOSAL.

DEAR ARACHNE,

It has struck me forcibly of late, that whenever a statement of opinion appears in the 'Monthly Packet' some one is at once seized with the desire to contradict it flat. I think that time and space would both be saved, and much interesting discussion might be elicited, if this healthy instinct were brought into a definite form. I therefore propose :

- 1st. That a space in the 'Monthly Packet' should be headed 'Debatable Ground.'
- 2nd. That we should propose, or, if suitable, accept for discussion subjects proposed by our readers.
- 3rd. That short papers on such subjects should be sent in, and should be printed, selected from, condensed, or mentioned, as space or other considerations permit, in the ensuing numbers.
- 4th. That the papers should be signed by a *nom-de-plume*.
- 5th. That the subjects proposed should be of a practical or ethical character.
- 6th. That Arachne should have at any time the power of bringing the discussion to an end.

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' will thus be enabled to see difficult subjects discussed from various points of view. Many Magazines give information on small points of Church doctrine and discipline ; many others, of a different stamp, advise as to dress and etiquette ; but I think, at least as far as young people are concerned, the field which I have indicated lies open. It will be taken for granted that the subjects are discussed and decided as they affect women, and especially young women, at the present time and in the existing state of society. I propose as a first subject for discussion :

'Is self-culture an imperative duty ?'

Answers to be sent before the 1st of June, addressed *outside*, to 'Chelsea China,' care of the Publisher of the 'Monthly Packet.'

Your constant reader,

CHELSEA CHINA.

S. AGNES' DAY, 1884.

EVERYONE who is acquainted with the scenery of Mentone, that most beautiful spot of all the beautiful places on the Riviera, knows the rugged outline of the mountain of S. Agnese, whose jagged peaks stand out in white relief against the clear blue of the proverbial Mediterranean sky: Even the tourist, who gains but a passing knowledge of the place, the beauty of which, according to legend, induced the wandering Eve to plant there the lemon which was her only relic of the lost Eden, cannot fail to notice the rocky heights which afford a picturesque background to the green ridges immediately behind the town. But only those whose longer stay has permitted their exploring the neighbourhood, with ever deepening sympathy with the reputed feelings of our first mother, can know the charm of those rugged hills, while those are most fortunate who have visited the mountain and village of S. Agnese on their fête-day, January 21st.

The name of the mountain itself suggests the reason of that fête, the memory of that holy Christian martyr, whose constancy under temptation has earned her a place among our black letter saints. In ancient times her festival was observed essentially as a woman's holy day, and our ancestresses were on that day exempt from the household cares and duties which formed their daily occupation. This and many like observances have in our country lapsed in the course of centuries, for the Church of England no longer keeps feasts in honour of those saints who have no part in the record of Holy Scripture, and we can hardly own as a commemoration of a Christian Saint those customs of divination and superstition, which still find some credence, and which have been immortalised by Keats and other poets. The memory of S. Agnes is, however, still celebrated by several festivals in the Eastern Church, while the Roman Catholic Church observes the 21st of January and its octave in her honour.

But the general practice of the Roman Church does not alone account for the name of our mountain and the peculiar reverence paid by its denizens to the Saint. 'Thereby hangs a tale,' embellished in various degrees by local chroniclers, one of whom presents to his readers a considerable number of pages of thrilling incidents and romantic scenes, which he informs them in a casual note at the end are wholly evolved from his own imagination. But in every version of the story the Saracens play an important part, those Saracens who are in Levantine history what the Scottish Borderer was to the

Northern English, what the Moor was to the Spaniard. The Mentonese are not indeed likely to forget the character and achievements of those enemies, when every town or village in the neighbourhood by its inaccessible position and fortified character recalls the accustomed ravages of the merciless foe, and when the generation of its inhabitants who had themselves spent some portion of their lives in captivity and slavery on African shores is hardly yet forgotten. History relates how these scourges of the Mediterranean possessed themselves in the 9th century of many of the fortified places along the coast, amongst others of the rocky fortress of Eza, and the rugged heights behind Mentone. On this last commanding position they either built a castle or restored a pre-existent building, and having thus established themselves on a permanent footing, they were wont to sally forth from time to time to wrest from the terrified natives of the fertile valleys below the fruits and grain which formed the hardly-won produce of their toil and industry. But a still more severe trial befell the inhabitants when their wives and daughters excited the admiration of the rapacious invaders, and were carried off to their unhallowed fortress.

Legend now reveals to us, brought captive to the mountain fastness, a Christian maiden, variously named Anna or Agnes, who was under the peculiar patronage of the Roman virgin, S. Agnes. According to some chroniclers, she could see in one of the valleys below, the home from which she had been torn, though another account states that she was a native of one of the merchant cities of Italy, and had been seized in an attack made upon a rich trading vessel, in which her father and brothers had been slain before her eyes. Be this as it may, the maiden was importuned by the Saracen chief, to whom tradition assigns the truly Eastern name of Haroûn, to become his wife. But with a gentle resolution and firm constancy worthy of her patron saint, she refused all his offers, declaring that she could never marry an unbeliever. The sequel may easily be imagined. Gradually the Saracen was led to apply to the object of his love for instruction in the Christian Faith, and she became the instrument of his conversion. One version of the story declares that the chief was compelled to fly with his bride from the fanatical vengeance of his former companions, and took refuge at Marseilles, where he was received into the Church with great rejoicings. Another more pleasing if less trustworthy account states that he continued to live in the castle, no longer the dread of the neighbourhood, but the protector of the weak, and the avenger of the oppressed; while in honour of the patron Saint of his now happy wife he called his castle S. Agnes.

Some days before the recurrence of the fête-day an unusual stir among the donkey hirers of Mentone had convinced us that it was considered an event of no little importance, and we had taken the steps necessary to secure means of conveyance to the scene of action. The morning proved cloudless, and shortly after 8 A.M. we appeared

at the appointed starting-place at the entrance of the Borrigo Valley. Here we found our attendant awaiting us with two donkeys, one of them known by the descriptive name of Grisa (grey), the other by the royal one of Victoria, which since the visit of Her Britannic Majesty to Mentone in 1882 is hardly more distinctive. Here we would remind those of our readers who have no experience of this means of locomotion on the Riviera, that a donkey is there by no means the despicable animal which the English mind is too apt to consider it, and that it is in most cases larger, handsomer, and swifter than the average English ass. In the quality of determination (sometimes designated obstinacy) it however by no means differs from its British brethren, and the rider soon learns to surrender himself to its will. The attendants of these animals alone exercise any influence over them, and this chiefly by the ejaculation of patois words, among which 'Ulla' and 'Esa' are of frequent recurrence, and are generally supposed to mean 'Go on' and 'For shame!' respectively. The imitative stranger who fondly imagines that he can reproduce their words and intonations will usually find that the donkey will pay but little attention to his fraudulent attempts.

We started along the Borrigo Valley, where were washerwomen fulfilling their vocation in the remaining pools of the half-dried-up torrent, but turned almost immediately to the left, up a narrow path bounded by walls, passing the entrance of two or three villas. Further on the path, paved in most places, but in others a kind of crevice cut in soft sandstone, leads through varied scenery. First we passed among some wild smooth rocks, which have the appearance of being worn by some primeval flood. Here we met a few peasant women bringing their laden mules down to the town; but as a rule all the natives we saw were 'in festa,' and bent on the same errand as ourselves.

Half a mile further on we came to the summit of a ridge, where the path lies through the small pines which grow so plentifully in this district. Here our way was crossed by several of the usual curious trains of processional caterpillars in their unalterable single file, while many of the pine-branches were disfigured by their gauzy white nests. Further on we came under the shade of the olives, where we noticed violets already beginning to spring from the terrace walls. Below us in the valley was the bright green of the lemon-trees interspersed with their ripening fruit, while only the absence of foliage on an occasional fig-tree recalled the winter season.

Thus we went on, gradually getting higher, sometimes by a steep ascent which strained our donkeys' powers to the utmost, at others by an almost imperceptible slope, and surrounded by that stillness which is so striking to one accustomed to the homely sounds of English rural life. This impression is partly attributable, no doubt, to the fact that nearly all the inhabitants congregate in the villages; but it is still more due to the comparative absence of animal life. But few birds answer each other from the trees, cattle are unseen

except those which assist in the primitive ploughing, the appearance of a rabbit is hailed by the natives as an unusual event, and we recollect meeting an English squire in a railway carriage, whose delight at seeing the first pig he had set eyes on during six weeks' foreign travel was almost overpowering! Donkeys and mules may, indeed, be seen at every turn, and ever and again the ear is attracted by the bells of an occasional herd of ill-fed sheep and goats attended by a picturesquely clad shepherd, or by the distant barking of some cur of indistinguishable breed guarding some lonely orange-grove.

As we had neared our mountain we had been easily able to distinguish the ruined walls of the old castle on its highest summit, which from Mentone appear only a more than ordinarily jagged peak of the grey rock. And now as we skirted to the left the base of the detached summit of S. Agnese, there burst upon our view, perched far above us, the irregular brown pile of the village to which we were bound. This village is in itself little worthy of notice, consisting merely of the narrow and in many cases arched streets so common in Italian towns; but its position on the bleak northern side of the hill, backed by a rugged mass of rocks, more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and miles distant from the nearest habitation, gives it a somewhat unique character. The dedication of its little church to Notre Dame de la Neige gives a hint as to the difference of its temperature from that of the sunny orange-groves in the valleys below. A few minutes more and the church bells, sounding soft and clear in the mountain solitude, warned us that we were none too soon for the religious part of the festival. At the last turn of the path leading to the village, where a disused chapel stands, we overtook some of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages toiling up the last steep ascent. The women were a picturesque sight, with the gayest of coloured handkerchiefs setting off their dark eyes and decided features, while one of the men especially attracted our attention, a hardy mountaineer, striding along with the aid of his long staff, with hat, coat, face, hands, kniebreeches, stockings, and boots all of a uniform brown, the shade of a well-used saddle! Salvoes of artillery, in reality small heaps of powder fired by means of a slow match, went off as we left our donkeys at a passing shed, and made our way to the church. At an interval of some seconds after each report a reverberation was heard, which seemed like answering salutes from the more distant peaks.

Already the church was full, and we with difficulty obtained standing room at the entrance of the furthest side chapel. The whole congregation were of the peasant class, and as we entered, their harsh though not discordant voices were following the priests in the monotonous chant which becomes so familiar to the visitant of foreign churches. In the intervals a lively tune, more resembling a jig than anything more serious, was energetically kept up by the village orchestra of three fiddlers and a species of cornet. The scene

was a picturesque one, from which the lack of architectural and æsthetic beauty could not detract ; for the bare whitewashed walls formed no unsightly background to the festal costumes of the congregation, while painted glass is not missed when through the white panes there streams the Italian sunshine. The high altar was decked with embroidered cloths and flowers, several images and banners were placed near it, while the vestments of the officiating priests, if somewhat ancient, retained traces of former magnificence. Within the rails and in the tribune were the acolytes and choristers in their white surplices, and the front rows of the congregation were composed of girls and women with white veils over their dark hair, and white robes confined at the waist by broad blue sashes. Others, apparently of the poorest class, had only the white veil, which they produced and put on after taking up their position in the church. The only other special costume was that some of the young men wore coloured ribbons tied round their arms ; but the bright head-dresses of the women and children added variety to the scene. Besides the usual ceremonies of High Mass, some special relics were produced and enthusiastically gazed upon and kissed. Among these was a phial containing the reputed blood of the Virgin Martyr. Four youths also from time to time walked through the crowd of worshippers in single file. The first of these bore a plaited palm-branch, the symbol of the martyrdom of the Saint ; the second a drawn sword, to recall the instrument of her death ; the third an apple on a fork, stuck round with gilded coins ; and the fourth a basket of flowers. The third of these burdens is apparently a relic of an ancient local custom, according to which the lord of the manor, in full court dress, was in the habit of presenting to the parish priest on the annual feast day an apple stuffed with gold pieces. The apple on the present occasion was however of less value, as the sparse coins were merely gilded francs. The possessor moreover, after it had, with the other symbols, received the priest's blessing, appeared to retain it in his possession.

But the most impressive part of the day's ceremony remained to be seen, when priests and people prepared to leave the church. The long procession filed out, headed by the black-robed priests, bearing a huge crucifix and a banner, on which S. Agnes was represented with her lamb, with the attendant acolytes bearing torches and incense. Behind amidst other banners and symbols came the platform, surmounted by the image of the Saint, which was hemmed in by a crowd of white-robed girls, many of whom also bore lighted tapers, while the surpliced choir and the motley congregation followed. To the sound of the church bell and the quaint strains of the fiddling orchestra they passed through the dark arches and narrow streets of the mouldering village, on to a square platform on the very edge of the rugged hill, where a black cross rears its silent arms near a chapel specially dedicated to the Saint. There the

procession halted in silence, standing in strong relief against the grand mass of barren rocks and the cloudless sky, until the priests had entered the solitary shrine, and, to the sound of the same monotonous chant, had deposited there till the ensuing year the image and banner of S. Agnes, and the other religious emblems which had been borne in the procession.

After a brief pause, during which several persons paid their private devotions at the grated windows of the votive chapel, all the inhabitants of the village and their friends dispersed, presumably to satisfy the cravings of hunger at the festive board. We took the opportunity of ascending the rough track which leads to the summit of the hill, some 300 feet higher. The castle itself presents little to see, but the views to be obtained from it defy description. While it commands on three sides grand effects of mountain scenery, to the south there stretches the fertile valley, enclosed on the east by the long line of the double peaked Berceau, on the west by the rough outline of the Tête du Chien. The bare or pine-clad ridges afford variety of colouring from the dull green of the olives and the brighter hues of the orange and lemon-trees. Several closely-built villages with their red-tiled campaniles may be descried, while the coloured roofs, white villas, and picturesquely grouped spires of Mentone stand clearly defined against the sea. In the western distance may be discerned the shadowy outline of the Estrelles, while southwards over the broad expanse of the blue Mediterranean Corsica is often visible, that island which guide-books declare may be seen 'as a fairy vision' morning and evening from Mentone, though actual experience teaches that many sunrises and sunsets may pass without its being apparent.

Among these surroundings we passed some two hours in that 'dolce far niente' which even the most energetic and prosaic of Britons learns to appreciate in a southern clime. The sound of revelry at length, roused us, and we descended to the arid plateau, which appears to be the resort of the inhabitants alike in their graver and their gayer moods. Here the village musicians were again in attendance, and to the self-same tune which had accompanied the rites of their worship the congregation of the morning were now engaged in dancing a species of polka. The exercise was joined in by both old and young with great heartiness, if with scant ceremony; and we were specially amused by the manner in which the male portion of the community seized the partners of their choice and hurled them 'nolens volens' into the midst of the dancers. It was also no uncommon sight to see two women dancing together, or, on the other hand, two men with their hands on each other's shoulders, the favourite way of holding a partner. Some of the performers betrayed considerable grace, while all were distinguished by the good carriage and liness of limb which mark the Italian peasant. A few of the numerous visitors, who like ourselves had come from

Mentone, not content to remain spectators, joined energetically in the dance. We watched the gay scene for some time, and then, fearing to be overtaken by the early darkness, and observing that our attendant, who was apparently something of a misanthropist, took no part in the dance, we started homewards, taking the more direct but much more precipitous path which leads down the south side of the mountain to the Cabrolles Valley. The greater part of this descent must be accomplished on foot, as even the sure-footed donkeys can only pilot themselves down the steep incline. As we carefully picked our steps, we were passed by a laughing donkey girl, who had remained behind her party for a parting dance. We were amazed to see her rush down the path at headlong speed, heedless of the shower of loose stones which sprang at every step, a good example of the sureness of foot and activity of limb of her class. Darkness was closing in as we reached the tiny village of Cabrolles, with its picturesque mill and densely packed houses. Here we remounted our donkeys, which set off at a brisk pace, delighted at the prospect of their expected feed, and in a very brief space of time they landed us at our hotel home, delighted with our first experience of a village festival on the Riviera.

CABROLLES.

ST. JOHN THE AGED.

I'm growing very old, this weary head,
 That hath so oft leaned upon Jesu's breast
 In days long past—that seem almost a dream—
 Is bent and hoary with the weight of years.
 These limbs that followed Him, my Master, oft
 From Galilee to Judah—yea, that stood
 Beneath the Cross, and trembled with His groans—
 Refuse to bear me even through the streets,
 To preach unto my children; e'en my lips
 Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
 My ears are dull, they scarcely hear the sobs
 Of my dear children gathered round my couch.
 My eyes are dim, they cannot see the tears.
 God lays His hand upon me—not His rod—
 His hand, I say, the gentle hand, that I
 Felt those three years so often pressed in mine
 In friendship, such as passeth woman's love.
 I'm old, so old, I cannot recollect
 The faces of my friends: and I forget
 The words and deeds that make up daily life;
 But that dear Face, and every word He spoke,
 Grow more distinct as others fade away.
 So that I live with Him and holy dead
 More than with the living. Seventy years ago
 I was a fisher by the sacred sea
 Of Galilee, aye, seventy years ago!
 It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
 Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
 Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
 Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
 And then He came and called me—then I gazed
 For the first time on that sweet Face; those eyes,
 From out of which, as from a window, shone
 Divinity—looked on my inmost soul,
 And lighted it for ever. Then His words
 Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
 The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
 Took hold of me, and claimed me for its own.
 I followed in the twilight, holding fast
 His mantle. Oh! what holy walks we had,
 Through harvest fields, and desolate dreary wastes!
 And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm,
 Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
 And so upbore Him. Lord, now am I weak,
 And old, and feeble. Let me rest on Thee.
 So, put Thine arm around me closer still;
 How strong Thou art! The daylight wanes apace;
 Come, let us leave these noisy streets, and take

The path to Bethany; for Mary's smile
 Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hand
 Hath long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
 Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see,
 Hath gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?

That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
 Back to His Kingdom? Aye, 'tis so, 'tis so;
 I know it all, and yet just now I seemed
 To stand once more upon my native hills,
 And touch my Master. Oh! how oft I've seen
 The touching of His garments bring back strength
 To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
 Up, then! and bear me to my church once more;
 There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;
 For by the sweetness of my Master's voice
 Just now, I think He must be very near:
 Coming, perchance, to break the veil which time
 Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
 And watch His footsteps. So, raise up my head.
 How dark it is! I do not seem to see
 The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
 That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
 My little children, 'God so loved the world,
 He gave His Son.' So love ye one another.
 Love God and men. Amen. Now bear me back.
 My legacy to an angry world is this.
 My work is finished. Are the streets so full?
 What call the flock my name? The holy John?
 Nay, write me rather Jesus Christ's beloved,
 And lover of my children. Lay me down
 Once more upon my couch, and open wide
 The Eastern window. See, there comes a light,
 Like that which broke upon my soul at even,
 When in the Isle of Patmos Gabriel came
 And touched me on the shoulder. See, it grows,
 As when we mounted towards the pearly gates.
 I know the way,—I trod it once before.
 And hark! it is the song, the ransomed song
 Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
 And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
 Can join it now. But who are these that crowd
 The shining way? Say—joy! 'tis the eleven,
 With Peter first. How eager is his look!
 How bright the smile beaming on James's face!
 I am the last. Once more we are complete,
 To gather round the Paschal Feast. My place
 So near my Master. Oh! my Lord, my Lord!
 How bright Thou art, and yet the very same
 I loved on earth. 'Tis worth the hundred years
 To feel this bliss! So, lift me up, dear Lord,
 Unto Thy Bosom. There shall I abide.

Spider Subjects.

THE Spiders have been both active and successful this time. Three webs are really superior articles, those of Clover, Weaver, and Spinning Jenny. Arachne heartily wishes there were room for all three, and chooses Clover's because that is the description of a real house. Squirrel also describes a house in Pompeii, and Roy has a nice description of the villa at Brading, Isle of Wight. These are the most original. A Bee, Trusty Servant, Moonraker, Water Wagtail, very carefully worked. Spectacles, Snow Queen, Ovis, Ziege, Backfisch, Harum Scarum, fair.

Next month it will be interesting to describe a mediæval monastery, showing how the arrangements rose out of that of the house.

Stamps received from Spectacles, A Bee, Trusty Servant, Clover, Avis.

ANSWER TO SPIDER QUESTIONS.

A DESCRIPTION OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN DWELLING-HOUSE.

This subject is so new to me that I can only attempt to describe one house in Pompeii as far as I can—'The House of the Tragic Poet,' as it is usually called, although it is merely a conjecture that the owner was a poet.

On each side of the main entrance is a large room with wide doors leading out into the street, and smaller doors communicating with the interior of the house. Probably his servants lived in these rooms.

The doors had two door-posts and hinges, and could be made to remain shut when they were required to do so; but the ancient Romans probably generally kept them open.

Within the doorway, arrangements were made for carrying away the water, which might blow into the house when it rained.

On entering the long narrow hall, the first thing to catch the eye would be a watch-dog, looking very much on the alert, with the words 'Cave Canem' written beneath him; all represented in the mosaic pavement.

The visitor would go from the passage into the 'atrium,' the central room, with many apartments opening out from it. The atrium was a pleasant room, with pictures painted on the wall; a cool floor of black and white marble; in the centre of which was the 'impluvium,' a well of water, cold and still, and which might be drawn up by a hollow marble cylinder.

If the stranger moved a little to the left of the passage by which he came in, and stood looking at the general effect, this is perhaps what he would have seen.

At the further end of the 'atrium' was another room called the 'tablinum'; but the day was hot, so the curtains dividing it from the 'atrium' had been drawn aside, and the movable shutters at the further end were folded back. There was nothing to prevent his looking on, into the 'inner court.'

At the nearest end of the inner court were Doric marble pillars, painted red, and standing on a low parapet, which also was painted red. His eye was caught by what appeared to him to be a sort of garden—a blue sky with tall trees standing out against it, but partly hidden by a parapet. He was the more perplexed by the delicious scent of flowers which was really wafted to him from that direction. On looking more carefully, however, he perceived that the whole scene was painted on a wall. Between this wall and the Doric pillars was a small court, in which beautiful flowers were growing, whilst a live tortoise wandered slowly about amongst them. In a niche in the wall, a statue of a graceful faun was standing, holding fruits and flowers.

The stranger now looked to the right of the ‘tablinum,’ and saw a long narrow passage leading from the atrium to the kitchen on one side, or to the inner court (where the flowers were growing) on the other.

He had not yet changed his position; he now determined to explore.

He crossed the atrium to the right hand side of the passage by which he came in, pausing to look at a wonderful picture of Achilles sending Briscia to Agamemnon, and marvelling at the force and reality of the whole scene, passing by the door into another chamber, and puzzling a little over another picture.

Then he went down the passage already mentioned, and found himself in a room next the kitchen, which was painted red and yellow, but had several good pictures.

He then crossed by the ‘peristyle’ (which passed between the tablinum and inner court) to the left side of the inner court, and found himself in the ‘library.’ Here, too, there were pictures on the walls; but in the centre of the apartments were books, placed in a kind of circle, so that their backs were always outwards. They were written on papyrus; and sheets of blank paper served as their covers.

He returned by the peristyle and narrow passage to the atrium, and proceeded to examine it on the left side, entering more than one recess, and trying to open more than one door which proved to have been placed there merely for ornament; puzzling himself, too, by going up to what appeared to him to be pictures, and finding that on closer inspection they were mere daubs of colour, although they resumed their former appearance when he moved further away from them.

In one chamber he found a wonderfully graceful and spirited picture of the combat between the Greeks and Amazons.

On coming to the last room he found that it was adorned with black and yellow tiles, and contained a staircase which led to the upper storey; but there lived the women and children of the establishment, so he did not go higher.

On turning, he saw the tablinum had been closed. He entered it, half expecting to find himself in darkness, but the tablinum was so much higher than the atrium and peristyle that its high windows admitted plenty of light. He looked at the mosaic pavement, which represented actors dressing for the theatre, and at various pictures.

Then he came back into the atrium, and took a last look round him. Brilliant colouring, graceful lines, grotesque shapes, all were there; every niche and corner had its own statue, painting, or curiously shaped pillar. The whole house was a work of art, and so he thought as he came away.

— CLOVER.

Notices to Correspondents.

A. K.—From Miss Procter.

A. S.—King John of France was always called the Duke of Normandy in his father's lifetime.

Irene.—Write more definitely to the Editor, and give your address.

W. E.—If not too difficult, Kelke's 'Epitome of English Grammar.' (Kegan Paul.) Pianoforte Primer by Franklin Taylor.

W. E. asks the name and publisher of song with the line 'The mill will never more be turned by the water that is passed.'

Can any one tell me where the poem, beginning as follows, is to be found? I have the other verses, but want to know the author.

'If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billow,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Waiting yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.'

THE MUFFIN MAN.

One of your correspondents in the March number asks about some lines from 'Ethwald,' and where this play may be found. Ethwald is the name of one of Joanna Baillie's 'Plays on the Passions,' and will be found in any edition of her plays.

R. M. J.

In reply to 'M.,' there is a small volume, 'Memorials of Ensign A. M. Cheek,' published by Nisbet, 1858. If 'M.' finds difficulty in procuring it, I can lend it to her if she will send me her address.

Also there is a short biography of this gallant youth in a book called 'Lives made sublime by Faith and Works.'

M. L. BUTTEMER.

Cricket wishes to read up Napoleon's Austrian campaigns. What are the best works on the subject? The more details the better. She particularly wishes for a German account. Also are there any memoirs which would give an idea of Viennese life during the period?

What modern fiction is alluded to in the following: 'The world is renounced, and the gray habit assumed, because the world is so crowded with disappointment and betrayal; when all the gods of beauty and joy in whom she had ever trusted, believing that they were the natural companions of strength and of virtue, are renounced by the heroine, she hides her forehead from the sky because there is light in it, and makes her way to the hills, because they are gray and dim.'

A. R.

I have the lines inquired for by 'M.' in April in an old newspaper 'cutting,' there attributed to Owen Meredith, the present Earl Lytton; but I have seen them elsewhere attributed to an American author. A. S.

C. P.—Extract from a Lecture given by the late Rev. A. Grant on 'Romford,' Essex, formerly Vicar of that town.

'In 1592 was born at Romford, Francis Quarles the poet. His life is briefly told. He was educated at Cambridge, afterwards at Lincoln's Inn, then held the office of Captain to Elizabeth, daughter of James I., Queen of Bohemia. On her death he became secretary of Archbishop Usher in Ireland. When the rebellion broke out (1640), he was obliged to fly for safety to England, and joined Charles I. at Oxford, but he did not enjoy rest. He published among his poems one called 'The Loyal or Royal Convert,' which was offensive to the Parliament party, therefore his property, books, and MSS. were seized and destroyed. This affected him so much as to hasten his death, which took place in 1644. His poems are very numerous; that by which he is best known is his 'Emblems,' which consist of a series of emblematic pictures bearing on religious subjects, illustrated with descriptive verses. The prints and mottoes are taken from a work of another person, which led Pope to introduce the poet into the Dunciad, somewhat too severely saying of him,

"Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own."

This is unjust, as the poems are his own, and although quaint and not always in good taste, they yet contain great beauty of thought, very forcible language, and are full of the deepest piety; this latter quality caused him to be decried by the sensual age of Charles, and the unbelieving scoffing age of Pope. This Francis Quarles had a son John, born at Romford, who was also a poet and strong Royalist, and bore arms for Charles in the garrison at Oxford. He died early of the great Plague in 1665. The family of Quarles bought the property of 'Stewards,' where they resided when the poet was born. Part of the house is still standing, and said to be but little altered. It is near the present railway station; but in 1592 it must have been a house of considerable size, judging from the map, and James Quarles, who purchased it, was an officer in Queen Elizabeth's employ, being clerk of the green cloth, and purveyor to the navy.'

Gemma asks the rest of the following:—

... "Happiness below,
This is Jesus Christ to know,
To see His Face, to feel His love,
This is happiness above."

Also the author.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for May.

17. Sketch the career of Cimon.
18. Trace the steps by which the Confederacy of Delos was converted into the Athenian Empire.
19. Quote Burke's definition of Party; and show how far it applies to the political parties of Athens in the fifth century B.C.
20. Give an account of the administration of Pericles.

*February Class List.**First Class.*

Speranza	40	Squirrel	
Water-wagtail		Harum-Scarum	
Craig-an-Fitheach 39	Liale	
'Αμνηστία		De l'Orient	
Mignonette		Actium	
Busy Bee 37	Nesta	
King Arthur		Cherry Ripe	
Marion	36	A modern Boeotian	
Great Grandmother		Robin	
Kittiwake 35	Britomart	
Blue-bell		Philomela	
Vorwärts 34	Lia	
Moonraker		Herb Margaret	
Cockrobin		Fidelia	
Bladud 33	Persephone	
Wallflower		Toby	
Eve		Hecla	

Second Class.

Eva		Mabel	
Erin-go-bragh 29	Fieldfare	
Apathy		Alpha	
Apis		Latter Larimus	
Trop-ne-vad 28	Pot	
σκέτρομαι		Penelope	
Hawthorn		March Hare	
Apis	27	Excelsior	
Weaver	26	Charissa	
Kettle	25	Maiblume	

Third Class.

Electra						Dame Wood					
Emilia						Barbara					
Emu					19	Lalage					14
Alcectis					18	Tisiphone					
Sapphire						Deryn					13
Countess					17	Donna Pia					12
Taffy						Gimmidge					11
Carlotta					16	Old Stupid					10
Thetis					15						

REMARKS.

1. As Amphictyon, the son of Deucalion, was a mythical personage, he cannot have been the founder of the Amphictyonic Council (as Squirrel and others think).

The derivation of the *name*, however, is not 'wrapped in obscurity' (as Moonraker says), since it is tolerably certain that it means 'dwellers around.' A glance at the map will show that the twelve tribes of Northern Greece, who sent deputies to the Council, occupied a circle of country which enclosed the two shrines of Thermopylæ and Delphi.

It is worth while to remember, that the Olympian victor's wreath was of olive, the Pythian of laurel, the Nemean of parsley, and the Isthmian of pine.

Blue-bell's neat maps are much appreciated. Mabel must attend to her spelling, and not turn 'the Argives' into 'the Archives.'

2. Students should not repeat the old traditional saying, that Lycurgus forbade the use of gold and silver money at Sparta, without noticing also its correction by modern historians, who tell us that 'silver money was first coined in Greece by Phidon of Argos in the succeeding generation, and gold money was first coined in Asia, and was very little known in Greece, even in the time of the Peloponnesian war' ('Student's Greece,' p. 70).

Kettle: jocosse allusions to contemporary politics are out of place in examination-papers.

Gimmidge, Deryn, and others: passages copied out of books ought to be marked as quotations, and the reference given.

3. Several students have not taken the trouble to distinguish between the first Messenian war (alluded to by Tyrtæus), the hero of which was the ill-starred King Aristodemus, who slew himself on his daughter's tomb; and the second Messenian war, the hero of which was Aristomenes, who was thrown into the rocky pit Ceadas, from which he escaped by grasping a fox's tail. The romantic narrative of the wars between the two brave nations dwelling on each side of Mount Taygetus is obviously unhistorical; yet it doubtless preserves the local traditions of many a daring exploit, 'renowned in Border story;' and there is certainly some interest attaching to the fate of the conquered people, whose name still survives in the city of Messina in Sicily, founded by their descendants, while that of their more famous conquerors, the Spartans, has no longer a 'local habitation,' in Greece or elsewhere.

Notice. The Class-Lists for April and May will be unavoidably postponed until August.

The Monthly Packet.

JUNE, 1886.

A MODERN QUEST OF ULYSSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

A MOORISH VILLAGE.

'Our laws and our worship on thee thou shalt take,
And this shalt thou first do for Zulema's sake.'

—SCOTT.

WHEN Arthur Hope dashed back from the party on the prow of the wrecked Tartane in search of little Ulysse, he succeeded in grasping the child, but at the same moment a huge breaker washed him off the slipperly sloping deck, and after a scarce conscious struggle, he found himself, still retaining his clutch of the boy, in the trough between it and another. He was happily an expert swimmer, and holding the little fellow's clothes in his teeth, he was able to avoid the dash, and to rise on another wave. Then he perceived that he was no longer near the vessel, but had been carried out to some little distance, and his efforts only succeeded in keeping afloat, not in approaching the shore. Happily a plank drifted so near him that he was able to seize it and throw himself across it, thus obtaining some support, and being able to raise the child further above the water.

At the same time he became convinced that a strong current, probably from a river or stream, was carrying him out to sea, away from the bay. He saw the black heads of two or three of the Moorish crew likewise floating on spars, and yielding themselves to the stream, and this made him better satisfied to follow their example. It was a sort of rest, and gave him time to recover from the first exhaustion, to convince himself that the little boy was not dead, and to lash him to the plank with a handkerchief.

By-and-by, he knew not how soon, calls and shouts passed between the Moors; only two seemed to survive, and they no longer obeyed the direction of the current, but turned resolutely towards the land, where Arthur dimly saw a green valley opening towards the sea. This was a much severer effort, but by this time immediate self-

preservation had become the only thought, and happily both wind and the very slight tide were favourable, so that just as the sun sank beneath the western waves, Arthur felt foothold on a sloping beach of white sand, even as his powers became exhausted. He struggled up out of reach of the sea, and then sank down, exhausted and unconscious.

His first impression was of cries and shrieks round him, as he gasped and panted, then saw as in a dream forms flitting round him, and then—feeling for the child and missing him—he raised himself in consternation, and the movement was greeted by fresh unintelligible exclamations, while a not unkindly hand lifted him up. It belonged to a man in a sort of loose white garment and drawers, a thin dark bearded face, and Arthur, recollecting that the Spanish word *niño* passed current for child in *lingua franca*, uttered it with an accent of despairing anxiety. He was answered with a volley of words that he only understood to be in a consoling tone, and the speaker pointed inland. Various persons, among whom Arthur saw his recent shipmates, seemed to be going in that direction, and he obeyed his guide, though scarcely able to move from exhaustion and cold, the garments he had retained clinging about him. Some one, however, here ran down towards him with a vessel containing a draught of sour milk, and this revived him enough to see clearly when after walking a distance, which appeared to him most laborious, he found himself entering a sort of village, and was ushered through a courtyard, into a kind of room, in the centre of which a fire was burning, several figures busy round it, and in another moment he perceived that they were rubbing, chafing, and otherwise restoring his little companion.

Indeed Ulysse had just recovered enough to be terribly frightened, and as his friend's voice answered his screams, he sprang from the kind brown hands, and darting on Arthur, clung to him with face hidden on his shoulder. The women who had been attending to him fell back as the white stranger entered, and almost instantly dry clothes were brought, and while Arthur was warming himself and putting them on, a little table about a foot high was set, the contents, a cauldron of a kind of soup, which had been suspended over the fire, were poured into a large round green crock, and in which all were expected to dip their spoons and fingers. Little Ulysse was exceedingly amazed, and observed that *ces gens* were not *bien élevés* to eat out of the dish; but he was too hungry to make any objection to being fed with the wooden spoon that had been handed to Arthur; and when the warm soup, and the meat floating in it had refreshed them, signs were made to them to sleep on a mat within an open door, and both were worn out enough to sleep soundly.

It was daylight when Arthur was awakened by poor little Ulysse, sitting up and crying out for his *bonne*, his mother, and sister, 'Oh! take me to them,' he cried; 'I do not like this dark place.'

For dark the room was, being windowless, though the golden sunlight could be seen beyond the open doorway, which was under a sort of cloister or verandah overhung by some climbing plant. Arthur, collecting himself, reminded the child how the waves had borne them away from the rest, with earnest soothing promises of care, and endeavouring to get back to the rest. 'Say your prayers that God will take care of you and bring you back to your sister,' Arthur added, for he did not think it possible that the child's mother should have been saved from the waves; and his heart throbbed at thoughts of his promise to the poor lady.

'But I want my *bonne*,' sighed Ulysse; 'I want my clothes. This is an ugly *robe de nuit*, and there is no bed.'

'Perhaps we can find your clothes,' said Arthur. 'They were too wet to keep on last night.'

So they emerged into the court, which had a kind of farmyard appearance, women with rows of coins hanging over their brows were milking cows and goats, and there was a continuous confusion of sound of their voices, and the lowing and bleating of cattle. At the appearance of Arthur and the boy, there was a general shout, and people seemed to throng in to gaze at them, the men, handsome, stately, and bearded, with white full drawers, and a bournouse laid so as first to form a flat hood over the head, and then belted in at the waist, with a more or less handsome sash, into which were stuck a spoon and knife, and in some cases one or two pistols. They did not seem ill-disposed, though their language was perfectly incomprehensible. Ulysse's clothes were lying dried by the hearth, and no objection was made to his resuming them. Arthur made gestures of washing or bathing, and was conducted outside the court, to a little stream of pure water descending rapidly to the sea. It was so cold that Ulysse screamed at the touch, as Arthur, with more spectators than he could have desired, did his best to perform their toilettes. He had divested himself of most of his own garments for the convenience of swimming, but his pockets were left and a comb in them, and though poor Mademoiselle Julienne would have been shocked at the result of his efforts, and the little silken laced suit was sadly tarnished with sea water, Ulysse was such an astonishing sight that the children danced round him, the women screamed with wonder, and the men said 'Mashallah!' The young Scotman's height was perhaps equally amazing, for he saw them pointing up to his head as if measuring his stature.

He saw that he was in a village of low houses, with walls of unhewn stone, enclosing yards, and set in the midst of fruit-trees, and gardens. Though so far on in the autumn, there was a rich luxuriant appearance; roots and fruits, corn and flax were laid out to dry, and girls and boys were driving the cattle out to pasture. He could not doubt that he had landed among a settled and not utterly uncivilised people, but he was too spent and weary to exert himself, or even to

care for much beyond present safety; and had no sooner returned to his former quarters, and shared with Ulysse a bowl of curds, than they both fell asleep again in the shade of the gourd plant trained on a trellised roof over the wall.

When he next awoke, Ulysse was very happily at play with some little brown children, as if the sports of childhood defied the curse of Babel, and a sailor from the Tartane was being greeted by the master of the house. Arthur hoped that some communication would now be possible, but, unfortunately, the man knew very little of the lingua franca of the Mediterranean, and Arthur knew still less. However, he made out that he was the only one of the shipwrecked crew who had managed to reach the land, and that this was a village of Moors—settled agricultural Moors, not Arabs, good Moslems—who would do him no harm. This, and he pointed to a fine-looking elderly man, was the Sheyk of the village, Abou Ben Zegri, and if the young Giaours would conform to the true faith all would be salem with them. Arthur shook his head, and tried by word and sign to indicate his anxiety for the rest of his companions. The sailor threw up his hands, and pointed towards the sea, to show that he believed them to be all lost; but Arthur insisted that five—marking them off on his fingers—were on *gebal*, a rock, and emphatically indicated his desire of reaching them. The Moor returned the word ‘Cabeleyzen,’ with gestures signifying throat cutting and slavery, also that these present hosts regarded them as banditti. How far off they were it was not possible to make out, for of course Arthur’s own sensations were no guide; but he knew that the wreck had taken place early in the afternoon, and that he had come on shore in the dusk, which was then at about five o’clock. There was certainly a promontory, made by the ridge of a hill, and also a river between him and any survivors there might be.

‘This was all that he could gather, and he was not sure of even thus much, but he was still too much wearied and battered for any exertion of thought or even anxiety. Three days’ tempest in a cockle shell of a ship, and then three hours’ tossing on a plank, had left him little but the desire of repose, and the Moors were merciful and let him alone. It was a beautiful place, that he already knew. A Scot, and used to the sea coast, his eye felt at home as it ranged to the grand heights in the dim distance, with winter caps of snow, and shaded in the most gorgeous tints of colouring forests beneath, slopes covered with the exquisite green of young wheat. Autumn though it was, the orange-trees, laden with fruit, the cork trees, ilexes, and fan-palms gave plenty of greenery, shading the gardens with prickly pear hedges; and though many of the fruit-trees had lost their leaves, fig, peach, and olive, and mulberry, caper plants, vines with foliage of every tint of red and purple, which were trained over the trellised courts of the houses, made everything have a look of rural plenty and peace, most unlike all that Arthur had ever heard or imagined of the Moors,

who, as he owned to himself, were certainly not all savage pirates and slave-drivers. The whole within was surrounded by a stone wall, with a deep horse-shoe arched gateway, the fields and pastures lying in beyond with some more slightly walled enclosures meant for the protection of the flocks and herds at night.

He saw various arts going on. One man was working in iron over a little charcoal fire, with a boy to blow up his bellows, and several more were busied over some pottery, while the women alternated their grinding between two mill stones, and other domestic cares, with spinning, weaving, and beautiful embroidery. To Arthur, who looked on, with no one to speak to except little Ulysse, it was strangely like seeing the life of the Israelites in the Old Testament when they dwelt under their own vines and fig-trees, like reading a chapter in the Bible, as he said to himself, as again and again he saw some allusion to Eastern customs illustrated. He was still more struck when, after the various herds of kine, sheep, and goats, with one camel, several asses, and a few slender-limbed Barbary horses had been driven in for the night, by the sight of the population, as the sun sank behind the mountains, all suspending whatever they were about, spreading their prayer-carpets, turning eastwards, performing their ablutions, and uttering their brief prayer with one voice so devoutly that he was almost struck with awe.

'Are they saying their prayers?' whispered Ulysse, startled by the instant change in his play-fellows, and as Arthur acquiesced, 'Then they are good.'

'If it were the true faith,' said Arthur, thinking of the wide difference between this little fellow and Estelle; but though not two years younger, Ulysse was far more childish than his sister, and when she was no longer present to lead him with her enthusiasm, sank at once to his own level. He opened wide eyes at Arthur's reply, and said, 'I do not see their idols.'

'They have none,' said Arthur, who could not help thinking that Ulysse might look nearer home for idols—but chiefly concerned at the moment to keep the child quiet, lest he should bring danger on them by interruption.

They were sitting in the embowered porch of the Sheyk's court, when a few seconds after the villagers had risen up from their prayer, they saw a figure enter at the village gateway, and the Sheyk rise and go forward. There were low bending in salutation, hands placed on the breast, then kisses exchanged, after which the Sheyk Abou Ben Zegri went out with the stranger, and great excitement and pleasure seemed to prevail among the villagers, especially the women. Arthur heard the word 'Yusuf' often repeated, and by the time darkness had fallen on the village, the Sheyk ushered the guest into his court, bringing with him a donkey with some especially precious load—which was removed; after which the supper was served as before in the large low apartment, with a

handsomely tiled floor, and an opening in the roof for the issue of the smoke from the fire, which became agreeable in the evening at this season. Before supper, however, the stranger's feet and hands were washed by a black slave in Eastern fashion ; and then all as before sat on mats or cushions round the central bowl, each being furnished with a spoon and thin flat soft piece of bread to dip into the mess of stewed kid, flakes of which might be extracted with the fingers.

The women, who had fastened a piece of linen across their faces, ran about and waited on the guests, who included three or four of the principal men of the village, as well as the stranger, who, as Arthur observed, was not of the uniform brown of the rest, but had some colour in his cheeks, light eyes, and a ruddy beard, and also was of a larger frame than these Moors, who, though graceful, lithe, and exceedingly stately and dignified, hardly reached above young Hope's own shoulder. Conversation was going on all the time, and Arthur soon perceived that he was the subject of it. As soon as the meal was over, the new-comer addressed him, to his great joy, in French. It was the worst French imaginable, perhaps more correctly *lingua franca* with a French instead of an Arabic foundation, but it was more comprehensible than that of the Moorish sailor, and bore some relation to a civilised language, besides which there was something indescribably familiar in the tone of voice, although Arthur's good French often missed of being comprehended.

'Son of a great man? Ambassador, French!' The greatness seemed impressed, but whether Ambassador was understood was another thing, though it was accepted as relating to the boy.

'Secretary to the Ambassador' seemed to be an equal problem. The man shook his head, but he took in better the story of the wreck, though, like the sailor, he shook his head over the chance of their being any survivors, and utterly negatived the idea of joining them. The great point that Arthur tried to convey was that there would be a very considerable ransom, if the child could be conveyed to Algiers, and he endeavoured to persuade the stranger, who was evidently a sort of travelling merchant, and as he began to suspect, a renegade, to convey them thither, but he only got shakes of the head as answers, and something to the effect that they were a good deal out of the Dey's reach in those parts, together with what he feared was an intimation that they were altogether in the power of Sheyk Abou Ben Zegri.

They were interrupted by a servant of the merchant, who came to bring him some message as well as a pipe and tobacco. The pipe was carried by a negro boy, at sight of whom Ulysse gave a cry of ecstasy, 'Juba! Juba! Grandmother's Juba! Why do not you speak to me?' as the little black, no bigger than Ulysse himself, grinned with all his white teeth, quite uncomprehending.

'Ah! my poor laddie,' exclaimed Arthur in his native tongue,

which he often used with the boy, 'it is only another negro. You are far enough from home.'

The words had an astonishing effect on the merchant. He turned round with the exclamation, 'Ye'll be frae Scotland!'

'And so are you!' cried Arthur, holding out his hand.

'Tak tent, tak tent,' said the merchant hastily, yet with a certain hesitation as though speaking a long unfamiliar tongue. 'The loons might jalouse our being overfriendly thegither.'

Then he returned to the Sheyk, to whom he seemed to be making explanations, and presenting some of his tobacco, which probably was of a superior quality in preparation to what was grown in the village. They solemnly smoked together and conversed, while Arthur watched them anxiously, relieved that he had found an interpreter, but very doubtful whether a renegade could be a friend, even though he were indeed a fellow-countryman.

It was not till several pipes had been consumed, and the village worthies had, with considerable ceremony, taken leave, that the merchant again spoke to Arthur. 'I'll see ye the morn; I hae tell'd the Sheyk we are frae the same parts. Maybe I can serve you, if ye ken what's for your guid, but I canna say mair the noo.'

The Sheyk escorted him out of the court, for he slept in one of the two striped horse-hair tents, which had been spread within the enclosures belonging to the village, around which were tethered the mules and asses that carried his wares. Arthur meanwhile arranged his little charge for the night. He felt that among these enemies to their faith, he must do what was in his power to keep up that of the child, and not allow his prayers to be neglected; but not being able to repeat the Latin forms, and thinking them unprofitable to the boy himself, he prompted the saying of the Creed and Lord's Prayer in English, and caused them to be repeated after him, though very sleepily and imperfectly.

All the men of the establishment seemed to take their night's rest on a mat, wrapped in a bournouse, wherever they chanced to find themselves, provided it was under shelter, the women in some penetralia beyond a doorway, though they were not otherwise secluded, and only partially veiled their faces at sight of a stranger. Arthur had by this time made out that the Sheyk, who was a very handsome man over middle age, seemed to have two wives; one probably of his own age, and though withered up into a brown old mummy, evidently the ruler at home, wearing the most ornaments, and issuing her orders in a shrill cracked tone. There was a much younger and handsome one, the mother apparently of two or three little girls from ten or twelve years old to five, and there was a mere girl, with beautiful melancholy gazelle like eyes, and a baby in her arms. She wore no ornaments, but did not seem to be classed with the slaves who ran about at the commands of the elder dame.

However, his own position was a matter of much more anxious care, although he had more hope of discovering what it really was.

He had, however, to be patient. The sunrise orisons were no sooner paid than there was a continual resort to the tent of the merchant, who was found sitting there calmly smoking his long pipe, and ready to offer the like, also a cup of coffee to all who came to traffic with him. He seemed to have a miscellaneous stock of coffee, tobacco, pipes, preparations of sugar, ornaments in gold and silver, jewellery, charms, pistols, and a host of other articles in stock, and to be ready to purchase or barter these for the wax, embroidered handkerchiefs, yarn, and other productions and manufactures of the place. Not a single purchase could be made on either side without a tremendous haggling, shouting, and gesticulating, as if the parties were on the verge of coming to blows, whereas all was in good fellowship, and a pleasing excitement and diversion where time was of no value to anybody. Arthur began to despair of ever gaining attention. He was allowed to wander about as he pleased within the village gates, and Ulysse was apparently quite happy with the little children, who were beautiful and active, although kept dirty and ragged as a protection from the evil eye.

Somehow the engrossing occupation of every one, especially of the only two creatures with whom he could converse, made Arthur more desolate than ever. He lay down under an ilex, and his heart ached with a sick longing he had not experienced since he had been with the Nithsdales, for his mother and his home—the tall narrow gabled house that had sprung up close to the grim old peel tower, the smell of the sea, the tinkling of the burn. He fell asleep in the heat of the day, and it was to him as if he were once more sitting by the old shepherd on the braeside, hearing him tell the old tales of Johnnie Armstrong or Willie o' the wudspurs.

Actually a Scottish voice was in his ears as he looked up and saw the turbaned head of Yusuf the merchant bending over him, and saying—

'Wake up, my bonnie laddie, we can hae our crack in peace while these folks are taking their noonday sleep. Awcel, and where are ye frae, and how do you ca' yersel?'

'I am from Berwickshire,' responded the youth, and as the man started—'My name is Arthur Maxwell Hope of Burnside.

'Eh! No a son of auld Sir Davie?'

'His youngest son.'

The man clasped his hands, and uttered a strange sound as if in the extremity of amazement, and there was a curious unconscious change of tone, as he said—

'Sir Davie's son! Ye'll never have heard tell of Partan Jeanie?' he added.

'A very old fishwife,' said Arthur, 'who used to come her rounds to our door? Was she of kin to you?'

'My mither, sir. Mony's the time I hae peepit out on the cuddie's back between the creels at the door of the braw house of Burnside, and mony's the bannock and cookie the gude lady gied me. My minnie'll no be living thae noo,' he added, not very tenderly.

'I should fear not,' said Arthur. 'I had not seen or heard of her for some time before I left home, and that is now three years since. She looked very old then, and I remember my mother saying she was not fit to come her rounds.'

'She wasna that auld,' returned the merchant gravely; 'but she had led sic a life as falls to the lot of nae wife in this country.'

Arthur had almost said 'Whose fault was that,' but he durst not offend a possible protector, and softened his words into, 'It is strange to find you here, and a Mahometan too.'

'Hoots, Maister Arthur, let that flea stick by the wa'. We maun do at Rome as Rome does, as ye'll soon find'—and disregarding Arthur's exclamation—'and the bit bairn, I thoct ye said he was no Scot, when I was daundering awa' at the French yestreen.'

'No, he is half-Irish, half-French, eldest son of Count Burke, a good Jacobite, who got into trouble with the Prince of Orange, and is high in the French service.'

'And what gars your father's son to be secretaire, as ye ca'd it, to Frenchman or Irishman either.'

'Well, it was my own fault. I was foolish enough to run away from school to join the rising for our own King's——'

'Eh, sirs! And has there been a rising on the Border side against the English pock puddings? Oh, gin I had kenned it!'

Yusuf's knowledge of English politics had been dim at the best, and he had apparently left Scotland before even Queen Anne was on the throne. When he understood Arthur's story, he communicated his own. He had been engaged in a serious brawl with some English fishers, and in fear of the consequences, had fled from Eyemouth, and after casting about as a common sailor in various merchant ships, had been captured by a Moorish vessel, and had found it expedient to purchase his freedom by conversion to Islam, after which his Scottish shrewdness and thrift had resulted in his becoming a prosperous itinerant merchant, with his headquarters at Bona. He expressed himself willing and anxious to do all he could for his young countryman; but it would be almost impossible to do so unless Arthur would accept the religion of his captors; and he explained that the two boys were the absolute property of the tribe, who had discovered and rescued them when going to the seashore to gather kelp for the glass work practised by the Moors in their little furnaces.

'Forsake my religion? Never!' cried Arthur indignantly.

'Saftly, saftly,' said Yusuf; 'nae doot ye trow as I did that they are a' mere Pagans and savage heathens, worshipping Baal and Ashtoreth, but I fand myself quite mista'en. They hae no idols, and girn at the blinded Papists as muckle as auld Deacon Shortcoats himsel'.'

'I know that,' threw in Arthur.

'Aye, and they are a hantle mair pious and devout than ever a body I hae seen in Eyemouth, or a' the country side to boot; forbye, my minnie's auld auntie, that sat graning by the ingle, and aye banned us when we came ben. The menceester himsel' dinna gae about blessing and praying over ilka sma' matter like the meenest of us here, and for a' the wark they make about the honorable Sabbath, wha thinks of praying five times the day? While as for being the waur for liquor, these folks kenna the very taste of it. Put yon Sheyk down on the wharf at Eyemouth, and what wad he say to the Christian folk there!'

A shock of conviction passed over Arthur, though he tried to lose it in indignant defence; but Yusuf did not venture to stay any longer with him, and bidding him think over what had been said, since slavery or Islam were the only alternatives, returned to the tents of merhandise.

First thoughts with the youth had of course been of horror at the bare idea of apostacy, and yet as he watched his Moorish hosts, he could not but own to himself that he never had dreamt that to be among them would be so like dwelling under the oak of Mamre, in the tents of Abraham. From what he remembered of Partan Jeanie's reputation as a being only tolerated and assisted by his mother, on account of her extreme misery and destitution, he could believe that the ne'er-do-weel son, who must have forsaken her before he himself was born, might have really been raised in morality by association with the grave, faithful, and temperate followers of Mahomet, rather than the scum of the port of Eyemouth.

For himself and the boy, what did slavery mean? He hoped to understand better from Yusuf, and at any rate to persuade the man to become the medium of communication with the outside world, beyond that 'dissociable ocean,' over which his wistful gaze wandered. Then the ransom of the little Chevalier de Bourke would be certain, and, if there were any gratitude in the world, his own. But how long would this take, and what might befall them in the meantime?

Ulysse all this time seemed perfectly happy with the small Moors, who all romped together without distinction of rank, of master, slave or colour, for Yusuf's little negro was freely received among them. At night, however, Ulysse's old home self seemed to revive, he crept back to Arthur, tired and weary, fretting for mother, sister, and home; and even after he had fallen asleep, waking again to cry for Julianne. Poor Arthur, he was a rough nurse, but pity kept him patient, and he was even glad to see that the child had not forgotten his home.

Meantime, ever since the sunset prayer, there had been smoking of pipes and drinking of coffee, and earnest discussion between the Sheyk and the merchant, and by-and-by Yusuf came and sat himself

down by Arthur, smiling a little at the young man's difficulty in disposing of those long legs upon the ground.

'Ye'll have to learn this and other things, sir,' said he, as he crossed his own under him, Eastern fashion; but his demeanour was on the whole that of the fisher to the laird's son, and he evidently thought that he had a grand proposal to make, for which Master Arthur ought to be infinitely obliged.

He explained to Arthur that Sheyk Abou Ben Zegri had never had more than two sons, and that both had been killed the year before in trying to recover their cattle from the Cabeleyzes, 'a sort of Hieland caterans.'

The girl whom Arthur had noticed was the widow of the elder of the two, and the child was only a daughter. The Sheyk had been much impressed by Arthur's exploits in swimming or floating round the headland and saving the child, and regarded his height as something gigantic. Moreover, Yusuf had asserted that he was son to a great Bey in his own country, and in consequence Abou Ben Zegri was willing to adopt him as his son, provided he would embrace the true faith, and marry Ayesha, the widow.

'And,' said Yusuf, 'these women are no that ill for wives, as I ken ower weel'—and he sighed. 'I had as gude and dounce a wee wife at Bona as heart culd wish, and twa bonnie bairnies; but when I cam' back frae my rounds, the plague had been there before me. They were a' gone, even Ali, that had just begun to ca' me Ab, Ab, and I hae never had heart to gang back to the town house. She was a gude wife, nae flying nae rampaging. She wad hae died wi' shame to be likened to thae randy wives at hame. Ye might do waur than tak' such a fair offer, Maister Arthur.'

'You all mean it kindly,' said Arthur, touched; 'but for nothing, no, for nothing, can a Christian deny his Lord, nor yield up his hopes for hereafter.'

'As for that,' returned Yusuf, 'the meneester and Deacon Short-coats, and my auld auntie, and the lave of them aye ca'ed me a vessel of destruction. That was the best name they had for puir Tam. So what odds culd it mak, if I took up with the Prophet, and I was ower lang leggit to row in a galley? Forbye, here they say that a man who prays and gies awmous, and keeps frae wine, is sicker to win to Paradise and a' the houris. I had rather it war my puir Zorah than any strange houri of them a'; but any way, I hae been a better man sin' I took up wi' them than ever I was as a cursing, swearing, drunken, fechtin' sailor lad wha feared neither God nor devil.'

'That was scarce the fault of the Christian faith,' said Arthur.

'Aweel, the first answer in the Shorter Carritch was a' they ever garred me learn, and that is what we here say of Allah. I see no muckle to choose, and I ken ane thing, it is a hell on earth at ance gin ye gang not along wi' them. And that's sicker, as ye'll find to your cost, sir, gin ye be na the better guided.'

‘With hope, infinite hope beyond,’ said Arthur, trying to fortify himself. ‘No, I cannot, cannot deny my Lord, my Lord that bought me!’

‘We own Issa Ben Mariam for a Prophet,’ said Yusuf.

‘But He is my only Master, my Redeemer, and God. No, come what may, I can never renounce Him,’ said Arthur with vehemence.

‘Weel, aweel,’ said Yusuf, ‘maybe ye’ll see in time what’s for your gude. I’ll tell the Sheyk it would misbecome your father’s son to do sic a deed ower lichtly, and strive to gar him wait while I am in these parts to get your word, and nae doot it will be wiselike at the last.’

(To be continued.)

EYES TO THE BLIND.

BY CAROLINE BIRLEY, AUTHOR OF 'UNDINE, A ROMANCE OF MODERN DAYS,' &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER AND SON.

'FATHER, what are you going to give me for my next birthday-present?' saucily asked Bruna, that same evening, sitting on her father's knee. 'For if you do not care particularly about surprising me, I know what I should like.'

'Say on,' said Mr. Luxmoore, 'though I do not blindly promise that I will grant your request.'

'I should like money,' said Bruna.

'Mercenary individual! How much of it?'

'As much as I can get—for the harmonium for the Windmill Chapel,' she explained.

'For Denys and Meave Ryan, in fact,' said Mr. Luxmoore. 'Poor Meave! I am afraid her efforts at money-making are costing her something just now. I wonder what her parents will say to her confession.'

'Not much,' said Bruna, smiling. 'The whole family, even Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, are so delightfully Irish. But Meave is a little nervous about telling, and so I thought that if I could send her a message by Denys in the morning, that I should soon be able to help them a good deal, it would be a kind of comfort to them both. The Chapel is to be opened on the 14th of September, with a harvest thanksgiving service. Wouldn't it be nice if they could only have the harmonium then?'

Mr. Luxmoore looked at her with pretended severity.

'Bruna, Bruna,' he said, 'this is hinting! But if you think that I am calmly going to present you with a cheque for the whole price of the harmonium, you are very much mistaken. And even if I did, I don't suppose that Meave and Denys would like you to take their project out of their hands in this cool fashion.'

'Oh, yes, they would, father!' said Bruna, eagerly. 'I know they would. They only care that the harmonium should be got, not a bit for getting it themselves. You don't know how anxious Denys is to have music at the services, and to give Mark Acton the delight of playing there. But a sovereign will be a big help,' she added, 'and you know you generally spend as much as that upon my birthday-present.'

'True,' said Mr. Luxmoore; and Bruna, who saw that he was turning over something in his mind, waited patiently until he spoke again. 'Now, listen to me, Bruna,' he said, seriously. 'It is a good and noble thought of those two friends of yours to try and get a harmonium for the Mission Chapel; and though I don't approve of all the means that they have taken for raising funds, I think they certainly deserve to be successful in the end. But were I to carry out your wish of immediately bestowing the necessary sum, I should at once deprive them of a powerful motive for self-denial; and the offering which they are purposing for the glory of God and the good of a fellow-man, instead of being as it ought to be, the precious and slow-ripening fruit of unselfishness and affection, would be one which costs them nothing. The spirit and the value of the gift would be taken away.'

'Yes, I see,' said Bruna. 'But mayn't I join them in the giving? There are so many sixpences in twelve pounds; and I should like so much to go without butter and sugar just as they do, if I may have a weekly sixpence for it, too. May I, father? *Please?*'

'No, Bruna, you may not. If you were fatter, you might perhaps please yourself; but as it is, I put my veto on all such ideas. Don't you think this is a better plan? I will give you five pounds for your present, and lend besides to you and Meave and Denys—without interest—all the rest that is needed for a suitable second-hand instrument. This must be paid back to me in small weekly or monthly instalments, to which you can contribute (as far as I am concerned) your fair share out of your usual allowance of pocket-money. And talking of birthday presents, I shall not be hurt, my dear, if this year I do not happen to have one from you.'

Bruna put her arms about him. 'You good old father,' she said, gratefully; 'I think I shall find out other ways of saving. I only wish it weren't so late now, and that I hadn't to wait until the morning to tell Denys how kind you are going to be.'

'You know you must ask him if he will let us join him in his scheme,' said Mr. Luxmoore.

'Yes; only there isn't much good in asking when you know the answer already,' said Bruna.

And indeed this generous proposal of Mr. Luxmoore, coming in conjunction with Miss Sophia Anstruther's kind offer of music lessons to Mark and Denys, seemed to put an end at once to all delays and difficulties. It would have been enough to make Denys go off his head with joy—or at least so he told Bruna—had not Meave's illness and the consequent relation of its cause, &c., been sobering influences. Their brief colloquy took place over the hedge in the morning, during a five minutes' respite which Bruna obtained from lessons in order to inquire for Meave, who had passed a tolerably tranquil night; and as soon as Bruna went in to Miss Elmer, Denys went up to his sister's room, to help her through her dreaded confession.

As far as Meave was concerned, the anticipation of this interview was much worse than the reality. Displeasure at her conduct gave place to anxiety for the results of it; and soon the principal aim of both Mr. and Mrs. Ryan was to quiet her excitement. This was not so easy. Meave's spirits rose rapidly upon finding that she was not to be scolded, and she insisted upon giving an account of her adventures as a flower-girl in a vividly dramatic manner, imitating the voice and gestures of each person with whom she had had dealings. When she saw her parents thoroughly amused by her performance, and heard their laughter, she knew well that there were no further admonitions and reproaches in store for her; her back did not hurt her much while she was lying down; and so, on Dr. Marsh's arrival to inspect his patient, he was surprised to find how bright and gay she looked.

Denys did not seem likely to escape so easily. Mr. Ryan was a man who could hardly bring his chivalrous nature to be severe on any failing of a girl or woman, but a boy was altogether different. He thought little or nothing of Denys's acrobatic performance at the station, but the story of the turnip roused his instant indignation.

'Go down to the study at once, and wait until I come to you,' he said in a low stern tone. And Denys went without a word, for this happened in Meave's room, and he did not want her to be troubled by the knowledge that he was in disgrace.

His father did not come to him for a long time, not until after Dr. Marsh had left the house; and so Denys had plenty of leisure to reflect upon the unwonted anger he had caused.

'What does Dr. Marsh say about Meave, father?'

Mr. Ryan drew a chair up to the table at which Denys was sitting, with an open book before him.

'His account is more cheering than we dared to hope, after hearing how the injury was caused,' he answered, gravely. 'There is no doubt whatever that the fall has hurt her back, and if she had but spoken out when first she felt it, and been made to rest immediately, it would have been a trivial matter. Now, he thinks that for a month, at least, she will have to lie down almost constantly. She is to be allowed to walk downstairs once in the day, so as to be amongst us all, and not feel herself banished from the family circle; and we are to do our utmost to keep her happy and amused and cheerful.'

'Poor Meave! How horrid for her!' said Denys, sympathetically. 'Does she know?'

'She does; and has borne the knowledge very bravely. Indeed, just now she seems to think it will be comfortable to keep still. Dr. Marsh says that the way she has struggled to go about as usual is quite wonderful, and mistaken though she was in doing so, one cannot but admire her courage. I expect it was her loyalty to you

which kept her silent; but even without that you must be very sorry for having led her into this disaster.'

Denys shook his head. 'No, father, you can't work on my feelings that way,' he said, brightly. 'I am very sorry indeed for Meave, and I know I put it into her head to be a flower-girl; but I never, never told her to get on the back bar of a cab—much less to get off again in the stupid way she did. Conscience doesn't reproach me *there*,' he said, more seriously.

'Where does it reproach you, then!' said Mr. Ryan very kindly. His anger against Denys was melting, though his perplexity remained; for he was happily quick in detecting signs of feeling, and perceived that the boy too was in a troubled mood, in which tact and gentleness were more likely to avail with him than sternness.

'Surely, you know, Denys, that I have grave reasons for being dissatisfied with you. Where is that improvement which I told you I should look for, when we had that serious talk at Whitsuntide?'

'I have done my lessons rather better, since,' said Denys, who had an irresistible propensity for putting forward his best side.

'You have, certainly,' acknowledged Mr. Ryan, 'rather better. But you know that there are other points in which I am far more desirous of seeing an alteration in you than in that slight access of diligence of which you seem so proud. What am I to think of the steadiness and sense of a lad in your position who finds pleasure and amusement in annoying his neighbours in ways of which any well-conducted workman's son would be ashamed. You make me very anxious, Denys. Is there nothing which will give any seriousness or purpose to your life?'

Was not this an opening? Denys thought so, though in truth his father was not expecting any answer to the question.

'Yes, there is,' he eagerly began, but before he could get further Mr. Ryan had resumed.

'Now, Denys, a fresh chance is before you. Though you may not like to acknowledge it to me, I believe that in your heart of hearts you are aware how far your home life here has fallen short of what it ought to be. You need stricter discipline and more restraint and watchfulness, than I have time to bestow upon you, or have hitherto, trusting to your knowledge of my own and your mother's wishes for you, thought necessary. In a new sphere you will, I hope, do better, and therefore, though the expense of it will entail certain sacrifices on the rest of us, which I had hoped to have put off for another year, we must not grudge them. When these holidays are over, on the 13th of September, you will be received at Downton College. My boy, do not let me be disappointed also in your career there.'

He put his hand affectionately on Denys's shoulder, but for a moment there was no response in word, or look, or gesture. The boy had turned away his face.

The 13th of September! The day before the opening of the Wind-

mill Mission Chapel, to which he had been looking forward with such pure unselfish joy. To the winds were scattered his bright visions of musical employment for Mark Acton, for who else was there who would devote the necessary time and energy to starting him on this career? Afterwards, when everything was in train, it would be easy enough to Con to carry on the work; but now, if he, Denys, went away from home, the whole scheme, as he arranged it, came to a sudden end.

‘Father, have you really quite settled that I am to go?’

There was a despairing note in Denys’s voice, which struck his father greatly. He had not expected him to be so moved by the thought of leaving home.

‘Practically it is settled, Denys. The Principal, Mr. Lightfoot, is an old college friend of mine, and though next term there is no actual vacancy for another pupil, he has most kindly consented to stretch a point for me, and take you in without delay. I had a letter from him this morning to say so, and I have merely to write and express my grateful acquiescence. The circumstances are somewhat exceptional.’

‘Does that mean that I am exceptionally wicked?’ asked poor Denys, who, for perhaps the first time that he could remember, was struggling against a horrible inclination to cry. ‘Look here, father. Promise me that you won’t write that letter, and I will try and give up all the things that you don’t like my doing. I am sorry myself about a lot of them, and I dare say the others too will seem as bad when I come to think about them. Any way, though, I will give them up, if I may stay at home another year.’

‘But, Denys, I feel sure you will be happy enough at Downton. It is not exactly as a punishment that I am sending you away. It is to give you an opportunity of doing better.’

Denys looked straight at him with a grave set face.

‘It doesn’t matter why it is—not much, at least—if I really have to go. But this very year of all my life is the one when it most signifies about my being here. You know what you said about my perhaps being able to help Mark to be the organist at the Windmill Chapel; and now I find that I can manage the whole business if you will only let me stay. Don’t say you won’t, father! I am sure you wouldn’t, if you knew how much I care. Con is too young yet; and there is no one else to take my place.’

‘But how can you manage the whole business, boy? I do not understand.’

And Denys told the story of Mr. Luxmoore’s generosity, and Miss Sophia Anstruther’s magnanimous offer of musical instruction to himself and Mark. And then, forgetting himself entirely in his excitement, he began to plead Mark’s cause, not in his ordinary schoolboy language, but giving play to an unsuspected power of eloquence which was latent in him. And as, with unconscious force

and beauty, he painted the gladness which would shine upon that darkened life by means of sacred music, and besought his father not to shut out that source of joy, it seemed no more the careless wilful boy of old who was the speaker, but a noble youthful spirit, whose earnest aims and aspirations one would scarcely dare to check and chill.

Mr. Ryan heard him with mingled astonishment and thankfulness. Here, close at hand then, was the means by which Denys would be raised above the idle follies of the past, and a motive which would prove a stronger safeguard to him than any mere change of scene. A chance expression presently revealing something of his bitter disappointment at being excluded from the parish choir, one or two judicious questions of his father's, drew from him the avowal of his secret wish to be a clergyman. He was quite too young for this determination to be regarded as at all decisive; but Mr. Ryan was far from seeking to discourage what might be the early promptings of the Holy Spirit in his son (as is said in the beautiful Ordination Office), 'to serve God for the promoting of His glory, and the edifying of His people.'

'Does anybody know of this desire of yours?'

'Only Mark,' said Denys. 'I never told him, but he knew.'

Mr. Ryan thought awhile in silence. 'Then, Denys, boy,' he said at length, 'am I to understand that if, for Mark's sake, I accede to your request and let you spend another year at home, you undertake that with regard to yourself, it shall by no means be a repetition of the last twelve months? Will you try, God helping you, to overcome the thoughtlessness and recklessness which have proved such snares to you. They, and your love of mischief, are faults which do not lower you in the eyes of your companions, and so you are tempted to deem them of no consequence. Nevertheless, though, are they sins, which if not sternly rooted out, will stifle all your better principles, and withhold you more and more from doing your duty in that state of life to which you have been called. Shall I trust you, Denys? I will, if you can tell me that, seeking ever a strength higher than your own, you are resolved henceforth to make a manful stand against temptation?'

'I am.'

Only those two words, but the boy's whole heart was in them, and their utterance proved to be his turning-point in life. Not that all at once the old follies and failings and allurements ceased to charm him, or that often and often he was not led away into the baleful habits of the past. But they had become to him, the

'Faults that let and will not leave us,
'Though their staying sorely grieve us,'

and he was sorry and repentant for each fall.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHAPEL ORGANIST.

DENYS's days began now to be busy. Partly as a test of his sincerity, partly for the sake of the actual learning, partly as a means of keeping the pleasure-loving lad away from mischief, his father imposed on him a holiday task of somewhat formidable length. Yet Denys would neither himself bemoan the hardship of it, nor suffer Meave to do so for him. As he expected, he had been told plainly that strenuous exertions on his own part were essential to obtain him a university education; for unless he gained a scholarship or exhibition to help towards the expenses, they would be more than could be rightly afforded for any single member of the family. Denys meant to have a university education, and at Oxford or Cambridge; and if once he resolved to devote his abilities to learning his lessons instead of to evading them, there was little fear he would get on.

Then there were the music lessons. Surely never before had mistress such willing and attentive pupils as Miss Sophia found in Mark and Denys; and thoroughly did she enjoy the teaching of them both. No comparison, however, was possible between them. Denys had a decided talent for music and a great love of it; but with Mark it was genius, and nothing but ill-health and the variety of learning which oppressed him in the Milborough Asylum, could have prevented his powers from displaying themselves there in their full force. It was astonishing how little he had forgotten of that early and excellent teaching; and Miss Sophia, who was emotional, nearly shed tears of joy upon listening to his performance of Bach's Fugue in D. minor.

The choosing of the second-hand harmonium was a great event. It was to be bought in Milborough, and at Bruna's suggestion, Mr. Luxmoore not only proposed to Mr. Ryan that they should go together to select it, but added Miss Elmer and herself and Denys to the party; and they had a very pleasant and successful day. The instrument secured was one with seven stops, of good tone and quality, and in a neat oak case, and the price paid for it by Mr. Luxmoore, to include its safe delivery at the Chapel, was ten guineas. Five pounds of this was his free gift, through Bruna; and the remaining five pounds and ten shillings were to be repaid to him by instalments, as soon as the children could collect it. Lucius, at this period, possessed three shillings, and Con elevenpence, each generously bestowing his whole wealth upon the fund; and Meave and Denys had already saved thirteen shillings by their self-denial. To this would have been added the further sum gained by the exercise of Denys's agility and the selling of Meave's flowers, had not Mr. Ryan unexpectedly forbidden the money thus acquired to be used for the Chapel.

'It would not be right,' he said, firmly, in answer to the gloomy disappointed looks of his son and daughter, 'to offer specially to God, for His holy service, the produce of self-will and unduteousness. Yes, Meave; for surely in your secret hearts, both you and Denys knew that you were doing what your mother and I would disapprove? If, however, I am wronging you by this suspicion, and you can tell me that you had not one lurking doubt as to the propriety of your conduct, I retract what I have said; and you shall give this money with the rest.'

Meave looked at Denys, and Denys looked at Meave; and the vanished sunshine came back into their countenances.

'No, father. We did know really that you would not like what we were doing, if you saw us,' they answered, both at once.

'Very well. That is conclusive,' said the father. 'On the other hand I want to tell you that I am glad to be able to make use of the harmonium at once. That I could not have done, had the payment of your debt upon it to Mr. Luxmoore been left to chance; but since, by abstinence from certain luxuries, you have a sure and regular source of income, I see no harm in the dedication of the instrument before the price is actually in Mr. Luxmoore's hands.'

'That's all right,' said Denys. 'Meave, you really must get well in time for the opening service.'

This ceremony was fixed for the 14th of September, Holy Cross Day; and the shape of the four sails of the Windmill suggesting that an appropriate name for the building would be the Chapel of the Holy Cross, there seemed a fitness in the choice of date. The weather was everything that could be desired, warm and bright and balmy; and the sunshine was shedding a glad light upon fields that were yellow with the stubble of ingathered corn, or green with rich grasses of the aftermath, as the congregation took its way along the hedgerows. Inside the chapel, not only grapes and ears of wheat, but many lingering blossoms of the summer, lent their beauty to the harvest decorations, and lovely sprays of passion-flower were twined around the tiny coloured window at the east. Mr. Ryan's frescoes of white angel figures stood out boldly from the dark red of the buttresses; and the same contrasting colours were reversed in the painted text which went as a frieze along the whitewashed walls. The words were those which Mark and Denys had chosen.

But no petty details with regard to paint and fittings can convey to one who has not seen it, the peculiar charm of such a place. There was an atmosphere of rest and calm and peace here which is missed in many a larger and more elaborate building, and which even the presence of so full a congregation could not altogether chase away. Nearly all the actors in this little story were assembled; and Mr. Ryan himself took the service this time, though it was afterwards to be conducted by a lay-reader.

Meave, who was making good progress towards recovery, had been

driven down by Dr. Marsh, and he also found room in his carriage for the Misses Anstruther. Mrs. Ryan had pretty little Norah between her and her eldest daughter; and Lucius and Con, and now Denys, for the first time, were among 'the white-robed brood of choristers.' Mark's parents, and Minnie, and her brother James, had taken up their station by the entrance door, which was at the west; and from this position they commanded a good view of the harmonium and of the profile of the player.

Not far from the Acton family were Bruna and Mr. Luxmoore and Miss Elmer, Bruna's gentle, sympathetic heart rejoicing in the accomplishment of Denys and Meave's purpose, and finding perfect satisfaction in the further consciousness that she and her father had had a share in bringing it about. But as Mr. Luxmoore (who though not himself much of a player, had had his critical faculty for music thoroughly developed) listened to the tones which Mark drew forth from such an instrument as this cheap harmonium, he could not be satisfied, for he felt that Mark's appointment to be the organist of the little Mission Chapel was but a first step in a right direction; and a plan of future help for him then came dimly to his mind, which was destined afterwards to bear good fruit. Now he tried to put the thought away from him, and give himself entirely to the spirit of a hymn, in which he could distinguish the voice of the new choir-boy rising as clear and fresh and joyous as a bird's.

Throughout the year which followed, the Mission Chapel was well attended, both on Wednesday evenings and at the Sunday services; and there, always in his place by the harmonium, was Denys Ryan, to smooth away all difficulties from the musician's path. The Chapel Choir consisted only of himself and three young boys with tolerable voices, who lived on Bogedon Down, and had been drilled by him and Mark into some sort of proficiency. But it was Denys's influence alone, and his system of mingled threats and bribes, which kept that choir together; and Mark had a conviction that when Alfred and Harry and Charlie were left to the management of himself and Master Con (who was to be Denys's successor), their attendance would be rare. Con was, on the whole, a good little boy, but although he could sing, he was not by nature very musical; and he would be unable to teach Mark—as Denys did—fresh Psalm and Hymn tunes by playing them over to him three or four times, sentence by sentence, as it were.

But for the fact that Mark must miss him, Denys would not have been sorry that the time of his departure for Downton College was at hand. Of late he had been working very well and steadily with his father, and he wanted to measure his talents against those of other boys, not to mention the attraction which the thought of the football and cricket matches there, had for him. Lucius had gone to a public school the previous Christmas, and Denys's ambition was fired by his descriptions of both the work and the play of such a little world.

Mark had another struggle at this time against feelings of restlessness and discontent. The payment of his musical services at the Windmill was naturally so small as to be almost nominal, and yet the necessary practisings and a weekly lesson from Miss Sophia at the red house, took up so much of his time and thoughts as to cause his basket-making to seem more of a burden than ever. He would not reduce his quantity of work, and often sat up far into the night, weaving busily, and stilling as best he could his longings to procure the further teaching—which must of necessity be professional—which would fit him for the position of a competent church organist. He accused himself of base ingratitude in not being satisfied with what Denys had already done for him, and he hoped in time to conquer his yearnings for a different life. Once, indeed, he had had serious thoughts of saving money enough to go somewhere for a year of thorough musical instruction. But when he told his parents of this wish, they spoke so firmly of his duty to put by every penny he could spare as a provision for possible illness or disablement, that Mark, who had a great dread of becoming a burden upon any one, had no heart to press the point.

The sunbeams of an August afternoon were lighting up the corners of the shed in which he was sitting, working, one Saturday, when he heard the sound of advancing footsteps, and his quick ear soon detected Bruna Luxmoore's tread. Miss Elmer brought her not infrequently to read to him, but the second pair of feet were not the governess's but a stranger's, and those of a full-grown man. But almost before Mark could form the conjecture that they belonged to Bruna's father, her blithe young voice began the introduction.

'How d'ye do? I haven't brought Miss Elmer this time, but my father; and he has something very important that he wants to say to you.'

So he had indeed; and in a few minutes there was unfolded to the astonished and delighted Mark, and that in the kindest and most delicate manner, the matured scheme of which the first idea had occurred to Mr. Luxmoore at the inauguration service at the Chapel. This was to send Mark for a couple of years or so to a certain College or Academy of Music for the Blind in the south of England, where he would receive, according to the best known methods of teaching the sightless, thorough instruction in the study of the organ, piano, and other solo instruments, and in harmony, counterpoint, composition, the history of music, and the art of teaching.

It may be imagined how Mark received this offer!

'Words are poor,' he said, 'to convey my gratitude. Only sir may I make this one condition?—that if I am ever able, thanks to you, to get the position anywhere of regular church organist, I may pay back to you the cost of my training. It would be a relief to me, sir, to be allowed to do it.'

'Then, do,' said Mr. Luxmoore, kindly. 'But remember, entirely

at your own convenience. The real repayment will come to me in seeing that your unusual powers are not wasted.'

'And you are not to feel anxious about the Windmill services,' said Bruna, 'for Miss Elmer and I are going to undertake them. Oh, and Meave too, for you know, don't you, that we have made an arrangement for her to come across every day, and do lessons with me? Miss Elmer will teach me the harmonium; and we have asked Mr. Ryan, and he says we may. Oh! I know what would be delightful,' she added, putting her hands together and looking full at Mark, quite forgetting that he could not see her in return. 'If you were to come back here, and be the organist at the Parish Church.'

'Ah! Miss Luxmoore, I'm afraid that isn't likely!' answered Mark, with a smile at the little visionary.

And yet that was the very thing that came to be.

For the next two years brought changes to the parish of Bogedon. The aged Rector, Mr. Massey, died in a good old age and full of days; and the nobleman in whose gift was the rich living, bestowed it upon him to whom the parish was already deeply indebted, the Reverend Lucius Ryan. No appointment could have given greater satisfaction; and when, some twelve months afterwards, the elderly organist sent in his resignation and retired on a well-earned fortune, and it fell to Mr. Ryan's lot to choose him a successor, he made an equally happy choice in naming Mark Acton. Mark had but lately returned from the Musical College; his certificates and testimonials were of the highest order, and he was fully worthy of the large salary attaching to the post.

Denys Ryan, a great tall fellow of fifteen, was at home for his Christmas holidays the first Sunday that Mark played in the beautiful old Church. Not having seen his friend before since his return, he lingered after service behind the others of his family, in order to congratulate and walk with him.

'Well, Mark, I should say that you are happy enough now.'

'I am indeed,' said Mark, as his hand closed over Denys's in greeting. 'And next to Heaven, Master Denys, I owe everything to you.'

Denys laughed his joyous laugh of old.

'Don't let Mr. Luxmoore hear you say so, in case he doesn't think you very grateful,' he observed. 'If you owe anything to me, what do you suppose I owe to you? Do you know, on the whole, Mark, I think I would rather not settle our account.'

His speech was light and jesting, but there was earnest meaning at his heart. For it seemed to Denys Ryan, that the history of the friendship between Mark Acton and himself might be summed up in one single sentence—

'If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter if we shall reap your worldly things?'

ALTHEA: AN EPISODE.

CHAPTER V.

AND now the most wonderful thing of all was to happen. In the midst of that miserable reaction which follows upon over-excitement, Althea was assailed by a new distress. Her own act, the expression in David's eyes when he laid his hand on hers in mute thanksgiving, had set light to some long-buried train of thought in the Professor's mind, and that very evening he insisted on going to the hotel. I accompanied him, having with difficulty persuaded Althea to stay at home and not attempt to face her inquisitive friends and acquaintances. As I anticipated the afternoon's adventure was the one subject of conversation on both piazzas. David, who with difficulty maintained his usual 'company' demeanour, got me into a corner and extracted the confession that it was I who had warned him of the shark's approach. I had hoped that this little feat of mine would have passed unnoticed, but such good fortune was not in store for me, and I had to submit to be thanked. You see he *could* thank me, and he could *not* thank Althea—not in words, at least. The Professor was extremely uncommunicative, and would do nothing but listen to the conversations held around his chair. On our way home the results of this exaggerated attentiveness on his part began to appear, and no doubt he had overheard much that had not been designed for his ears. Anyhow he murmured, as we walked home—

'So they are talking about Royal and my Althea, are they? There was something at Boston and at Washington—what was it, Mrs. Gordon? Ah! I remember now, I had forgotten. Royal is a good fellow—he used to please the girl, I am sure—well, this matter must be settled.'

I was horrified at the prospect of his interference; but what could I do? Expostulation with him was in these days considerably worse than useless; and I soon saw that events, however untoward, must take their course. The excitement of the afternoon had given the Professor's memory an awkward jog, and all the more so because he remembered past events sufficiently imperfectly to plunge those of the present and future into hopeless confusion. Far from smoothing the course of true love, that day's adventure bid fair to raise a fresh obstacle. There was a curious kind of humility in Althea in spite of her pride—or rather, perhaps, it was a mixture of the two—which would always render it difficult for her to put faith in any man's

affection unless definitely expressed, and certain other peculiarities of temperament to which I have elsewhere alluded made her unconscious of evidence which to most people would have been conclusive. There was now the danger that should David come forward, after having refrained himself so long, she might ascribe his sudden action to false motives—gratitude mistaken for a renewal of love, perhaps—or she might take it into her head that he had read in her agitation an expression of deep feeling which required return. Something of this sort would be sure to happen. Last, but not least, her resolution never to leave her brother until—if ever—his condition should have permanently changed, remained as insuperable an obstacle as before. In entire renunciation, or in unlimited patience, lay, as it seemed to me, the young man's sole alternatives. Which would he choose?

The Professor went to work at once, and a nice mess he made of it. If it had been possible to try and draw these two young people together by worse methods I do not know what they could have been. He was obstinate as only weak men can be, and to reason with him was a mere waste of tissue. Unfortunately, too, when he maintained that David and Althea loved one another, flat contradiction was impossible; but though it *was* possible to deny that Althea's refusal to yield was due to caprice, her real motive could not of course be given. I was present at one of the unseemly discussions which for a week, on and off, delayed David's return to his work, and caused two people, at least, such unutterable misery. Althea stood before her brother, proud and tall, with downcast eyes—now deathly white, now with cheeks dyed with a sudden crimson. David was in the room—need I say?—to make matters worse, for the Professor was no chooser of times or seasons—and every now and then he would fix his eyes, full of a mournful appeal, on Althea's face. I do not think the girl could have behaved otherwise than she did, or manifested a nobler self-repression. Her object was not to be inveigled into any betrayal of weakness, no matter what might be the cost to herself; believing as she did that David's love would eventually die a natural death if it received no encouragement, she could not have acted differently. When her brother questioned her she replied gently and patiently, yet not so as to afford the most sanguine lover a vestige of hope.

'I should never have suspected you of such coquetry, Althea,' concluded the Professor, harshly. 'You will ruin him by your folly and caprice!'

'Not so bad as that, so help me God!' put in the young man, with solemn resolution. 'Do not fear, Althea—I am not so wholly unworthy.'

She darted at him a swift grateful glance.

'I would never believe it of you,' she said.

The Professor, as usual utterly regardless of any attempt to check him, continued his harangue, winding up by telling his sister that

she might have the satisfaction of knowing that she had made herself the talk of the place, and saying all the other hopelessly unreasonable, yet none the less bitter, things that only the unhinged imagination of love can suggest. Finally he retired to his study, deeply aggrieved. Then David took up his hat, and bowing to us both, opened the outside blinds, and stepped out of the long window. He was gone, and feeling that Althea had borne enough, and that further speech of whatever kind would be but added cruelty, I kissed her gently, and left her too.

There are various kinds of heroism, but that alone is the true one which renounces, open-eyed and counting well the cost, all hope of comprehension or appreciation, not merely by the world, but by the many who are near and dear. 'There are social treacheries which look splendid to the world outside,' but there are also 'sacrifices costing blood and tears which have the effect of meanness and transgression.' Every great effort becomes easy when we are well-nigh sure of success; or at least that admiration from without attends the [struggle, and that sympathy awaits its result, whatever that result may be. No heroism is required to fight amid the applause of the multitude; and he is no hero unless in the performance of his duty self in every form has been slaughtered. Heroism is not so easily attained as we would think.

Poor Althea was no heroine, but she was being as nearly like one as she could be, giving all she had to give—that widow's mite which never yet has been refused—and that without hope of any sympathy, except so much as one faithful friend could offer.

Towards sundown she joined me at the hotel, where by chance I had been able to secure a room for the day, and presently we went out for a stroll together.

'Let Luke meet you with the carriage at the Fresh Water Lakes,' said Althea; 'I need not go home yet, for Judge Roberts is with Julius.'

So we turned into the woods, and followed a narrow grassy track running parallel with the beach. The sun popped down, and the woodland growth seemed dense indeed. Here and there a bignonia had flung its tendrils over some tall tree, showering its scarlet trumpets downwards as it rose; the scent of the wild sweet myrtle hung faint upon the air, bushes of white azalea gleamed in the subdued light, and ghosts of the exquisite yet deadly yellow jessamine confronted us at every turn. Ferns covered the ground, and the lovely poison-oak—which resembles the Virginia creeper so nearly that memory often fails, uncomfortably enough, to recall the difference—clung close to many a tree-trunk. Suddenly, when we least expected it, we found ourself ankle-deep in sand, the trees fell back, and we emerged into comparative daylight. Right in front of us were the two tiny lakes said to be supplied with water by the sea through subterranean channels, by which the water arrives at its destination

pure and fresh—a filtering process carried on by the sand, I have been told. These dark little lakes had an uncanny and mysterious look this evening, as if they had neither heart nor part in nature; yet nature in its fullest luxuriance was everywhere about them, and on their gloomy surfaces silver water-lilies floated. The steep banks surrounding them were covered with trees and bushes, and on the inland side the woods came close.

Wishing to avoid serious talk for the present, I persuaded Althea to sing, as I often did when we were out together. But my efforts to spare her were vain, for as the last melodious sounds melted into silence David Royal came out from under the shadow of the trees, his grey eyes shining. I confess that my own were wet, for Althea's singing, combined with the intensity of my sympathy, had moved me unusually. I could not help being impressed afresh with the young man's appearance as he stood before us, hat in hand. At no time could he be passed over, but just now there was a power about him which made itself peculiarly felt. Yet his words were humble enough.

'Do with me what you will, Althea,' he cried; 'I am yours to command.'

Startled by his unexpected appearance, the girl was momentarily unnerved. Her large eyes sought mine as if seeking some mode of escape, and finding none. Then she gathered herself together, and sprang to her feet.

'I have something to say to you, Mr. Royal,' she said.

They left me sitting where I was, and moved a little way from me; not so far, however, that I could not hear snatches of their conversation. Evidently they were indifferent to my near neighbourhood, for they made no attempt to lower their voices. Once or twice, when I glanced in their direction, I could see that David's transient calm had forsaken him, and that he was pleading his cause with all the fervour of an impassioned nature. What a contrast they made as they stood confronting one another in the grey evening light! She, in her favourite attitude, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, absolutely beautiful, absolutely graceful, but ah, how cold! He, eager, impetuous, his fair face alight with love and hope. . . .

Have you ever watched a warm wave on a summer evening breaking again and again upon a smooth and rounded rock? It returns and returns, yet wins nothing, neither rest nor treasure; and what it loses you can see in the scattered foam that the light wind carries to your feet. Poor wave—poor David! . . .

After awhile I think she must have recalled to his memory the humility of his opening speech, for he brushed back the thick hair from his forehead with an impatient, familiar gesture, and seemed to take himself in hand more firmly. At all events he paused, and Althea's clear tones came toward me through the still air.

'Let it be distinctly understood, Mr. Royal,' she said, and her

words fell like ice on a burning brow, 'let it be distinctly understood that if I consent to this so-called engagement, it will be simply to satisfy my brother. The contract will never be fulfilled.'

'I will take any crumb that falls from your table,' he cried, 'and in time, Althea, surely in time you will learn to love me a little? You will give me more than this?'

'No,' and now she moved nearer, and her suffering, though unmarked by him, became plain enough to me. 'No, it can never be. You must come to see us occasionally, I suppose; but let it be as seldom as possible. Our contract has been of your own suggesting, and since you will not consent to give up all hope and go away altogether, I can think of nothing better. Even as it is, my brother will soon forget; this arrangement will appease him for the time being, then it will pass out of his mind, and you will be free again, and all will be as before.' Her voice broke, but she instantly steadied it, and went on quickly, 'And *you*, Mr. Royal—ah, believe me, you will live this down! Your feeling for me will have nothing to feed on; it cannot last. You do not realise to-day how many mixed motives there are in it; but some day, when you look back on all that has happened, you will understand better. Even now you must be conscious that until the event of the other evening this feeling had gradually been troubling you less, and had almost ceased to interfere with your enjoyment.'

Oh, blind girl! I could see how she had stung him, but she was so simple, and so thoroughly in earnest, that it was impossible for him to resent her words. Anyhow, he was past all argument, and being a strong-willed man he had his tongue completely under control when he chose to use his power. One single reproach he permitted himself.

'Once, Althea,' he said, 'you gave me more hope than this—not in words—but there are other ways.'

The shot struck home. Althea blushed crimson, and for an instant I feared she would give way. But she rallied quickly, impelled thereto by her determination to starve him into surrender.

'I was too young then to understand myself. We were all gay and happy together—everything was different. It was long ago, and since then you no doubt have had other attractions——'

'You are at liberty to say what you please,' he interposed, sadly, 'even though your insinuations are not correct. But see—I accept your conditions, and claim the privilege of serving you. I shall tell the Professor that you have consented to an engagement, and for the rest—— Ah, Althea,' he broke out, passionately, 'if you loved me I could say a thousand things, but you are cold—cold as ice!'

It was only the usual masculine reproach when the woman is striving to do her duty in the face of awful odds; but I forgave, and I think so did she. Perhaps I did more than forgive; had

he been my own son his set, white face could hardly have moved me more.

‘So be it, then,’ said Althea, in a low voice.

After a minute or two he resumed—

‘I shall trouble you seldom. You shall not often see me. I will come down for a Sunday occasionally, just to satisfy your brother.’

‘You will not forget that this engagement is of your own choosing?’ she said, earnestly. ‘Remember, I am strong enough to bear all that Julius might say.’

‘No,’ he replied, ‘I will not forget. I *choose* this miserable mockery of happiness; I have my reasons. And now, Althea, let us say Good-bye—I can bear no more.’

He came close to her—and she, torn in every direction, well-nigh overcome, seemed to shrink from him; but he merely took her hands, and held them, clasped as they were, for an instant to his heart. It was to me almost as if he were making some vow. Then he let her go, and went.

* * * * *

The dusk had fallen, the moon had risen, and still we sat there—Althea and I—on the warm sand, her beautiful bowed head upon my knee. We had scarcely spoken—what was there to say?—but at last she began in broken phrases, her face hidden from my sight.

‘It seems a small thing in comparison, yet how can I bear it if through any fault of mine his belief in all other women is wrecked? Some men have no standard; he has, I know. And he is young, and knows so little about us . . . He has worked too hard to have had time to make friends among women . . . Now he may think that I have trifled with him—that all other women are like I am.’

I had to conceal a smile before I could answer her. Then I replied, as gravely as possible—

‘No, my dear, he will not think you have played with him—he cannot think so. Hurt and sore he may be, for a time, but the feelings will pass. Where David loves he honours, and with honour there can be no belief in unworthiness. He is just, and he will remember how nobly consistent your treatment of him has been ever since his return from abroad; never once have you betrayed weakness or wavering, and he has had weeks in which to test you. Oh, Althea, my child,’ I exclaimed, impulsively, and raising the pure and perfect face so that I could look deep down into the mournful eyes, ‘how can I comfort you? how can I make you believe that no one who had ever truly loved you could possibly suspect you of coquetry or double-dealing? David will but think that if by any chance you felt some slight attraction towards him in the past, you conquered it long ago.’

She turned her cheek from me, and sighed. Alas! I guessed too well what that sigh meant; but I made no comment. ‘Come, my dear,’ I said, after we had silently kissed one another as women will

do in moments of strained feeling, 'I must call Luke, and drive home.'

So I mounted upon the sandy ridge, and called upon my servant.*

'O-o-o-o-h, Luke!'

'Ma-a-a-m!'

'I do believe that boy is away down by the Club House, Althea.' (Luke, by-the-by, was prematurely sprinkled with the snows of forty summers, but coloured men are all 'boys.') 'It's heavy travelling through the sand, and I reckon he didn't care to bring his horses through it. Let us walk to the edge of the wood.'

And there sure enough we found the defaulter, singing loudly after the manner of his race to scare away the bogies. Confidence, however, was speedily restored by the advent of two unprotected females, and he hushed his dulcet strains.

As we were waiting while he turned the horses, I said to Althea—

'And you will be prepared for what the world will say, my dear? We cannot expect it to understand.'

'Yes,' she replied, in low tones; 'I know too well its miserable standards, its inadequate judgments, to care greatly what it says. It is pleasant to stand well with the world, but while it looks so near the ground we cannot, ought not, to allow it to judge for us.'

And in answer I could only quote—

'"It is not what men call us that we have to consider, but how we are fulfilling the work God has given us to do."'

And so I drove away and left her.

The craving after happiness is slow to die, and in strong natures, perhaps, it dies hardest. Althea could not have been unconscious of the fact that she had just, to all appearances, dealt her hopes of earthly bliss a mortal blow.

Yet she would have been far other than she was had she been all unhappy; and though the rarefied air about the heights of duty never descends to the narrow valleys through which we toil the live-long day, there are hours in which we who climb earnestly may reach it, and find therein brief but divine refreshment for the weary limbs and aching heart.

CHAPTER VI.

DAVID lost no time in telling the Professor that matters were satisfactorily (?) arranged betwixt himself and Althea, and it really seemed as if the announcement acted beneficially on Mr. Dane, for I

* Few, if any, of my readers have ever listened to the wondrous sound without the perpetration of which no negro, unless inordinately desirous of resembling 'white folks,' will deign to lend an ear to your appeal. The accentuation is on the 'O' or the 'Er,' and the name is of little or no consequence. The coloured people can make one another hear at incredible distances by use of this simple expedient—apparently simple, I should say, for the proper emphasis and pronunciation can only be acquired by careful self-culture.

began to trace a marked improvement in his mental condition. But this was at the best uncertain, and to our dismay nothing was so well calculated to upset his temper as the occurrence of long intervals between David's visits. These were of course made as rare as possible, yet it was at best a miserable and anomalous condition for the young man. He was truly wretched, and I was greatly concerned for him, being no longer able to deny that in choosing for himself a fate in which hope could play so little part, he had consciously made a serious sacrifice. He was one of those ardent spirits who cannot do things by halves, and this pretence of an engagement to one whom he loved with all the strength and ideality of his being (you see I had learned to do him justice) was a sore trial to him. To have revealed that Althea, too, was suffering many things, might have afforded him some consolation, but would have inevitably rendered her share in the sacrifice useless; she had two to consider, he but one. Fortunately for Althea, that certain lack of imagination and perception, on which I have remarked elsewhere, prevented her from fully realising the extent of David's unhappiness, and she still continued to have faith in an unflagging show of indifference on her part as a sure means of effecting his cure. She was bent on making him cease to think of her, and grieved though I was for them both I could not but admire her admirable self-command. David, also, was not deficient in this latter quality. He took part, during his visits to Ocean View, in the usual amusements of the place, and perhaps Althea flattered herself, with a melancholy satisfaction, that all would yet be well with him. But as the summer wore on I could see that the poor fellow was growing thin and haggard, and though by no means credulous as to the protracted endurance of lover's pains I became, as I said before, very anxious about him. I do not know whether the anguish or the relief was greater when the Professor slowly ceased to interest himself in the engagement, and Althea told me that she dared to hope that he would soon forget it altogether; he had bought a new telescope, and his obscured faculties appeared to be transferred to this fresh object of interest. That he should care about anything was an immense gain, unfortunate though his first point of interest had been. There were at this time long consultations relative to the Professor's condition, which, notwithstanding the improvements noted, was on the whole more lethargic, and change of air and scene was urged by the doctors. To this, however, he had for the present unconditionally refused to agree, though his sister believed that after a while she would be able to persuade him to do so. One of the doctors even went so far as to tell me that he thought his only chance lay in some great and sudden shock to the nervous system, which might give an entirely new direction to his thoughts. That we should apply such a severe remedy, however, was as likely as that we should encourage him to catch scarlet fever. The Danes had a horse and buggy, and more than once I

passed Althea's grey-veiled, grey-cloaked figure on the dusty road between Norfolk and Ocean View, the Professor sitting beside her. The horse had, in old days, been a special favourite with him; even now he was proud of it, and nothing did him so much good as a breathless rush behind that wonderful trotter. Sometimes he would decline to accompany his sister, and then, as she would have thought shame of herself if, possessing such a source of pleasure, she did not share it with others less fortunate, the maimed, the halt, and the blind (metaphorically speaking) would be invited to sit beside her. She had none of that deadly fear of contaminating her own respectability which so often cripples the good intentions of the average British mind, and no dread of being blamed for associating with the weak or despised would have prevented her from stretching out the hand of fellowship where it was needed. But simple kindness is not subject to such severe criticism on the other side of the water, and Althea had few hard sayings to brave.

For herself she was never of the kind which can just morbidly brood, and the many little duties of her daily life could not be performed without arousing the old habit of interest. Among other things she was accustomed, by her brother's desire, to bestow some personal supervision on 'Kentucky,' and thoroughly understood how to handle him. So, when she felt the horse leaning on the rein, felt the swift flight of the wind past her cheek, heard the exhilarating beat of hoofs upon the smooth shell-road, she did not need to watch for the rising pleasure in her brother's face before she could be conscious of personal delight. Every pain, every sorrow, would be forgotten, and she would sing aloud as they sped on their noiseless, bird-like flight. Besides, it has been said with truth that a man by the exertion of his will power can give his mind a rest as he gives his legs a rest, and Althea might have remarked with Silas Lapham, 'That's the reason I like a horse. You've got to give your mind to horse; you can't help it unless you want to break your neck.'

It happened one morning, when I had not been to Ocean View for several days, that on my arrival I walked over from the hotel to the little frame house, and met Althea coming up from the pasture, followed closely by the unhaltered and obedient 'Kentucky.' The horse entered the little gate after us, and picking his way carefully among the flower-stands, began to nibble the grass in the yard. Althea called her boy—a new one but lately hired—and bid him 'carry the horse around to the stable, and make him as slick as glass, and then to go to the hotel, and ask Judge Roberts, with her compliments, to loan her his double-buggy. 'There are some sick folks in the woods I want to visit,' she explained to me, speaking cheerfully, but looking more worn and anxious than usual—'Julius will not ride with me this evening—the Judge is bringing him some specimens to look over. Will you take pity on me, and come?'

Of course I would, and as the late September days were growing hot again we resolved to start as late as we could, making sure of getting back before sundown. I stayed with the Professor for awhile, and then returned to the now nearly empty hotel, in order to dine and bid adieu to departing friends. At the hour appointed I rejoined Althea. Jem, the new boy, was to drive us to-day. He was very ignorant about horses; Althea had merely hired him because he was honest and industrious, and her own knowledge could stand in place of his; but his ignorance, as is generally the case with people of his colour, was amply matched by his conceit. He was decidedly given to argument, and he and his mistress not seldom had a few good-humoured words. On this occasion the slight discussion is worth relating as it bears on what befell us later on. Althea, before ascending the mounting-block, followed her usual custom of casting a quick, all-comprehending glance at the horse, and his appointments; then she stepped to his head, spoke to him, and let out the bearing-rein at least three holes.

'Dat horse requars a tight head-rein, Miss—he jes' breaks *all* de time,' grumbled Jem. 'Dar ain't no style 'bout him, anyway.'

Now 'Kentucky' was not a showy animal in the generally accepted sense of the term, but he had been raised in the Blue Grass country, and was a trotter of some repute on the road. Jem had not sufficient eye to discern the mingled power and capacity for speed in those clean limbs and well-knit frame. To people of keener discernment 'Kentucky' was as nearly perfect as a horse could be. Jem could appreciate the fineness of the thin mane and tail, the glove-like texture of the skin through which every vein and muscle showed clear and firm, but when the horse lounged lazily betwixt creek and stable, or, on the road, met with an unresponsive grunt his unskilled guardian's attempts to 'lay himself out,' Jem thought very small things of 'Kentucky.'

'You don't know anything about this horse, Jem,' replied his mistress, good-humouredly, as she mounted to the hind-seat of the buggy, and tucked the knee-wrap round us both. 'He breaks because you fret him; some day I'll show you how he can travel, but not to-day. Now take him along quietly.'

Jem's face 'closed up' with the sullen expression peculiar to the negro when laughed at or contradicted; but as we moved slowly away from the mounting-block he began to gumble again.

'He's jes' as pore as pore—it makes me shamed to drive sech a pore horse!'

'Why, that's foolishness, Jem!' said Althea, smiling, and well aware that the surest method of making a coloured man do his best by a horse is to arouse his sense of pride in the animal. 'He's in prime order for the fast travelling your master likes. Look at his coat, if you can't see in any other way how well he his. Judge Roberts is just wild about him, and wants him for the track; and he

told me only yesterday to keep a good look on the stable-door, for that the horse is getting known around here.'

'Wol,' said Jem, evidently impressed, 'he'd oughter know. My ole dad sez the Judge raised some of the finest kind of horses 'way over in West Virginia befo' de war.'

So our coachman drove on more complacently.

We accomplished our business, and then turned homewards.

The evenings, though warm and even sultry, were shortening, and we drove gently but steadily on. We were approaching the last of the pine groves, and I called on Althea to admire the low sunlight upon the tall red stems. But her eyes were riveted upon the dusky recesses beyond, and she scarcely answered me. Her face wore a strange look.

'Why, what is the matter, Althea?' I cried.

The road, overshadowed by the great trees, was like a dim tunnel with a point of light at the far end, and as my companion's brief reply to my question in no wise satisfied me, I looked again, and felt for the first time how lonely it was.

Then Althea rose in her place.

'Give me the lines, Jem,' she said, in a voice that sounded to me a little odd; 'I have changed my mind, and will show you how "Kentucky" can travel.'

Jem obeyed without remark.

Althea, still standing, balanced herself carefully, bracing her knees against the front seat, and winding a rein firmly around each strong, gloved hand. She began by easing the horse to a walk, and we proceeded at this slow pace till we were almost on the verge of the wood. Then—

'Come, Kentuck!' she cried, hardly above her breath, but in tones of such intense excitement that involuntarily I glanced up at her as she towered above me, tall and firm, and with a brilliant spot of colour on either cheek. . . .

After this comes a great blank—I can describe nothing more. I only know that Kentucky caught hold of his bit, and after one plunge, and a tremendous swish of his long tail, went off at a pace which I had never before experienced even on that side of the water. Trees, road, horse—all were merged into one wild, frantic whirl. I believe I sat, stunned and silent, holding on to the iron-work of the buggy, and I have a vision of Althea's light dust-cloak streaming back across my face, and hearing every now and then Jem's muttered exclamations of 'Oh, my!' and 'Oh, whee!' I was vaguely conscious that the horse was only trotting, the Professor's words that morning to the Judge kept dinging senselessly in my ears—'2·18 on the track, sir!' I knew that we were on the high road in a double buggy containing three people, and that consequently we could not be going at top-speed—but beyond this all was chaos. . . .

Then, all in a moment, how it happened I cannot tell to this day,

two figures seemed to hurl themselves out of the wood, snatch at the horse's head, and be bowled over or flung to one side by the tremendous impetus of his on-rush—I know not which—and then we had left the shadows behind, and were out in the calm evening glow, and Kentucky was lounging easily along through a truck-garden close to some cabins, and it was as if we had passed from death unto life.

'Walk him awhile, Jem,' said Althea, laconically, handing the man the reins as she sank back into her seat.

I glanced over my shoulder. There was nothing to be seen but the long road, stretching in dusky perspective behind us.

'Dem was Pen'tentiary niggers, Miss !' said Jem, in a hoarse voice ; —and, looking at him, I noticed that his face was grey, as black faces do become in moments of pain or terror—'Gorramighty have mussy on us !'

'It's all over now,' rejoined Althea, smiling, but with white lips. 'After this evening, Jem, never say that Kentuck' cannot travel.'

'Never no mo' !' cried Jem, with enthusiasm ; 'he's jes' de finest *kind* of horse ! 'Pears like I—oh, whee !' he broke off, unable to find further words.

We made our way home in peace, but until late that evening I scarcely realised what an escape we had had. A gentleman came over from Norfolk bringing the intelligence that three noted horse-stealers, one white and two coloured, had escaped from Richmond Penitentiary, and it was believed that they had made for the Dismal Swamp or the mountains.

'This evening at six o'clock the two coloured men, at least, were considerably nearer than that,' observed Althea, quietly. And then she proceeded to relate how, in a cabin she had visited in the woods, she had been told of the escape, and how on the return journey she had discerned from afar the lurking figures, and had immediately guessed who and what they were. The rest you know. I shuddered as I listened, for ill indeed would it have fared with us had those men—desperate as only escaped convicts can be, and brutal as the roused negro always is—succeeded in stopping the carriage. As for Jem, he did not count as a defender. Once again I had to give thanks for Althea's coolness and courage, which, combined in this case with her horse's speed, had, under Heaven, proved our salvation.

Yet we were not, figuratively speaking, out of the wood.

CHAPTER VII.

THE immediate consequence of this adventure was, that Althea altogether declined to allow me to return to the city that night ; and the Professor, who, for him, was greatly interested and excited by our relation, joined his hospitable commands to hers. The evening passed brightly, though Althea was plainly exhausted by the fatigue and excitement of the day, and I persuaded her to refrain

from ascending to the observatory that night. After retiring to my own apartment I had occasion to return to the parlour to fetch a book, wherewith to solace possible sleepless hours. The door was ajar; I entered softly, and they did not hear me. I observed to my satisfaction that no writing or dictating was going forward—books, papers, microscopes, etc., lay neglected on the tables—and Althea was sitting on a stool at her brother's feet, her loosened hair falling in a stream of golden-red across his knee. As I looked, he put his hand under her chin, and turned her face towards him; they were talking quietly together. I slipped away with my book as noiselessly as I had come, feeling that Althea had arrived at one of those pauses in life in which one is, for the time, happy. What can alienate love while existence holds such hours as these? While love means service it is immortal.

Moreover, it is one of the lessons that repressed lives teach us, this learning to be content with little.

Through the side-lights of the front door, silver floods of moonlight were pouring. Oblivious of the terrors of the afternoon, or trusting too implicitly to the Judge's assurances that the convicts were off to the Swamp, I yielded to impulse, and stepped out on the piazza. The pine-trees on three sides of the little house were murmuring their endless song in the hush of the night; down the shining path from the great ocean the mimic waves came dancing, hand-in-hand, and, close by, the ripples of the on-coming tide spread with mysterious whispers up the sandy shore. I leaned over the balustrade, lost in dreamy speculations. So far had my thoughts wandered that when a hand was laid gently on mine it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world, and I turned with no tremor but with a welcoming smile to meet the dead . . . But not the dead but the living had come to claim my thoughts. It was David Royal's fair face—strangely fair in the white moonlight—and his large, bright eyes which met my own.

'Hush!' he whispered; 'will you come a little way from the house, Mrs. Gordon?'

I preceded him silently through the gate, and on to the strip of rank grass above the sea. Then—

'I can bear this no longer!' he began. 'I am weaker than I thought. I have come down to-night for the last time—to see Althea, and go. The Professor will let me go now, and gradually he—she—will forget.'

He paused, and every breaking ripple seemed to breathe 'Forget!'
'Oh, Mrs. Gordon,' he cried, 'is there indeed no hope for me?'

My heart was wrung for him. Yet what could I do but bid him not to hope?

'If she would but love me a little,' he went on, 'I could wait.'

'Wait for what?' I enquired, determined not to permit myself to give way to injurious sentimentality.

'For the Professor's recovery. He is better—you know he is better, Mrs. Gordon!'

'Even if he were better,' I said, hardening my heart, 'how would that avail you if Althea does not love you?'

I felt like a brute, but there was no help for it. If she could be stern and uncompromising could not I be so too? The young man's whole future was at stake, and to the bottom of my soul I knew that she was right in refusing to countenance the waste of the best years of his life in waiting for her. Take all possibility of hope from him, and surely he would forget her.

'You know,' I continued, 'that she is wrapped up in Julius—her life is his. She owes him much—far more than you know of—till latterly he has been to her father and mother in one. Even if she loved you, you would not have her swerve from the path of duty—fail in doing right to please herself and you?'

'Ah, if she loved me!' he broke in, his face aflame.

'I only said "if,"' I said, laying a cooling hand upon his arm.

Then, with an access of sympathy quite maternal, I went on—
'Believe me, my dear boy, Althea is doing the best for you. She will not marry you, but she—we *both* have greater faith in you than to think that you will let this disappointment blight your life, and spoil your whole career. Never forget that in this matter no one has been to blame. In course of time other interests will draw the sting out of the wound, and you will never know the anguish of remembering that your first love taught you that women can be false and heartless. Your intercourse with Althea has brought you no such bitter experience, and in the happier future you will not—as some have done—find it well-nigh impossible to believe in any other woman because in the past one has failed you. *Your* past will not have been thus embittered. Althea has been true to your highest conception of her—does this knowledge carry no compensation with it, even now?'

He was absolutely silent for a long minute. Then he said, sadly—

'Yes, you are right. And I promise you, as I promised her, that I will still endeavour to make good use of such talents as I have, but not yet—not yet! Ah! if she had loved me ever so little all would have been easier.'

This sounded to me like strange reasoning, but who would expect logic from one in such a case? I spoke a few more words of sympathy and intended consolation, winding up by saying—

'And let an old woman who is very much your friend, and who has learned to rate the opinion of the world at its true value, give you a parting word of counsel. Remember, David, that success is not everything—there is a failure far more glorious. But there—I will preach no more.'

And so we separated, I being the bearer of a message to Althea. David would see the Professor in the morning, and then return to Washington—for good.

Arrived in my own room, I arrayed myself in my wrapper, and began to brush my hair—a meditative process at best, and to-night likely to be indefinitely protracted. I do not know how long I had been thus engaged when my door flew swiftly yet noiselessly open, and Althea appeared fully dressed, but with her wonderful hair flowing over her shoulders—indeed, she looked all eyes and hair. I stared at her in astonishment, but she took no notice of me, simply pursuing her course to the window and proceeding to fling that and the blinds open. Then she leaned out and began whistling in a peculiar manner, as she was accustomed to whistle ‘Kentucky’ up from the pasture. I honestly declare that for the moment I thought she was mad.

‘They shall not have the horse,’ was all she seemed to have breath to say.

Then a light flashed in on me, and I, too, rushed to the window. Sure enough, far down by the barn, were two figures and a plunging steed, which at each repeated whistle plunged yet more wildly. Finally, with one mighty effort, he freed himself from his captors, and galloping furiously across the pasture, cleared the fence with a bound, and alighted exactly underneath my window. There he stood in the brilliant moonlight, head and tail erect, snorting with rage and terror. Althea was downstairs in a second, and the Professor, aroused by the noise, appeared on the piazza, revolver in hand.

‘Don’t shoot, Julius!’ I heard Althea exclaim. ‘They are gone, and you would frighten Kentuck’ out of his senses,’ and then together they began to try and soothe the horse. Jem, hearing the comforting sound of a masculine voice, now boldly emerged from his cabin, accompanied by his wife, and their combined volubility carried everything before it.

But I was otherwise engaged than in listening to them. A horrible suspicion had taken possession of me.

Yes, I was right—for even as I watched a tongue of flame shot up into the midnight sky.

‘Althea!’ I cried. ‘The stable is on fire!’

Then, as knowledge grew, I cried again—

‘The house is on fire!’

In a moment all was haste and confusion, for none but those who have lived in them comprehend the fearful suddenness with which frame-houses can be annihilated.

The wonder was that the destruction had not come upon us sooner, for with the view of distracting attention from the capture of the horse, the incendiaries must have set fire to the house before going to the stable. Having failed in their designs on Kentucky, they, in their rage, threw a lighted torch into the barn before taking to flight. The only explanation I can offer to account for the tardiness of the conflagration is that the heavy September rains had but lately ceased, and consequently the outhouses were slow to catch. However, now the blaze was as fine a one as our worst enemies could desire.

Althea's first care was to send Jem around to the hotel with the now maddened horse, and in a very short time the servants and the few guests who were left, among whom was, of course, David Royal, came hurrying to our aid. No one was so foolish as to waste time in attempting to quell the flames; all our efforts were absorbed in the endeavour to save personal property. There was no longer any danger to be apprehended from the convicts—the commotion would have scared them away. Besides, the Judge found a moment to tell me as we came out of the burning house, carrying a huge chair between us, that they had already lingered too long in their desire to steal the horse, and that there was a regular hue and cry through the woods after them.

‘Out of the frying-pan into the fire, Mrs. Gordon!’ the Judge exclaimed, breathlessly. ‘You might be sure that such a display of trotting as that of Kentucky’s yesterday was not lost on a couple of rascally horse-stealers—particularly as they had already heard of him.’

The Professor, always benefited by excitement, worked manfully. The buildings just had to burn, but we succeeded in saving everything of value that the house contained. Entirely engrossed with this work we had overlooked the observatory, and the first thing we knew was that it also was in flames, and that the Professor and Althea were struggling to rescue his beloved telescope. How they got it unmounted and dragged out into the open, I cannot imagine, but as David and I hastened towards the observatory their efforts had just been crowned with success. There was evidently, however, something more of value within, for as we drew near I heard Althea say to her brother—

‘Well, Julius, if it must be saved I shall do it, not you.’

And thrusting him back she once more entered the burning room.

‘Come back, Althea!’ cried David, in a passion of dread. ‘Come back!’

He sprang after her—but too late; for as she turned to fly through the door, the precious lens in her hand, the entire frame, door and all, collapsed. David flung his arms around her and drew her out of reach of the flames; but a piece of the woodwork in falling must have knocked her on the head, for she lay passive in his embrace, and neither moved nor spoke.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE mighty bonfire grew less and less—soon there would be only smoke left to mark where it blazed so fiercely—but still Althea gave no sign of life. The Professor and David hung over her almost beside themselves, whilst I was engaged in endeavouring to restore consciousness. Very soon there was a little crowd about us of grimy and

besmirched workers. Presently a new idea came to me, and looking up, I said to David—

‘I do not think the trouble is all in her head; there is nervous shock and prostration connected with this. She has been through a great deal during the last twelve hours. Try and get a horse and buggy, and let us carry her to the city, to my cousin’s house. There we shall find a doctor, and may be the fresh air in her face may revive her.’

He went off at once, accompanied by several helpers, while I—still busying myself with my patient—arranged with the kindly proprietor of the hotel to have all the Danes’ personal effects conveyed to an empty barn on his premises, and there locked up. I made no pretence at consulting the poor Professor, who was by this time reduced to a state of fretful and useless misery, and was possessed with the notion that his sister’s accident was everybody’s fault, her own included.

David speedily came back, attended by Jem, and driving the double buggy we had used on the eventful evening such a few hours since. I perceived at a glance that the horse was not ‘Kentucky.’

‘Couldn’t do nuffin’ wiv’ our horse,’ remarked Jem, in the stage whisper he deemed necessary for Althea’s condition; ‘he’s jes’ a-rippin’ and a tarin’ like as if he was crazy.’

‘He’s not fit to handle to-night,’ said David, briefly, as he assisted me in wrapping Althea in a long dark cloak, which made the whiteness of her face above it positively unearthly. He started as he observed this, and glanced at me with a sudden terror in his eyes. ‘Do not fear,’ I said, cheerily, ‘I am not without experience, and I think she may come round before we get to town.’

Now Althea was, as I have more than once signified, a tall and finely developed young woman, and consequently no light weight; but I had to be a little peremptory with David in order to prevent him from lifting her unaided. He then grudgingly allowed mine host to help him, and between them they disposed her as comfortably as circumstances would permit on a pile of rugs and cushions on the front seat of the carriage. Jem’s wife came running up with a hand-bag full of necessities for the next two or three days. David assisted the Professor and myself into the hind seat, and taking his own place beside Althea, he started the horse.

It was an eerie drive we had across the Norfolk flats on that warm and moonlit night. After the agitation of the past hours the balmy air seemed to enfold us as in a mantle—dreamy, calm, unreal. No one spoke, and I think the Professor slept. David, with Althea enclosed in his supporting arm, may have dreamed his own dreams; for myself, I was affected as I often am by unusual exertion or great emotion, and I felt as one who is no longer cumbered with the restrictions of sense, and who watches all that happens from afar, and yet with a nearness that seems to clear the physical vision. On this

night some weird and fanciful spirit must have been abroad, for every object in the quiet landscape took unto itself some new and wondrous shape. To those who have never had their brains confused by the loud whirring of the jar-flies and crickets, which bursts from every bush along the road during the hours of the warm Virginia night, the effect produced is absolutely indescribable; and on this occasion it increased my sense of bodily numbness and unreality. A round red moon—near its setting now—was shining on marshes, on still creeks, through tall, dark stems of pine-trees. On the opposite side of the sky huge storm clouds hung in lurid masses, across which forked lightening shot at intervals; and all the way, keeping time with the measured beating of the horse's hoofs, and like a bass to the shrill chorus of the loud-voiced insect life, rang out the ceaseless croaking of the bull frogs in the sedges.

* * * * *

Far, far away—and yet nearer than ever before to the two behind whom I sat.

Did I dream it? or did I hear Althea sigh, and murmur some words that did not reach my ear? Did I still dream? or did I see her face turn inwards on the shoulder where it rested? Did I see her hand steal feebly out of the enfolding cloak, and creeping across David's broad chest, rest finally upon his neck? How easily I seemed able to divine the bewildered ecstasy into which this unexpected movement threw him—how he had to struggle with himself lest he should fling the reins upon the horse's back, and clasp her to the heart whose sudden, passionate beating must have shaken her as she leaned upon it. But he refrained, and contented himself with bending till his cheek touched her uncovered head, and letting it rest there. He did not even draw her closer with the arm that already encircled her, so mighty was the restraint that he put upon himself. Was she at last learning to love him? Was such bliss indeed in store for him? He was trembling with surprise and joy, kept down by an incredulity as great. We who have starved and suffered long are slow to believe in happiness.

* * * * *

In moments of returning consciousness the heart will sometimes wake first and speak, before the other powers are alert to subdue it. So it was with Althea.

But the rough pavements of the city streets aroused us all, except the Professor; and Althea sat suddenly upright. But before I could interpose, David said, speaking with a certain authority I had never heard in him—

'No, Althea; I cannot let you go. You are not fit to sit up alone; keep quiet, please.'

'You are better, dear child?' I said, leaning forward, so as to assure her of my presence.

So our adventure ended; but I felt that what had been done that

night could not readily be undone, and that Althea, all unknowing, had set light to a fire mightier and more enduring than the mere blaze of a house, and how it would end I could not tell. In one moment the labour of weeks had been destroyed.

After David had fetched the doctor to the house, and everything possible had been done for Althea and the Professor, I could not refrain from uttering some words of warning before he left me to catch the steamer for Washington.

'The doctor says that she has not yet fully recovered her senses,' I said, meaningly—'the past is still a blank.'

It was of no use. There was a gleam in his eye before which mine fell powerless.

CHAPTER IX.

DAVID might return and return in the hope of seeing Althea, but this pleasure was denied him; and at last he undertook to stick steadily to his work on condition that I would let him know directly she was pronounced equal to an interview. This promise was extorted from the depths of my despair.

Althea was not dangerously ill, but the blow on the head had followed on circumstances which would have been sufficient of themselves to cause illness in one less robust. From the moment she had been knocked down, up till that when she found herself comfortably ensconced in my cousin's bed, her memory still remained a blank. The Professor behaved very well during her illness, and I found all my former affection for him returning. As Althea got better I spoke to her cautiously of this improvement; but it was evident that she hoped nothing from it. She accepted her brother's attentions and care for her with that kind of happiness which resolutely refuses to look beyond, to the misery which must inevitably be renewed. David's name she never mentioned, unless in full conclave and in connection with his exertions on the night of the fire. I had mentioned his return to Washington, and more I could not, dared not, say. All the microscopes, etc., had been brought over from Ocean View, and the telescope had been mounted in the garden in such a manner that it could be easily brought into the house when the weather broke. 'Kentucky,' having regained his equanimity, was stabled in the city, and Jem came daily to drive his master out. I had written at once to my cousin in England, informing her of the invasion that had taken place, and she had cabled a reply to the effect that she and her husband were pleased and proud that the Danes should have found a refuge in their house. Now that the Ocean View home was broken up other plans must be made, and Althea and I were not without ideas on the subject, could the Professor only be got to agree to them.

Well, the days went on; and one afternoon, after the Professor had driven out, and just as I had ordered the double buggy with the hope

that Althea might feel strong enough to take her place in it for an hour, 'Mr. Royal' was announced !

Now this impetuous young man was the very last person I wished to see; yet I could not deny that, were Althea able to bear the interview, it would be better for both that it should be got over. David and I conversed for a few minutes, and then, yielding to his imperious demands, I said—

'She is lying on a cane chair on the piazza—the harbour side of the house. I will go first and prepare her. But remember, David, that she is very weak, and that she *recollects nothing*.'

I went out and accomplished my task. Althea made no sign, unless the quick rush of colour to her cheeks could be accounted one. She calmly replied that she would see Mr. Royal, and I set forth on my drive with an anxious mind, leaving David to find his own way to Althea. My intimate knowledge of each, the accounts they have both given me of the interview, leaves but little for my imagination to perform.

* * * * *

It was not possible for David to approach and greet Althea in a commonplace manner; his passionate nature had been too thoroughly aroused for that. Yet his powers of self-command enabled him to be very gentle, and the sight of her lying, weak and pale, upon her long chair, touched him to the heart. He took her extended hand softly in his own, and if he held it for an instant who could blame him?

'At last!' he said.

Then, as she struggled to retain her usual cold composure, he added—

'I am come to claim you, Althea.'

She still strove with herself—then rejoined quietly—

'You are come to make an end of our contract, you mean, Mr. Royal. You have fulfilled your part nobly, and I truly thank you.'

But the young man was not to be so easily put off. He took no notice of her coldness, and allowed her to withdraw her hand. Then he drew a chair close beside her, and leaning forward, he said, in a voice that was almost stern—

'Althea, look at me.'

Startled, and easily unnerved as she was in her weak state, she obeyed, and raised her great dark eyes to his face. It was but for an instant, and the heavy fringe of lashes dropped again as he went on in low and thrilling tones—

'Have you forgotten already, Althea, that night in the wood? . . . Dearest, you cannot deny me now! . . . I can feel still your head upon my shoulder, your hand upon my neck; sleeping or waking, I have thought of little else . . . And, Althea, shall I tell 'you what you said?'

'No, no!' she cried, covering her face with her hands, as with the pained effort with which we recall our dreams, she forced her

mind back along the dim, dim, stretches of forgotten things, 'Oh, no, it could not have been so! You dreamed it all—indeed, you did!'

'My darling!'—kneeling now beside her, and striving to withdraw the concealing fingers—'it was no dream. Thank God, it was reality. You knew not what you said or did, but, Althea'—a pause—then almost in a whisper—'the heart speaks truly when the mind sleeps.'

Another pause, and then as she did not remove her hands—

'Dear, you love me!'

Firmly, yet tenderly, he drew the veil from before her face; but she turned from him on the cushions, and he guessed rather than perceived that in her new weakness the unwonted tears were forcing their way through the closed lids. For a moment it seemed as if the battle was over before it had well begun—as if she was too much exhausted to cope with him further. And David pursued his advantage.

'See, Althea,' he continued, with a passion that lost nothing by its repression, 'look at your hands, how wasted they have become that once were so round and firm! You cannot tell me that you have not suffered—are not suffering still? You cannot go on like this; let the struggle end here. You love me—I love you—God intended us for one another.'

'Ah, hush!' she said, between her tears. 'It is not to be happy that we live.'

'You are wrong,' he cried. 'You are wrong! It is meant that we should be happy. . . . Do not resist any more, beloved!'

But Althea's momentary weakness was past. He was bending over her—his face was close to hers. With one wordless, well-nigh despairing appeal for help and strength to do what she believed to be her duty, she freed her hands from his all-compelling clasp, and brushing the tears from her long lashes, sat up, trembling.

'David,' she said, 'David, can you forgive me? Believe me, I never meant to wrong you thus!'

She hesitated—then went on more firmly—

'But you will tell me that until—until that night you never suspected that it was hard for me to send you away?'

'Not till that night, Althea; but that hour can never be undone.'

'I will not try any more to deny the truth,' she said, simply, the intensity of her emotion carrying her far beyond mere external signs of confusion. 'I had hoped that you never would discover that I might have been your wife—under happier circumstances. As it is, I never can be. I cannot leave my brother—it may be years, if ever, before he is himself again, and he needs me. I have known this all along.'

'And you would sacrifice me to him, Althea?' he cried. 'Oh, you are cruel! Do I not love you, too?'

For an instant she faltered, but it was but for an instant.

'There is no other way—I do not understand. He gave me all he had—I was an orphan and he took me in—he might have married long since but for me. He was my life; how much more so is he now—helpless, forlorn?'

'But there need be no leaving him,' persisted the young man, vehemently. 'Our home would be his home.'

'No,' she went on brokenly, as if physical strength were failing her. 'No, it would never be the same. To him all my care is due, not half, nor a part. No, there is no other way. Yet, David, I never meant to hurt you. I thought you would have got over all this long ago, and so, perhaps, you would have had it not been for that miserable night— Hush! do not interrupt me,' as he sprang up in eager denial, 'David, does it help you to know how greatly I believe in you? how sure I am that you will permit no trouble of this kind to make you unworthy of yourself? It will be hard, but you will conquer, and the day will come when you will be able to feel that I have done you no injury.' . . .

He was kneeling at her feet by this time, and now it was he whose face was hidden. She laid her hand lightly on his head, with a touch that had in it something of a consecration. Then—

'It is not *you* who would seek your own pleasure at the expense of right and duty—not *you*, David.' . . .

And in the end the victory was hers; but the contest was a sore and a protracted one. And to Althea was granted the rare and exquisite compensation of awakening in him she loved the noblest part of his nature, and of giving him one memory, at least, in all his life which was absolutely unsullied and free from every motive except the highest and the purest. He would remember that it had been his lot to stand once with his love upon the topmost summit of one of those peaks which rise far above our sordid lives, and which to have gained but once sends a streak of gold through years of gloomy wanderings in long and lonely valleys.

* * * * *

It was a solemn moment for both, that moment of mutual renunciation. And as they held one another's hands, and looked into one another's eyes, a wave of unconfessed rebellion, the final protest of their youth, swept over the soul of each, like the last effort of the receding tide. But they kept silence; neither would betray weakness to the other, nor any failure in this supreme sacrifice.

Then slowly, and almost as if impelled by some unseen agency, the fair young heads inclined each to each . . . and then came the kiss of peace and parting.

I feel as if I should like to leave these two here, but this you will not permit; and it is natural that having listened thus far you should wish to hear more.

There are those who maintain that to every life there is allotted joy

and sorrow in equal portions, that in the end it shall be found that all have fared alike. Surely this is no right saying, though Althea lived to prove it in her own case true. To some it is given always to suffer—not without alleviation, not without many happy hours or days, passing gleams the brighter for their very transitoriness, but from the beginning unto the end the path leads ever more or less through the shadows. Wise may be the allotment—wise with a wisdom which we cannot, dare not, question—but how far from being equal, how many desolated hearts and hopes are there not to testify?

The years go by, and in the fact that her brother owes his recovery to her devoted care Althea finds her happiness. But this restoration to mental health is marked by an ever-growing aversion to society, except that of the scientific few in the Northern city in which they dwell. Althea is forced to suppress all desires for what life with her brother, and association with his increasing fame, does not afford her. Yet in this more complete withdrawal into his work and studies, in her unusual opportunities for thought and research, her character widens rather than narrows; and if she has lost in mere social brilliancy, which after all is very much a matter of habit and practice—a trick learned readily by persons of quite ordinary intelligence—she has gained in ways which appeal less to the outside world. Narrowness and superficiality are as often acquired as lost in the rush of a mixed society, and while skimming hurriedly over the surface of the great deep, we seldom have leisure or even inclination to search for its hidden treasures. Best of all, through suffering Althea has experienced the blessedness of giving, and in these days no absorption in the work she loves is able to close her eyes or ears to the needs, however trivial, of those around her.

There may have been times when she has thought that possibly her sacrifice was made in vain. The Professor recovered sooner than was anticipated, David would have waited had she permitted him the veriest ghost of a hope, and in the society of so congenial a brother-in-law Julius' domestic comfort would have been increased rather than lessened. But in this hazy world of ours vision is limited, and this being so we can but do in faith and earnestness what seems to us at the moment best. And she will have remembered that nothing done thus is done in vain.

David and Althea met once more, but this was seven or eight years after their parting at Norfolk. David had been married over a twelvemonth by that time. I am far from asserting that Althea, too, will not marry some day; indeed, I should never be surprised to hear that such an event was probable. She is not one of those who hug a sorrow; and besides, did she not give up David—wholly—without reservation—long ago?

Yet the love for one who is altogether worthy, in whose companionship we believe, however mistakenly, that we could have

fulfilled our best, who has never wronged us by word or deed, is hard to say, and the look which these two exchanged when they met again was as a sharp arrow barbed with pain to both. But it was a pain without bitterness, and David's wife was in no sense injured by it. She had her husband's love; she knew that he was happy, and successful as men of his unwavering uprightness are not always; all his past lay open to her, and she did not grudge him this meeting with the woman who—she acknowledged—had been a purifying and ennobling influence in his life. Had he been careless and forgetful of that by-gone episode, his wife would not have respected him the more for such lightness. There is a form of contentment far higher than that which springs from mere forgetfulness.

But David and Althea have not met again, and perhaps—well, perhaps it is better so.

THE END.

AN IRISH LAND-AGENT'S ADVENTURE.

ON a spring morning, in the year 1885, three men were dining together in one of the clubs in St. James's Street. They had been friends at school and at college, had then parted to pursue their separate paths in life, and had never all met together since. One, John Travers, had gone to the Bar, had prospered, and was now considered to be one of the rising juniors. The second, Reginald Alison, had inherited unexpectedly a small property of about £800 a year just as he was leaving college and preparing, somewhat unwillingly, to become a schoolmaster. Since then he had spent his time almost entirely in travelling, and in exploring foreign countries where as yet Europeans had hardly penetrated. He had returned home two or three times at long intervals, remaining only long enough to get a new outfit, and to correct the maps of the country he had come from. On this occasion he had landed at Southampton only the day before, and had as yet neither had time to renew his clothes nor to get his hair cut, and consequently he presented a shaggy appearance, undoubtedly more suited to the backwoods than to London in the height of the season. The third, David Marshall, was perhaps the most ordinary-looking of the three; fair and of middle height, there would have been nothing remarkable in his appearance, had not the firm determined mouth, which was entirely free from beard or moustache, given a look of strength to his face, and made the observer feel that here was a man who could be trusted not to fail on an emergency. He had become a land agent, and was managing a large estate in Yorkshire, when, six years before the date of our story, his cousin, Lord M——, had asked him to undertake the agency of a large property in the West of Ireland. He had hesitated for some time, but being unmarried, and without ties, he had finally accepted the post, to the great satisfaction of his cousin, which had only been increased since by the firm, and yet kind manner, in which he had administered the property, and by his popularity with the tenantry.

Dinner was now over, and they had talked of all imaginable subjects. Alison had had to be told all the latest gossip, political, social, and literary, and it had only slowly dawned upon the other two that he had not yet heard the gossip of the year before last. Suddenly Travers said:

'If all the facts were known, I wonder which of you two fellows has had the narrowest escapes during the last six years.'

'Why,' said Alison, 'I thought Marshall was a very popular agent?'

'Popular is not a term that could have been applied to any agent recently in Ireland,' said Marshall; 'but I have been as little obnoxious as most, I suppose.'

'Then how came you to have narrow escapes?' said Alison.

'I don't know that I had many,' said Marshall quietly.

'Nonsense, Marshall, what a fellow you are,' exclaimed Travers. 'You know you wrote to me at one time saying you were certain there were two men in the country who were determined to kill you!'

'So there were,' said Marshall, 'and they might have done it one day, too, if they had had any pluck. That was the only time my nerves were really shaken. I all but came away.'

'How was that?' asked Alison.

'It's rather a long story to explain how it was they did *not* kill me.'

'All the better,' said Alison; 'let's have it at once.'

'Well,' returned Marshall, 'I don't mind telling you. Let's see, Travers, you know the country, but you've never explored the West of Ireland, have you?' he said, turning to Alison.

'Never was there but once, when I went from Dublin to Galway to join a friend's yacht,' said Alison; 'and then I could not understand why they call it the Emerald Isle. All the country I saw was the colour of brown paper.'

'Well, its brown in the West,' said Marshall, laughing, 'and there isn't a tree or a shrub to be seen except just round my house; but we have the mountains and sea, and I could show you sunsets that would make you forget the tropics.'

'Sunsets!' said Alison, eagerly, 'you should see——'

'Now don't let us get into a discussion on the relative beauties of Irish and African scenery,' said Travers. 'Marshall, go on with your story.'

Marshall laughed, and obediently went on.

'You must know that during the first part of the agitation all was quite quiet with us. Our people seemed rather to take a pride in keeping away from Land League meetings, and when one was held in the district, it was attended by three boys and one old woman. However, after a time, I was warned that emissaries of the Land League were in the country, and that things might be getting rather dangerous for me. At the nearest town, some twenty miles off, there was a regular reign of terror. People would not speak to each other about the state of the country for fear that what they said would be reported to the Land League; and the car drivers, as they took strangers about the country, amused themselves by pointing out the place "where so and so was murdered." So it was no wonder that our people got a little affected by it all after a bit, and began to look at me rather darkly.'

'Now I was aware that I had become rather unpopular on account of the part I had taken in a dispute between two of the tenants about some grazing land. One of them had behaved very badly in the matter, and as he had not paid his rent, and I was letting him off out of kindness, I warned him that if he didn't mend his ways, I would make him pay the back rent or evict him. After that, this man, Larry Cafferky, began to avoid me, and I was told that he had joined the Land League, and was one of its most active supporters in the district. There were two or three other men who were also, as I knew, very much disaffected, and thus, 'by degrees, a party was formed, any one of whom might, I knew, take it into their heads to shoot me at any time. I was urged to apply for police protection; that I wouldn't do, but I got a revolver and took care the people should know I was a crack shot. Well, matters stood thus, when one morning there arrived by post a dirty letter containing these words: "On your way home from the Court-house to-day, two men will wait for you and shoot you."'

'Pleasant,' said Alison. 'Were you obliged to go to the Court-house?'

'Yes, I was, and besides I was very glad, for it was just the opportunity I wanted. Of course, as I was warned, there was the chance of being beforehand with them, and my conviction was that if I could wound a man and so catch him and have him arrested, it would do more good than hundreds of police patrols. So I said nothing about the letter, but I spent the next hour or two in making arrangements in case I should be shot, and when the time came I put my revolver in my pocket and started for the Court-house. By-the-by,' he said, interrupting himself, 'I suppose you don't understand what that means.'

'Well, I'm a little vague,' said Travers; 'and Alison looks puzzled.'

'It's the place where, every fortnight, small cases are tried,' Marshall went on. 'There is always a paid magistrate there, but two or three others usually attend, and I was always very regular; the Irish are a very litigious people, and there is generally a good deal to do. The Court-house was about four miles from my house, and I was in the habit of walking both ways. In order that you should understand what took place I must just describe the country. There is a range of mountains which cuts off our district from the rest of the country, and between them and the sea is a tract of flattish bog of about seven or eight miles in width. It is for the most part undrained, and is a regular wet bog, but cattle can graze on it. The road I had to travel went through this bog, and was lonely, as it led nowhere except to my house, which was close to the sea, and to the Police-station recently established close by. My walk was uneventful, and when I arrived at the Court-house I found two or three magistrates had arrived. The usual pile of arms was to be seen in

the private room. They always reminded me of the story of the Irish judge, who at some assizes asked some one what the large heap of arms which he saw outside the Court was for, and was met with the answer, "Oh, my lord, don't say anything about them, they belong to the grand jury." Well, we found the Court crowded as usual with people come for their own cases or their friend's cases, or merely out of curiosity, and we began business. I was wondering all the time whether among the men before me were those who intended to try and take my life in a couple of hours, and whenever any one left the room I thought he might be on his way to take up his position and await me. What I feared was that they should get information of the exact moment I was going to pass, for it was quite possible for one of the light, barefooted boys to wait till I had left the Court-house, and then by taking a short cut across the bog, to warn the assassins that I was on my way. However, I hoped to avoid this danger by a plan I had made.'

'I am afraid you could hardly have weighed the evidence brought before you that day, as coolly as usual,' observed Travers.

'Perhaps not,' said Marshall. 'I remember that the cases impressed themselves very vividly on my memory. One man came to prosecute his nephew for robbing him of the sum of £81, which he had hidden in the thatched roof in a box without a lid. The nephew had found it one night and had made off with it, and he wanted a warrant for his arrest. About a month before, this same man had come to me with a piteous story about his poverty, asking to be let off his half year's rent—some ten shillings. When he had got the warrant against his nephew I asked him whether he hadn't come and begged to be let off ten shillings a month before. "Sure and I did, your honour," he calmly replied.'

'Did you try and explain the inconsistency of his conduct?' asked Travers.

'That would have been quite useless,' said Marshall; 'but he paid the rent. Well, when we got to the last case but two, I proceeded to put the plan I had formed into execution. I raised some point of law, and said, so that I could be heard by everybody, that I would go into the clerk's room and consult a book. I went, but instead of consulting the book, I walked out by the back door, got on to the bog, and crept along under the sod fence by the side of the road till I was out of sight of the Court-house. Then I returned to the road, and walked along as fast as I could with my hand on my revolver. Of course I had no idea where the men would be, but my long sight stood me in good stead, and you may suppose that I kept a sharp look-out. I had with me, too, a small pair of opera glasses, so that I stood a good chance of seeing the men before I was seen. The danger was that I might come on them suddenly round a corner, or that they might already have taken up their position; but I calculated that it would be so easy for them to get information of the time

at which I left the Court-house that they would be pretty certain to have arranged to do so. They would not care to run the risk of being seen cowering behind a bank with guns in their hands longer than was necessary, consequently they would not take up their position till a few minutes before I might be expected. I had about ten minutes to spare, for I had told my brother magistrates of what I intended to do, and had instructed them to make everybody believe I was in the next room as long as possible; the fact that I was gone could not be concealed of course beyond half an hour, but that would give me ten minutes in advance of even the quickest boy. I had examined the road pretty closely in the morning on my way from home, and had fixed on two spots as more promising than any others for such an attempt as that of my would-be murderers. I passed the first without hindrance, not a soul was to be seen far or near. I won't deny that my heart beat quicker as I came near the second place; that, too, I passed without sign of danger. Suddenly a long way ahead I thought I saw two black specks against the sky line. I threw myself on the ground, and took my glasses, and I saw that they were two men, apparently looking intently down the road by which I was to come, each leaning on something which might be a gun. Although I had not noticed the place in the morning, I knew it was well chosen. The road rose there slightly, going over an elevation, and at the top of the hillock, it passed through a cutting some eight feet deep; a man standing there could command the road on both sides for a considerable distance, and thus the men were secure against discovery by the police. When they knew I was coming they could take up their position behind the bank at the side of the road, and fire over it, concealing their guns in the thick heather which covered the top. Even if the shots missed me, which would be unlikely, the chances were that by the time I had drawn my revolver and collected myself sufficiently to aim, they would be almost out of reach of a shot, and the pursuit of a barefooted Irishman over a bog by a heavily-booted Englishman would be worse than useless. So that they could cross the mountain to the village which lay on the other side, and there quietly await the news of my death or my escape. I hadn't much time in which to make up my mind what to do, for I was haunted with the idea that every moment was bringing nearer the messenger with the news of my departure from the Court-house. I crept off the road and on to the bog, and walked as fast as I could away from the road for a short time; then I turned and went on parallel with it, until I had put the bank of the cutting between me and the men. I still saw them looking down the road, one occasionally turning his head to see that no one was coming the other way to interrupt them. Then I proceeded to walk straight up to the road, keeping the bank between me and the men, for I knew that it would not be safe to try and keep them in sight. Should I find them still waiting? Or might they not have

already taken up their position behind the further bank, and seeing me suddenly appear on the road, fire at me? Or would they have got tired of waiting, or have taken fright and disappeared, thus making all my trouble vain? These and similar thoughts flashed through my mind as, revolver in hand, I plunged through the bog, now sinking up to my ankles in black mud, now jumping from one tussock of heather to another, unable to pay any attention to my path from the necessity I was under of never for a moment losing sight of the hillock behind which my enemies were watching. Once I thought I saw them appear on the road beyond the hillock, I threw myself on my face instantly, but it was a mistake, and I got up and ploughed my way along again. At last I reached the hillock, and making a slight bend, I jumped on to the road exactly in front of the two men. Yes, there they were, standing where I had seen them last, nearly at the end of the cutting, so that they did not see me till I actually reached the road. I faced them for a moment, and I recognised one, he was a ne'er-do-weel son of one of the tenants, the other was a stranger to me. I raised my revolver and pointed it full at them. "If you attempt to move I fire," I said. They had started back when they saw me, but had both got their guns.

"Sure, your honour," said the one I knew, "what would you be doing that for? We're doing your honour no harm."

"Owen Daly," I said, "you and that man came here intending to shoot me, and I'm going to shoot you instead. If you try to run away, I shall fire," I added, seeing that the other man showed signs of moving.

"Sure your honour's mistaken, we'd no thought of hurting your honour," whimpered Daly.

"Why are you here then; and who's that?" I said, pointing to the other man.

"Oh, he's just a boy from Ballymoy, come to help me wid me turf," said Daly.

"No he's not," I said. "He's a Land Leaguer from Murroon, and he'll repent the day he ever came into this country. Now turn round and walk on in front of me."

"But will your honour shoot?" asked Daly anxiously.

"Not as long as you walk straight on," I said. "The first who tries to get away is a dead man."

'They walked on for a few hundred yards, the stranger looking round occasionally, and scowling when he saw the revolver pointed straight at him. He handled his gun, too, as if he was trying to turn it round and point it at me.'

'But why didn't you make them put their guns down?' asked Alison.

'Well, you see, I was most anxious that they should arrive at the Police-station as I had found them, with their guns loaded. Otherwise there would only have been my word to prove they had had them, for they would have denied it, of course. I could hardly have

carried the guns and walked along with the revolver pointed at them, as I was obliged to do, and had the guns been left by the side of the road, the chances were that they would have disappeared long before the police reached the spot. So there was nothing for it but to make the men keep them. After we had walked on a little bit the stranger turned round, and said—

“Where are ye taking us to?”

“To the Police-station,” I said.

“If ye’ll let us go, I’ll see that your honour is never shot at again in this counthry,” he said.

“No,” I answered. “I shall take you to the Police-station, and I shall shoot you if you try to get away.”

‘We walked on again, suddenly I saw that my friend was trying to turn his gun round, so that the barrel should point at me.

“If you don’t carry your gun pointed downwards, I shall fire,” I said, and the gun was put right. I could hear the stranger talking to Daly at intervals, but he spoke in Irish, and I could not catch what he said. I guessed, however, that he was urging him to try and get away, and so distract my attention while he himself shot me. But I was quite willing to chance this. The Irish are not Nihilists, and have no idea of sacrificing themselves, or running any risk that they can possibly avoid. I was confirmed in my opinion by hearing Daly mutter in English, “Ah, do it yourself thin, or is it afraid ye are?” after which the stranger said nothing more. At last we got within about a quarter of a mile of the police barrack, and to my great relief, I saw two policemen walking along the road towards us.

“Remember, at the slightest attempt to run away, I fire,” I said, for I feared a desperate effort to escape at the last minute. However, my men seemed to have resigned themselves to their fate, and when I shouted to the police to make haste and arrest them, they made no attempt to prevent it. So they were soon seized, and we went on to the station-house.

‘There we found the sergeant, and to him I told the whole story, explaining how I had forced the men to come and be arrested. He listened carefully to my statement, and then sent for the two men to examine them. The stranger was an ill-looking fellow, dark and low browed, with a bad expression, and the sergeant recognised him at once as being known to the police. He was, it appeared, a native of the South of Ireland, and one of the most forward in planning outrages, and inciting others to commit them.

‘The sergeant was delighted with his capture, as there was a warrant out against him, and it was some satisfaction to feel that I had succeeded not only in saving my own life, but also in getting a great villain arrested.’

‘How far was it you walked with the men?’ asked Travers.

‘Nearly two miles, I suppose,’ Marshall replied.

'The strain must have been tremendous,' said Alison. 'I don't wonder you nearly threw up the agency.'

'Oh, I shouldn't have cared about that,' said Marshall. 'It was what came next that rather shook my nerves. We were all standing in the sergeant's room; the two men guarded by several policemen. I was leaning on the table near them, and the sergeant was standing close by. He went on asking me questions, and amongst other things he asked if I had fired at all.'

"Certainly not," I said, "you can look at the revolver. You'll find it loaded and quite clean."

'I handed it to him, and he proceeded to examine it. He went to the window and looked at it carefully. Then he turned, and giving it back to me with a curious look, said—

"No doubt it has not been fired. It is quite clean, *and it is not loaded.*"

'The two men had heard him say the words, there was a smothered oath, and looking up I caught sight of the stranger's face. He had shaken off the policeman, had sprung forward and was close to me. In an instant the policeman had seized him again, but in that instant it seemed to me that I realised for the first time what my danger had been. "Look at the revolver yourself," said the sergeant. I examined it, and sure enough, the chambers were empty, and the barrel as clean as it was when new.'

'But what had happened?' asked Travers. 'Had the charge been drawn?'

'No, the revolver had never left my pocket,' Marshall answered. I found out what had happened when I got home, I had loaded one revolver carefully that morning, and had put it in a drawer with an unloaded one. Having to start rather hurriedly, as I was detained by some business just at the last, I put the wrong one in my pocket, and I never examined it. I was unpardonably careless of course, but I was thinking solely about how I could catch the men, and I forgot to attend to the most important thing of all. But as I told you, I nearly resigned my agency that day.'

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXXI.

1643-1646.

THE PEACE OF MUNSTER.

LOUIS XIV. was only five years old at the time of his father's death, and the Regency was naturally in the hands of his mother, Anne of Austria, who after her long suppression, almost persecution, found herself at the age of forty-two in possession of all the power of the Crown. She was a woman of some devotion and conscience, and not devoid of ability, but the narrow and exclusive education of a Spanish Infanta had been a bad preparation for a youth of neglect, spent in a Court full of intrigue, followed by almost despotic sway over a kingdom.

By friends or by enemies she is so differently described, that it is hard to believe they are speaking of the same lady; so strange does it seem to hear the faults, nay crimes, of which some accuse her, ascribed to the religious and excellent woman that others represent her.

She seems to have acted conscientiously up to her own standard, at least in this latter period of her life, but that standard was the one given to her by the priests and courtiers of Spain. She was scrupulously devout in fulfilling all religious observances, and in matters of Church patronage, she was guided by the counsels of St. Vincent de Paul, whenever political interests left her free. She would put on a plain gown and white apron, and go incognito to wait on the patients in the Hôtel Dieu, and she believed this to be humility and charity. Yet, as Queen, her pride might be termed almost insane, together with her harshness and pitilessness towards those whose sufferings she no doubt never for a moment realised. At a time when many French ladies were highly educated, and read deeply, she was almost illiterate, and unfortunately, allowed her sons to grow up equally ignorant. She was a most affectionate and devoted mother, anxious for their welfare, but she does not seem to have perceived the need of any training, save in punctual (though unenlightened) attendance on religious rites, and dignified demeanour on state occasions, when the handsome fair-haired boy, though small for his age, was every inch a king. Out of sight, he and his brother, the Duke of Anjou, were ill-behaved, troublesome and mischievous to

the last degree, the plagues of the palace, and under no restraint. Louis XIV. might have been a truly great and good man, the glory of his country that he thought himself, had his mother been a wiser, better-instructed woman. In his after years, he worked hard to repair the defects of his secular education, but it was not till he was an old man that he even learnt that Our Blessed Lord had lived in poverty and humility, and then he could scarcely bring himself to believe it. What must have been his religious teaching?

His mother knew no better perhaps, and the fault must chiefly have lain with Mazarin. Anne, during her youth, when grieved by her husband's neglect, had been touched by Buckingham's fervent devotion, and had permitted the homage of others, but always at a distance. Mazarin, who was an extremely handsome and accomplished man, won her heart after she was left a widow; she trusted him with an absolute dependence, and there is little doubt that she gave him her hand in private, since though a Cardinal, he was only in minor orders. He entirely ruled her, and it is to him that must be attributed the grievous error of the imperfect education of Louis, even if the accusation be false that the neglect was wilful in order that his power might continue longer.

Madame de Motteville, a lady in close intercourse with the Queen Regent, has left us a close description of her day:—

'She usually awoke at ten or eleven o'clock, and spent a long time in prayer before calling the lady who slept with her. When it was announced that she was awake, her chief officials came and paid their court, as well as certain ladies who brought accounts of charities in Paris, for her alms were very large. Men were not excluded, she often saw many during these early hours. The King and Monsieur always came in the morning. When all had received audience, she rose, put on a dressing-gown, and after a second prayer, breakfasted heartily. She then put on her chemise, which was presented to her by the King with a tender kiss. After putting on her petticoat and a *peignoir*, she heard mass, with great devotion, and then proceeded to her toilette. It was an unequalled treat to see her dress, she was skilful, and her beautiful hands, when thus employed, showed all their perfections. Sometimes she shut herself up to rest for a day or two, on other days she gave audience to all who wished to see her on public or private affairs.

'The Queen did not often dine in public, but almost always in her own little room attended by her women. After dinner, she either held her Court, or went out to visit some nuns. The Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Condé, and the Duke of Enghien always came, and there were many others conversing, so that the Court was often very large. Then the Queen retired into greater privacy. The Duke of Orleans, after a conversation with her, went home to the Luxemburg, and left the Queen with Cardinal Mazarin, who generally stayed about an hour, the doors being open, into the larger

room where the persons of the Court waited until the Queen came forth, and wished good-night to those of higher rank. Afterwards she prayed in her oratory for an hour, supped at eleven, and left the remains for her ladies and gentlemen, who partook of them *sans ordre ni mesure*, and then followed her to her chamber, where there was a lively and familiar conversation while she was undressed, and often till she was in bed, and ready to fall asleep.'

Meantime Mazarin, the pupil of Richelieu, was pursuing his line of policy, and maintaining three armies in Germany and the Low Countries.

On his dying bed, Louis XIII. predicted a great success to be gained by the young Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Enghien. Boy as he was, the command of the army on the frontier towards the Low Countries had been given to him by Cardinal Mazarin, in the hope of strengthening the Queen's party in the State, but the experienced old Marshal de l'Hôpital was given to him as his director, when he proceeded to Amiens, where 12,000 men were under arms. It was a critical moment, for in the Low Countries, the Count of Fuentes, and the Governor Don Francisco de Melho, one of the ablest of all the Spanish Generals, had a force of 27,000 men, including that splendid infantry which had been considered invincible ever since its first formation by the great Captain, Gonzalo de Cordova. Melho, knowing that Richelieu was dead, and Louis XIII. dying, thought it the moment for a decided blow at the heart of France. He was supposed to be threatening Landrecies, and the Duke was on the march to relieve that place, when a messenger reached him at Origny from the Governor of Rocroy, telling that the place was besieged, and must be promptly relieved. Another courier brought tidings of the King's death; but Enghien kept both facts from the army. Some of his friends advised him to abandon the frontier and march to Paris to secure the Regency to his father; and the old Marshal de l'Hôpital, who had been given him as an adviser, was much averse to fighting, declaring that the loss of a town was far less ruinous than the loss of a battle.

Enghien, however, pushed forward, with a reinforcement of 8,000 men, and sent his confidant, Gassion, forward with a detachment of cavalry to pour supplies into Rocroy, and reconnoitre the ground, and the enemy. His report was a very formidable one. The Spanish army was very large, and what would a defeat at such a moment bring upon France?

'That I will not see,' returned the Duke. 'Paris shall see me only as a conqueror or a corpse.'

He held a council of war, and persuaded the officers that it was needful to risk everything. Even L'Hôpital consented; though as there was a long narrow defile to pass before the Spaniards could be reached, he hoped that a fight there would prevent the whole army from being engaged. Melho, on the other hand, wished the French to

enter as it were a trap, and left the entrance undefended, to the horror of the poor old Marshal, who was sure that all were marching to their ruin. He strove to dissuade the youth from advancing, but Enghien haughtily declared that he took all responsibility on himself, and, without another word, the Marshal went to his post, the command of the left wing, while the Duke had that of the right. They came out on broken ground, with Rocroy in the midst, and the forest of Ardennes enclosing them on all sides, either with wood or marsh, and a charge of Fuentes' cavalry at the moment might have been fatal; but the Spaniard thought himself secure, and Enghien so manœuvred as to succeed in placing all his troops on high ground, with a narrow valley between them and the Spaniards. By this time it was six o'clock in the evening, and no attack was attempted that night, excepting that La Ferté Senneterre, from the left wing, took it on himself, without orders, to advance with his cavalry, and try to throw relief into Rocroy. This might have brought on a fatal battle, and left a portion of the line exposed, but the Duke ordered him back instantly with great indignation, which was only appeased when the officers promised to wipe out the stain of their rashness on the morrow with their own blood.

It was a cold dark night, and the soldiers on both sides cut down wood from the forest, and made themselves watchfires, round which they lay in thin cloaks. The young Duke did the same, and slept so soundly that he was wakened with difficulty at dawn of day, the 19th of May, 1643. He wore a cuirass, but on his head only a broadleaved hat, with the large white plume of the Bourbons. His rallying word was Enghien.

Opposite him, on the Spanish left wing, was the Duke of Albuquerque. The Count of Fuentes had thought the old Marshal de l'Hôpital a foe requiring more skill than the dashing young prince, and was at the head of his regiments on the opposite side, in his litter, for he was so crippled by gout that he could not walk nor ride. He had sent 1,000 musqueteers to lie in ambush, and fall on Enghien's rear in the midst of his charge upon Albuquerque; but they were detected by the keen eye of the Prince, who directed his course sideways, cut them to pieces, and then charged Albuquerque in front, while Gassion seconded him in flank. His charge was a brilliant one, and in a very brief time the Spanish regiments were in confusion.

Enghien was about to pursue them, but Gassion checked him, showing that it had not gone so well with the other wing. L'Hopital had been repulsed and badly wounded, and La Ferté Senneterre was likewise wounded and a prisoner, his artillery taken. The Baron de Sirot, a Burgundian, was in command of the reserve, and his officers hurried to him, telling him all was lost. 'Not lost,' he said, 'since Sirot and his fellows have not fought.' He was standing firm, when Enghien, collecting all the cavalry, burst upon the rear of the

Spaniards who were attacking him, and, breaking them, recovered the artillery and delivered Senneterre.

There still remained, however, the terrible ranks of the Spanish infantry, and at this moment, tidings came that General Beck was bringing 6,000 fresh troops to their aid. Enghien sent off Gassion with a division to hinder this approach, while he threw himself against the infantry. Fuentes showed the utmost skill and courage. He permitted the French to approach within fifty yards of his squares, then opened them, disclosing a battery of artillery, which poured forth a volley on the enemy, while the infantry seconded this with their muskets. Down went the gallant French, and had Fuentes still had any cavalry wherewith to charge them, the day would have been his, but he was unable to prevent Enghien from rallying his troops for a second charge. Again they were repulsed, but by this time more troops had come up, and Enghien was able to surround the brave remnant, whose losses have been terrible, their leader himself having been mortally wounded. As the third charge was being sounded, some Spanish officers came forward, making signs with their hats that they would yield; Enghien rode forward to meet them, and parley with them, but their men, mistaking his gestures, thought he was commanding a charge, and fired, so that he was in great danger. The French, taking this for treachery, dashed in on them, and there was a terrible slaughter, in spite of the shouts and commands of the Duke, who could only succeed in saving a few officers. He expected still to have to deal with Beck, but Gassion came galloping up with tidings that that general had, on learning the defeat of the cavalry, gone off with such haste as to leave some of his artillery behind.

Enghien threw himself on his knees in thanksgiving; then he embraced Gassion, and promised that he should be a marshal. It had been a splendid victory. Some one asked a prisoner what the Spanish numbers had been. 'Count the dead and captives,' he said. The infantry lay dead in their ranks; the Count of Fuentes beside his litter at the point of death. 'If I had not conquered,' said Enghien, 'I could have wished thus to die.' Melho had been a prisoner for a few minutes, but had escaped to Philippeville in the confusion. Three hundred colours had been taken, and all the artillery, while the litter was sent to Chantilly as a special trophy.

Certainly the dream of Louis XIII. had been amply fulfilled. The gallant infantry of Spain had been annihilated after two centuries of superiority to all other troops; and the young Duke had won his victory not by mere impetuous fire and dash, but by real generalship shown in power of combination, readiness of resource, presence of mind, and steadiness under reverse. It was the first of the great series of victories which made France under Louis XIV. as formidable to her neighbours as Spain had been under Philip II.

Enghien entered Rocroy in state the day after the battle. He

longed to invade Flanders, but the government at home was not in a condition to undertake such a great enterprise, so that he could only turn towards the Moselle, and besiege Thionville in Lorraine, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. He was obliged to mine the walls, and when his works were ready, he sent a flag of truce to the Governor, and invited him to come and see the works. It was plain that the fall of the town was inevitable, and bloodshed was spared by a surrender, on the 22nd of August, 1643. The ramparts were in such a ruinous state, that for three weeks the whole army and several thousand peasants had to work at putting them in a state of defence again. Enghien then had an interview with Marshal Guébriant, at Sarrebourg, and left with their general a reinforcement of 5,000 or 6,000 men, while he himself returned to Paris, to enjoy his honours, and see his new-born son, who was named Henri Jules; but the poor young mother was treated with no additional kindness.

Guébriant, at the head of the remnant of the army of Bernard of Saxe Weimar, was ravaging Bavaria and Swabia, while the two Swedish armies, under Torstensen and Königsmarck, were inflicting additional miseries upon Bohemia and Saxony. On the Imperial side were the brave but perfidious Duke Charles of Lorraine, the gallant Bavarian General Count Mercy, the Dutch adventurer John de Werth, and the Austrian Gallas. They, too, committed horrid devastation, robbing and torturing the miserable peasants wherever they went.

Guébriant hoped to force the Elector of Bavaria to renounce his alliance with the Emperor; but while besieging Rothwell on the Necker, his arm was broken by a bullet, he neglected the wound, and it caused his death on the 24th of November. His death caused the ruin of his army; Rantzau, who took the command, was surprised at Deutlingen by the Bavarians, beaten and made prisoner with most of his army, colours and artillery, only four days after Guébriant's death.

Turenne was sent to take the command of the remnant of the army, with the rank of Marshal, which had been wrung from the Court by his services, though the late King had declared that no Huguenot was ever to rise to that rank. Gassion was also, according to Enghien's promise, made a Marshal. Enghien was very anxious to return to his army in Picardy, and pursue his victories in Flanders, where the Spanish army was too much broken to oppose him, and great conquests might be looked for; but Gaston of Orleans took the fancy of demanding this command for himself, and as it was convenient to conciliate him, the request was granted, and all he did was to take Gravelines.

Enghien was sent with a small army to Luxemburg; but presently Turenne wrote urgently for aid, his forces having been too small to hinder Count Mercy from investing Friburg in Brisgau. Orders were sent to Enghien to join him as soon as possible, and such speed did

the Duke make, that in thirteen days they had met, but not in time to prevent the surrender of the place, after such slight resistance that Enghien threatened to hang the cowardly governor.

The two generals held council together. They had 20,000 men between them; Mercy, 15,000 Bavarians; but these men had every advantage of position on the hills of the Black Forest, and with Friburg in their possession, a camp likewise well fortified.

Turenne, the elder man by ten years, and always cautious, agreed with d'Erlach, the Governor of Brisach, who proposed to turn the flank of Mercy, and thus force him to abandon his position; but Enghien was resolved on a direct attack, and his rank again gave him the supreme command. He commanded Turenne to march by a long ravine, which would enable them to arrive at the rear of the Bavarians about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 3rd of August in 1644, while he himself attacked them in front, and tried to force his way through their strong palisade of young oaks and brushwood.

It was a desperate fight; Turenne could not make such rapid progress as had been reckoned on, so there was no diversion in the Duke's favour. When the French regiments were launched against the well-guarded entrenchments, they were beaten back again and again with great loss, until Enghien, dismounting, threw his marshal's staff over into the entrenchments, and with a fierce and desperate rush, forced back the Germans just as Turenne had at last effected an entrance. There was terrible loss on each side, for neither asked nor received quarter. Perhaps it was a deliverance for mankind that so many of these wolfish veterans perished.

Turenne heard the victorious flourishes of trumpets, but durst not advance in the dark for fear of a surprise, neither did Enghien venture to move forward, and this pause enabled Mercy to withdraw his troops and cannon in wonderful order to a hill beside Friburg, where he made his troops rest and raise fresh abbatis from a thicket near. Though the battle had lasted nearly all night, and the French rested all the 4th, at sunrise on the 5th Enghien and Turenne rode up a hill together to reconnoitre, leaving orders that no movement should be made till their return. However, one of the officers, M. d'Espenau, insulted a redoubt of the enemy, and the soldiers fell upon each other without order or direction, chiefly in a vineyard, which became famous as the Vine of Friburg. There was desperate and confused fighting; Grammont had his horse shot under him, and as he rose, he saw the Duke retiring with very few men, and on foot, having lost two horses, and with his clothes riddled with musquet balls. Seven times did the French charge the Bavarian camp, seven times they were repulsed; the infantry was in confusion, and Grammont begged the two generals to draw it off before all were killed, while he with the cavalry, which had been scarcely engaged, protected its return to the camp—i.e., the former camp of Mercy.

They went no further, and spent the next three days in burying

the dead, and carting off the wounded to Brisach. They were horrible days, and Turenne grieved over the slaughter, but Enghien proposed to renew the attack. Mercy, however, saw that he should be cut off, and began to retreat. The French fell on him, and a sharp skirmish ensued, closing the terrible battle of Friburg victoriously for the French. All the fortresses on the banks of the Rhine as far as Landau surrendered, and a medal was struck representing the little King receiving the spoils of thirty towns, with the motto '*Puer triumphator*.'

The two generals were a great contrast in many respects. Turenne was a grave, self-controlled, courteous man, with the strictness of the Huguenot education, and a great sweetness of manner, and liberality of hand, upright and just, though an excellent disciplinarian, so that he was perfectly adored by his men. Enghien was also passionately admired, but rather as a brilliant leader than for his personal qualities, except by the headstrong and licentious nobility, to whom he set an example that they were only too willing to follow.

It was a curious state of things. The Emperor was pushed hard by two nations, whose sovereigns, Christina of Sweden, and Louis XIV., were mere children, represented by their ministers, Oxenstiern and Mazarin, who were only prolonging the horrors of the Thirty Years' War for what they could gain. Sweden for Pomerania, France for Elsass, Lorraine, and what could be got from Spain in the Low Countries.

The Swedes were meeting with great success in Bohemia. Forstensen gained a great victory at Yankovitz on the 16th of March, 1645, and then burst upon Austria, threatening Vienna, so that the Emperor had to take refuge at Ratisbon, and the Empress and her children at Grätz. The more doubtfully loyal of the German Princes began to fall away, and Ferdinand's only hope was in the Elector of Bavaria, who at last began to waver at the prospect of a fresh invasion.

Orders were sent to Turenne to cross the Rhine and enter Wurtemberg. This he did, fixing his headquarters at Marienthal, and extending the others in other villages, trying to impress the need of vigilance on his officers; but they were a fiery, undisciplined set, who regarded carelessness as a proof of courage. Mercy advanced upon them through the forests. Turenne wanted, with the 9,000 men nearest to him, to throw himself on the Bavarians before they were out of the woods, or could use the artillery, but the subordinate generals insisted on waiting to collect the whole force; and Turenne had neither the princely rank nor the vehement impetuosity of the young Bourbon, so he was forced to yield against his own judgment, and the remainder of the army never came up at all, but retreated beyond the Mein on the first sounds of firing. Still the French infantry at Marienthal resisted so gallantly, that they were crying 'Victory,' when they were taken in the rear by John de Werth's

cavalry. They retreated into the churchyard of Herbst Cransen, and defended themselves till the walls were forced. 2,000 killed and 2,000 made prisoners, among them four generals. Turenne retreated with 900 horse, but lost all his artillery and baggage, together with his own plate and equipments. It was a bitter mortification to him to have suffered this defeat, and he never forgot it through all his successes. It gave a respite to Bavaria and Austria, but not for long. Reinforcements came to Turenne, and therewith Grammont and the Duke of Enghien.

After a good deal of manœuvring, the French and Bavarian armies found themselves face to face on the anniversary of the battle of Friburg, the 3rd of August, 1645, at Nordlingen, where Bernard of Saxe Weimar had been defeated by the Imperialists. There was another terrible battle. The French officers who had been sent to reconnoitre reported a defile behind them impassable, but in the middle of a fierce struggle in the centre, a body of Bavarians made their appearance, having marched up it in order of battle. The French cavalry were so dismayed that they galloped off and never stopped for six miles, while Grammont, who with two regiments had stood firm, was made prisoner, after his four aide-de-camps and three pages had been killed.

The attack by the French centre was repulsed, and themselves thrown into confusion, but their artillery on the heights above was mowing down their opponents, and the brave Mercy himself fell. John de Werth took his place, but the confusion consequent on his death, prevented the advantage gained from being pressed, and in the meantime Turenne was successful on the left. Finally some Hessian cavalry, which had not yet been engaged, was sent to fall on the Imperial army, and by a succession of brilliant charges finally forced John de Werth to draw off his forces to Donauwerth.

The slaughter had been terrific, almost equal on either side, and amounting altogether to 8,000—many of them officers of high rank. Mazarin told the Queen that there was no rejoicing in such a victory, and almost all the nobility were in mourning. Mercy was buried where he fell, with the epitaph '*Siste viator, heroem calcas.*'

The two great French generals were superior to all petty jealousies, and laid siege together to Heilbrun, but there Enghien fell ill of a brain fever, and was in great danger. He was carried in a litter to Philipsburg, and there was met by the best French physicians, under whose care he recovered.

He returned to Paris, and spent the next spring in Flanders, trying to remedy the blunders of the Duke of Orleans, and taking first Mardyck and then Dunkirk, a very important accession to the strength of France. In the winter, he succeeded, on the death of his father, to the title of Prince of Condé, and was thenceforth known to his countrymen as Monsieur le Prince.

Victorious as she was, France could not for many years support

three wars at once. Sufficient forces could not be sent to enable Turenne to make progress in Germany, and there was a general desire for peace. Negotiations actually began, but one more battle had yet to be fought, in 1647, between Condé and the Archduke Leopold, who had taken the command in Flanders. The place was Lens, the time the 19th of August, and as usual the Prince's victory was complete. 4,000 Imperialists were killed and 6,000 made prisoners, among them General Beck, mortally wounded.

Moreover, Turenne, Königsmark, and Wrangel gained another victory over the Bavarians at the Leck, and the Swedes marching into Bohemia, invested Prague. But as the inhabitants were watching in alarm for an assault, tidings of an armistice arrived. The Thirty Years' War was to end, as it had begun, at Prague. For it was plain that France could endure no more.

The Court was splendid, the war a career of victory, but the people were ground down, exhausted and miserable, and fresh pretexts of exaction were continually invented. The Parliament, when called on to register fresh forms of taxation, continued to protest and delay, and in the January of 1647 Mazarin resolved to put down this opposition, by taking the King to hold a Bed of Justice, at which five fresh ordinances were to be passed. The first took for the Crown a year's income from arable lands; the second was a fresh burthen on trade; two more created new officers, who would diminish the receipts of the old ones, and the other raised money on freehold property.

So Louisa, then nine and a half years old, was escorted to Parliament by his mother, the Princes of the blood, and all his Court. Discussion was never permitted before the King, but the Advocate-General had to read the papers before the negotiation. Omer Talon, who held that office, profited by the opportunity to declare the miserable, exhausted state of the country. Of the peasants, he said: 'These wretches will soon have nothing left them but their souls, because those cannot be sold by auction.' And after a touching address to the Queen, he said: 'Add to all I have said, Madame, the calamity of the provinces, in which the hope of peace, the honour of victorious battles, and the glory of conquered territory cannot feed those who have no bread.' He then had to read the edicts, and the assembly broke up; but the next day, a protest was made against the creation of the new offices; and the First President, Mathieu Molé, an upright and wise man, maintained the right of the Parliament to discuss such matters even after a Bed of Justice.

The Queen was very angry, and declared to her intimates that she would never consent that this *canaille* should attack the authority of her son, the King. She sent to ask if they meant to place bounds to the royal will; to which they returned a polite and evasive answer, and the storm blew over for the time.

However, a fresh exaction on the salaries of magistrates freshly

angered the Parliament, and a decision was made that two deputies from each chamber should meet in the great chamber of St. Louis to consider of a reformation together. This was called the 'Arrêt d'Union,' or as Mazarin's Italian tongue made it, '*d'oignon*.' And the Queen tried to make him consent to annul it, but he would not venture on so doing. The meetings in the hall of St. Louis took place, and abuses were freely discussed, except when the Duke of Orleans came in, and then all was polite and moderate.

The Queen became more and more angry, and taught her son to look on the magistracy as his natural enemies, so that when news came of victory at Lens, he cried, 'How grieved the Parliament will be.'

A Te Deum was to be sung for the victory at Nôtre Dame on the 26th of August, Anne herself and the King going in state, while the streets were lined with Guards. It was a splendid ceremony, no less than seventy-three colours of the enemy being laid before the altar, spoils from the Spanish Queen's own kindred. Orders had been given that the soldiery should not leave the streets without fresh commands, for in truth Anne meant to avail herself of this opportunity of arresting the most prominent of the magistrates who spoke of reform. Broussel, Blancmesnil, Charton, Lainé, Bénéoit and Loisel. Queen Henrietta was painfully reminded of the attempted arrest of the Five Members, and entreated her to abstain, but she would not listen to advice, and as she left the Cathedral, whispered to Comminges, the captain of the Guards, 'Go, and God assist you!' It was half-past twelve o'clock.

Poor Counsellor Broussel was unwell, and had just come down to dine on broth, in his dressing-gown and slippers, when Comminges marched in and arrested him in the King's name. His daughter cried out that he was not fit to leave the house, and an old maid-servant, putting her head out at the window, screamed for help. Broussel was a good old man, much beloved, and swarms of people rushed out to the rescue, so that Comminges saw that no time was to be lost. He dragged the old gentleman, just as he was, to the carriage, and drove off furiously, knocking people down to the right and left; but furniture was thrown before the horses, the carriage was upset and broken, so was a second; but a third was brought up, and Comminges and his prisoner went off in it. Blancmesnil was arrested quietly, but the others had warning and escaped.

The whole populace of Paris seemed to have risen upon the Guards, and Marshal de la Meilleraye had to use some military skill in disengaging the troops who lined the streets. He was joined by the Coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris, Paul de Gondi, who was followed by a crowd of women and children, shouting, 'Broussel and liberty!'

They reached the Palais Royal, where Anne of Austria sat in the midst of her Court, who were laughing and making jests on the poor old woman screaming for her nursling. As the Marshal and the Bishop

entered, one of these merry gentlemen observed, 'Your Majesty must be very ill, since the Coadjutor is come to give you Extreme Unction.' Meilleraye endeavoured to persuade the party that the riot was a serious matter, but the Regent only looked at Gondi severely, and said, 'There is revolt in merely believing that there can be a revolt.'

The noise outside increased. It was even said that the people would break through the Guards, and several persons entered declaring that the tumult was becoming worse. There was some grave deliberation, Guitaut said, 'My advice is to surrender the old rogue, Broussel, dead or alive.'

'I take up the word,' said Gondi, 'and answer that the first measure would agree neither with the piety nor the justice of the Queen, the second might put an end to the disturbance.'

Anne reddened with anger, exclaiming, 'I understand you, M. le Coadjuteur, you wish me to set Broussel at liberty; I would rather strangle him with my own hands -- and those who --'

She almost held her hands to his face, but Mazarin here whispered something which checked her. He looked uneasy, and presently the Lieutenant Creminel, and the Chancellor Séguier came in, having been pelted through the streets, and bringing so much alarm with them, that the Cardinal was altogether dismayed, and after stammering a few sentences, declared that Broussel's liberty must be promised on condition that every one should go home.

Then came the difficulty, who should confront the mob and make the promise? Mazarin proposed the Coadjutor, who was very unwilling, but was earnestly entreated by the Duke of Orleans, and almost forced to the door by the Guards. Meilleraye went with him, and when they came in sight of the surging, roaring mob, in the Rue St. Honoré, the Marshal foolishly waved his sword, at the same time as he shouted, 'Vive le Roi, liberty for Broussel!' And as the gesture was seen, while the words were unheard, the mob became more furious, and in spite of the benedictions waved on all sides by the prelate, they threw stones and dirt at the Marshal, till at last he fired his pistol, and a man fell. The Coadjutor ran up, knelt over the dying man, and gave him absolution. This hushed the storm for a few minutes; but just then, from another street, came up thirty or forty men, armed with halberts and musquets, who fell upon the Guards behind Meilleraye, and several were wounded. A stone knocked down the Archbishop, and while he was rising, a fellow was about to strike him with the butt end of his musquet. 'Unhappy man! if thy father saw thee,' cried Gondi. This made a sensation; his dress was recognised, and there was a cry of 'Vive le Coadjuteur,' and he was able to draw off a great multitude with him towards the markets, while Meilleraye regained the palace. At the market Gondi harangued the people, and persuaded them to return unarmed, peaceful and quiet, to the palace. La Meilleraye met him, embraced him, and led him to the Queen, telling her of his exertions.

and that all would be safe. She remained impassive, and the Marshal, growing heated, declared that the next day there would not be one stone upon another in Paris if she did not release Broussel.

She looked at him ironically, and said, 'Go and rest, Monsieur, you have toiled hard.'

The truth was that Anne's pride refused to believe that the uproar was a serious matter, and she further imagined that Gondi was making the worst of it for the sake of putting himself forward; and she thus made him one of her bitterest enemies.

The tumult was, however, far from ended. When Chancellor Séguier set out at six o'clock in the morning to go to the Parliament, which on the emergency met at this early hour, he found a barricade across the street, which forced him to quit his carriage and have recourse to his sedan, which was following. But a little further on, another barricade stopped his chair, and he went on on foot, accompanied by his brother, the Bishop of Meaux, and his daughter, the young Duchess of Sully, who thought that her presence might protect him. But a few men began to abuse him, and others joined them. In a few minutes he was beset by the populace in such a fury that the trio could do nothing but rush in at the open door of the house of the Duke of Luynes, where an old maid-servant shut the door in the face of the mob, and before it could be broken in, hid the fugitives in a small room at the end of a great hall. The mob burst in, and through the wainscot, horrible threats were heard against the poor Chancellor, the only moderate proposals being to make him a hostage in exchange for Broussel. There were repeated knocks against the panel, but as perfect silence was kept behind it, the refuge was not discovered, though the mob ransacked the whole house before Marshal de la Meilleraye came with a company of Guards, and a carriage, in which he carried off the Chancellor with his brother and daughter. A yelling multitude pursued them. Meilleraye turned upon it with his men, fired, and killed an old woman. On this stones, and even bullets hailed upon the carriage and the Guards. Several were struck down; Madame de Sully was slightly wounded, and it was with great difficulty that the shelter of the Palais Royal was gained.

The population had risen; by ten o'clock there were 1,260 barricades in the streets of the city, some up to the gates of the Palais Royal; and in the midst the Parliament were pronouncing decrees of arrest against Comminges and the officers who had seized Broussel and Blanomesnil. It was decided that a hundred and sixty of these magistrates should march in solemn procession to the Regent, to demand the release of their colleagues. The people watched them with acclamations, but the Queen was as obdurate as ever. She was perfectly incapable of understanding that subjects could have any rights at all, and sat severely reproaching these venerable magistrates with causing the sedition. 'Posterity,' she added, 'will view with

horror the cause of so much disorder, and the King, my son, will punish you severely.' Then she expressed her surprise that no one had stirred when Marie de Medicis had imprisoned the Prince of Condé, and yet that there should be such a disturbance about a couple of mere magistrates.

She then left them abruptly, went into her own room and slammed the door; but Molé, by means of the Princes, obtained a second audience, and absolutely pursued her from room to room, till he extorted a promise from her that Broussel should be liberated on condition that the Parliament should never meddle again with affairs of State. They had to consult on this, and were to return the next day, but the populace, who thought the captives were in the Palais Royal, discovering that they were not in the procession returning, there was another uproar. An ironmonger seized the First President by the arm, holding a pistol to his head and saying, 'Go back, traitor, unless you wish to be massacred—you and yours. Bring us Broussel, or else Mazarin and the Chancellor as hostages.'

About twenty-five of the deputation managed to mingle in the crowd and escape; but the rest, like a flock of sheep, were driven back on the Palais Royal, and had again to face the Queen, who by this time was worked into such a passion at their return, that she talked of hanging two or three of them on the roof, or flinging down Broussel's head among the crowd.

But the Duke of Orleans, the Princesses, and all the reasonable people about her, calmed her a little. Molé spoke with dignity, and she consented to release the prisoners on receiving an immediate promise to abstain from State affairs. Benches were placed in the Great Gallery, so as to give a semblance of holding a session, and the members agreed that they would purchase the release of Broussel and Blancmesnil by engaging to meddle no more with public affairs before the vacation. The Queen then signed the order of release, and two carriages, containing friends and relations of the captives, were despatched to fetch them. The barricades were not, however, removed till the two Counsellors had been welcomed in Parliament, and, moreover, those Chambers which had not been represented in the deputation denied their right to make promises in their name.

The Queen sent for the Coadjutor the next day, and tried to make up for her previous incivilities by polite thanks for his exertions; but, in point of fact, she had entirely alienated him, and he was resolved on taking the part of Parliament and people. The young Prince of Condé was expected to return from the wars, and both parties founded many expectations upon him, as he was well known to hate the Cardinal, while on the other hand his royal blood was likely to disdain the magistracy. In the meantime a Congress was being held at Münster in Westphalia by delegates from all the powers who had mingled in the troubled waters of the 'Thirty Years' War, and who were all wearied and exhausted. The troops began to return to their homes, and the

Queen looked forward to their aid in crushing resistance. She moved her Court from Paris to Ruel, the former abode of Richelieu, and thither came the young Prince of Condé. Meeting the Coadjutor there, he whispered, 'I will be with you to-morrow at seven o'clock.' They had a long morning conference, and the Prince undertook to endeavour to make Queen Anne hear some home truths. The Queen had, however, only left Paris in order to revenge herself on the Parliament, without being interfered with by the mob. She arrested two more magistrates, and when the Parliament sent a deputation to ask for their release, a dispute took place, in which Condé, thinking the Crown assailed, hastily declared that he was ready to shed the last drop of his blood in supporting the Queen's interest, and that he had vowed friendship to the Cardinal.

This disappointed, but did not daunt the Parliament. They further heard that 4,000 German mercenaries had passed the Somme, and were approaching Paris, as if to coerce them. On this they decreed that the safety of the city should be provided for; began to lay in provisions for a siege, and announced that they were going to take into consideration an edict passed in 1617, on the overthrow of Concini, which forbade, on pain of death, any foreigner to be one of the Ministry of the Crown.

It was almost a declaration of war, and the Queen was glad of it; but Condé thought he could mediate. 'My name is Louis de Bourbon,' he said to the Coadjutor, 'and I will not shake the Crown. The Queen presses me to second her vengeance; I feel that if I lend her my arm, I should expose my life and fame for a foreigner whom I despise. But are those square caps mad, to force me either into a civil war, to strangle them, or put over all our heads a rascally Sicilian who will ruin us all?'

However, Condé told the Queen that he could not undertake to make war on Paris with 4,000 Germans, and that the negotiations of Münster would be hindered if there were known to be disturbances at home. An adjustment was proposed, and it was agreed that a quarter of the taxes should be remitted, the prisoners restored to liberty, and what was still more important, that no one should be arrested unless the judges were permitted to interrogate him within twenty-four hours.

The Queen was compelled to sign these articles. She shed bitter tears of rage over them, but signed at last, though only hoping for opportunities of overcoming all resistance. It was the 23rd of October, and on that very day the peace was being signed at Münster, which concluded the Thirty Years' War. Alsace was claimed as the meed of the interference of France, half Pomerania was assigned to Sweden, and the rest of that duchy to the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria, who further obtained half the Palatinate, while Charles Louis, the Elector Palatine, only obtained half the domains of his father Frederick. 7.

Toleration for Calvinists, Lutherans and Catholics in each other's states was won, and Germany was allowed to rest at last after its frightful convulsions, which had ruined all its commerce and agriculture, and reduced whole districts to utter desolation. Holland made peace with Spain, and the only countries still remaining at war were France and Spain. The peace of Münster, or Westphalia, was signed on the 23rd of October, 1648. The revolt of Bohemia had begun on the 28th of May, 1618. Certainly the sagacity of James I. in refusing to encourage the enterprise of his son-in-law was justified by events.

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

TWO SISTERS SPENDING AN EVENING TOGETHER.

Kate. So, Bessie, is it true that Elsie is going to Oxford and Mab to an Art School in London?

Bessie. I have come to the conclusion that it is better to let them go.

K. Well, I cannot understand why home ties and home training should be sacrificed.

B. But I don't really want them. There are two more. Jessie is my excellent right hand, and I cannot see what four girls can find to do at home in a quiet place like this.

K. We used to find plenty of pursuits. We were busy enough with our books and our music and drawing, our walks and school children; and our dear father and mother would have been shocked if we had not found full content at home. Kitty and Nelly are perfectly happy and well occupied, and I trust to keep them safe under my wing till marriage.

B. Ah! till marriage. My dear George came for me before I had time to find my life unsatisfying. I cannot feel any certainty that in these days my girls will marry. Look at the old Miss Greys, or at Laura Stone. Should you like to think you were leaving your daughters to the dulness of such narrow means, and to such a want of interest in life when youth is past?

K. You are talking on the regular old maid lines that I thought were exploded. Surely cultivated minds, to say nothing of active practical charities, may suffice to interest any woman, and all the more if she has never been unsettled from the quiet unobtrusive shelter of home, and taught to live on excitement.

B. George wished his girls to have cultivated minds, and to be as actively charitable as possible. I think that a fully grown-up, developed human being, a complete woman, wants a life of her own. I don't think it is meant that her parents' life should naturally suffice to her. And as a matter of fact, I don't think it does, or ever did. Didn't Aunt Lucy tell us that by teaching Sunday School we disturbed the family breakfast table; and didn't she think it unfeminine of you to learn Greek? But what was development to us, our generation made so easy that it does not stretch the powers of this one; and I don't want my girls, if they don't marry, to remain girls, only less fresh and less happy. I want them to grow up to their full size. I don't wish them to be ignorant of the proportions

of life, and to look at it, at five-and-thirty as they do at twenty. What really makes old-fashioned old maids is not so much want of happiness as want of experience and want of development.

K. For my part I prefer even the old-fashioned old maid to the new-fashioned one, who is hardened by examinations, who airs whatever she does, follies and all, before the world; tries to make money of all her accomplishments, thinks nothing of exhibiting herself, even of speechifying. She seems to me to have rubbed off the bloom of her womanhood, and to have lost in gentleness, and all St. Paul recommends as our best attributes, whatever else she may gain.

B. Well, the market value of an accomplishment is a great test of the worth of the talent. As to earning money, I think the want of a little money to call her own is a hardship to a woman, and makes her irresponsible, and I cannot give the girls more than enough for their clothes.

K. Then do you actually approve of their launching crudities on the world, committing themselves to immature sentiments that they will be ashamed of by-and-by? Or if they are to make money by art, how are they to do so without a training that I cannot like for young girls?

B. No; I approve of their getting such full instruction in whatever subject they may prefer, that by-and-by their utterances shall not be crude; but if, as I dare say they will be—they are impatient and hasty—after all, they will learn by their own failures. As to the Art Schools, what exactly do you mean?

K. That, in some at least, women actually study subjects, as if they were men, with no regard to modesty. That is the worst and most terrible idea of all, and besides that, there is the boarding among strangers, the promiscuous company, the Bohemian life, very delightful I dare say, but ruinous to the refinement and 'shamefastness,' the quiet homely habits that we used to think the essentials of true womanhood.

B. (*gravely*). I don't mean Mab to board with strangers. Surely a girl's parents can always take care that she is respectably placed according to her degree. I grant what you say of the promiscuous company. I think a great deal of it, and of her going about by herself; but I *have* given her good principles. She is turned twenty, and it comes to this, that I let her grow up sooner, that I put the charge of herself into her own hands. She has a very earnest purpose to cultivate her talent, and I think she can keep herself straight; but I know that there will be much that she ought to refuse to do, that she will find it very hard to refuse, the harder the more successful she is. I have told her so, the new paths take self-denial as well as the old.

K. But is not the very fact of being called on to make the choice and refuse, an injury to the poor child's true instinctive modesty?

What should *we* have thought of such a choice? It seems to me that we have no right to expect ourselves or our children to be shielded from temptation when there is wilful unnecessary exposure to it. A man *must* make his way, and we trust he will be guarded; but must our poor daughters be exposed for mere fancy's sake? Great artists they *can't* be, and is the cultivation of a talent for its own sake and a little gain worth the risk; nay, the certainty of spoiling the creature she was meant to be?

B. I think there are a great many cases where a woman *must* make her way as well as a man. I am not at all sure that girls do not need something of the training which a boy gets at school, by some sort of experience, in fact. Now don't be shocked, but in more careless families than ours was, knowledge of life and human sympathies *are* gained by early love affairs and by a sort of mental and moral knocking about, and the result is not wholly evil, though the process is still more risky than art schools and girls' colleges. The tender bloom, if guarded too long, is apt to grow hard.

K. Now confess, my poor Bessie, that you are only making these fine excuses because you are dragged at your girls' chariot wheels like an obedient mother, and forced to let them run their own way.

B. Well, I don't want to be my daughters' appointed cross, as the foolish G.F.S. lady said of her girl's mistress; and I do think that a good many of the good stories of our youth, where they counselled entire submission and so on, did make the mother into a very heavy cross indeed. There was a girl who sowed flower seeds as a Christian duty; I don't want to be a Christian duty. My girls like me very much, they show me a great deal of confidence, and I won't put stumbling-blocks in their path.

K. (*with tears in her eyes*). I should feel it a reproach to say Nelly and Kitty *liked* me. So would they, dear girls. I believe I am a companion to them. They show me full confidence, but their father and I should be shocked to think of my being on terms of equality. I know you fully mean what is right, Bessie, but I cannot see that this abnegation of Divinely given authority is right, and I think it is absolute cruelty to young inexperienced creatures to give them independence, and trust they will learn by mistakes that may be life injury to them.

B. (*laughing*). Liking doesn't always follow loving. I mean by liking that we don't jar; and I don't abnegate authority. They all know, that when I won't have a thing done in my house, I won't; but I think the time comes when they must judge for themselves, even if they are unmarried, and make their lives more or less in their own way; and I think it is better for that time to come while their lives are still capable of being moulded, not make itself felt too late in hopeless regrets. Young girls make sacrifices often willingly; they don't realise that besides giving up the thing desired, they have to live through life without it.

K. Do you call it moulding them to let them fly all over the world? However, your girls are much cleverer than mine, I am thankful to say! I can much better understand Kitty's old-fashioned natural aspirations after pretty hats and lawn-tennis (though they were not mine), or my good little Nelly's yearnings for nursings and sisterhoods. I really am not the stodgy old mother you think me, Bessie. Harry and I have talked it over, and if we find a sisterhood is really my child's vocation, we shall willingly give her to it, but not till she is old enough to judge; and I *do* trust and believe her reason will not be 'because she can't get on with her mother.'

B. My dear Kate, if you let Nelly become a sister or take up nursing as a profession, you will give her quite as separated a life as she can desire, or as the most modern mother can wish. It might have seemed a little odd in our day, however, might it not? But I'll tell you what it is, Kate, your spiritual descendants are really such girls as Elsie. How you despised finery when you walked about the parish in a mushroom hat and long cloak, and how much you preferred intellectual pursuits to balls! You went to balls as a matter of obedience, and were bored, and were not very agreeable at them. Elsie goes with a lighter heart, because she thinks it part of the philosophy of life; but she has given up a season with her aunt in London to go to college. I was rather sorry, but I am sure her father would have preferred it.

K. I should prefer college to season, both as mother and daughter, though my Kitty would think such heroism beyond her reach. I should have been very happy at Oxford; but I don't see now why Elsie should choose that particular college, where no special care of faith is taken, nor why you permit it.

B. She has a friend who has passed through it unscathed herself, and is now a teacher there, and they believe that they ought to try to leaven the mass, and not shrink from the conflict; and, Kate, I trust Elsie, she is so like you, and she does think it her way as a soldier of the Cross. But I should not have let Mab go there, and I know it is a great ordeal for weaker spirits, and perhaps Elsie may help them through. They can't say she is not clever enough.

K. Oh, if you talk of her being a soldier of the Cross, that is another thing! I thought she was going, because—because she could not cultivate her intellect to her own satisfaction at home; and would it not be funny for an undergraduate to enter a college with the intention of converting the dons?

B. It is on the principle of not leaving all the good tunes to the devil. If you leave these places entirely to the secular party, you let the evil grow unchecked, at least, that is what Elsie says, and I have allowed her to do as she thinks right.

K. I don't know whether to revere you as the mother of Marcus Curtius, or to query Could you have stopped her?

B. Well, I don't know; but to have to decide whether or no she

ought to force a consent out of me is exactly the form which I don't wish her trials of conscience to take. I think the difference between us comes to this, that you think you can continue a responsibility for their grown-up life, which I think must and ought to cease much earlier. Let them have their own life, whatever it may be, and to their own master they must stand or fall, and if last year's birds don't all stay in the nest, I think in years to come they will bring back choice morsels to the old mother left behind in it.

K. But if they bring back venom, or come home stung by some evil reptile, how is she to say to her master, 'Behold me and the children Thou hast given me?' She must risk her boys, that is bad enough. I do not for a moment say that girls, or rather women, are bound to their homes for ever. If marriage does not come, they may choose their paths, provided the home duty is not forgotten; but this independence and exposure to the world at such an age as Elsie's and Mab's is what I cannot understand. But the world has gone on too fast for me, and I suppose you know what your daughters are fit for.

YUM-YUM.

SEVEN SAD MOMENTS IN A BRIGHT LIFE !

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOLIDAY TIMES,' 'NOTHING BUT A SONG,' 'THOUGHTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,' &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

SAD MOMENTS ONE AND TWO.—SEPARATION AND ISOLATION.

HE was the brightest, merriest, most confiding little fellow that ever was seen ! There are squirrels and squirrels, but if ever there was a squirrel with a sweet human nature it was Yum-Yum. See him scampering wild with fun and delight, around the room ; a sudden noisy sound, strange to his infant squirrel ears, and he darts to bury his confiding head against some familiar cheek or in some well-known hand. When all is quiet and his fluttering little heart returns to its even beat, the head is lifted, some nibbling kisses bestowed, and he is away again on his scampering joys, to return in a few minutes, and this time not because he is frightened, but because he claims the sympathy which appears to fill the cup of his strange little nature with its last drop of comfort and content.

Yum-Yum never had the indignity of a cage thrust upon him ; he was always free ;—free to come and free to go, the youngest child of the house.

Let me begin at the beginning and tell you all about him ; all I know, that is, for there were a thousand secrets in his tiny brain, which he had not time to tell, but which he would surely have found means to convey to us by his pretty ways had we had him longer.

He was the chief delight of a three weeks' delightful holiday on the Devonshire moors. There was Moshie, who took us all down ; Wo, the eldest son, who had just matriculated for Trinity College, Cambridge ; Ti and Van, from their public school ; and Cushie. Winnie, a six-months-old thorough bred collie, whose every look and movement portrayed her aristocratic birth ; and Roughie, the Yorkshire terrier, who annually renews her youth and beauty in those sweet scents and winds and sunshine. The General himself was far too busy to dream of a holiday.

Wo and Cushie were the first to meet upon that first holiday morning. Cushie hailed him from her hansom as she reached the Great Western Station at 8:30 A.M., where he stood waiting for her with his pretty frightened Winnie in leash, while she wondered over her first experience of London, and cocked her ears or hid her tail as interest or amazement predominated.

At Swindon came Ti and Van, and the train was scarcely off again before Van asked—

‘Cushie, would you like to see something?’

Van was ‘own papa’ to Yum-Yum, and out of his proud pocket came this tiny mite; such a mite that he lay in the very palm of one’s hand, smaller than a doubled-up glove. His pretty ears were cocked in surprise after surprise as he explored his new friends. His tail was so small and weak that he trailed its red-brown length after him more like a mouse than a squirrel, though he sat up boldly on his hind paws to nibble a crumb of bread, and show the pretty white shirt which so greatly enhanced his beauty.

Moshie—the best kept to the last—and her little Roughie joined us at Exeter, and after the first greetings were over, Yum-Yum’s ‘own papa’ presented him, and he was duly welcomed as the youngest child.

Five sad moments! The first two were surely already past. Was not the first when that horrible biped climbed the tree and rifled the nest of its little ones? Think of that poor little mother squigg in her pride and happiness, the busy care, the small anxieties, the wealth of maternal love lavished on the tiny things who needed her protection, and whose furry little hands clung to her! Think of the strong fierce father in his proud surprise at the odd little nestlings! Did they howl all the night through when they found the love and the strength of their small beings powerless to save! What miserable homes in the happy woods! And the nestlings? Thrust into baskets and pockets with many another, crying for their mothers, and missing the warmth and the chatter, what a sad, what a tragic moment!

Yum-Yum was hardly down from his nest before he was bought for half-a-crown by Van, and very fortunate he felt himself in securing him, for there is such a demand for squirrels that the supply is far from sufficient. He paid sixpence to a man who undertook to keep him, with several others which he had in charge, for the week that still remained before term was over.

The last night came, and with it, *sad moment number two*. There was some difficulty in knowing what to do with Yum-Yum. The early start on the morrow made it inconvenient to fetch him from a distance; and finally he was put into Ti’s locker for the night. We all fear he must have felt very cold and forsaken, without even one fellow-squigg to nestle against! but it was the only lonely night he ever spent, and perhaps he slept, as so many bigger people than he are happily able to do, and forgot his troubles.

Often and often Moshie had said that she would not have a squirrel, yet now that this pet had arrived, she received it with a warm welcome, and we earnestly hoped that all sad moments were past. Was not every one his friend? Would not every one try and procure him a life of happiness and freedom?

As we came to our journey's end, Van gave Yum-Yum into Cushie's care, for between luggage and dogs and people, it was necessary to find a safe place for such a wee thing. Inside her muff, curled up in her hand, he was as warm and snug as possible. There he slept through the four miles drive, and only came out at the end of his journey to have some bread and milk.

CHAPTER II.

SAD MOMENTS NUMBER THREE AND FOUR.—INDIGESTION AND CURIOSITY.

THE first and most important thing was to teach the dogs to know Yum-Yum, and their education began that very evening.

A formal introduction was made, and Roughie and Winnie alternately smelt over the small arrival and received much good advice on the need of gentle treatment towards him. Then Yum-Yum was allowed to run over them while Cushie suffered agonies! Roughie growled. Who was this impertinent little creature that took such liberties, this audacious little stranger, who not content with running over her as if she were a stock or a stone, at last took to burrowing in her soft warm side and scratching her! It was too much! Roughie gave a growl that sounded like the prelude to such a storm, that Yum-Yum was instantly sought for and extricated.

But Roughie has lived for many years, and in many homes, and through many experiences with Moshie, and it is only a matter of time for her jealousy to vanish. It had been very hard for her to welcome Winnie, but she had learnt to extend the lick of peace to her, and as time went on she submitted to Yum-Yum also. In this case the difficulty lay in the extreme smallness of the little creature: one snap, one angry rap of the paw, and that mite could never have recovered it. Winnie, in virtue of whose youth, Yum-Yum was able to take more liberties, was more than long-suffering; she permitted him to scamper over her, and lifting her leg would let him nestle in the warmth beside her. Yum-Yum was greatly pleased with the soft silky mat of her coat, and charmed to explore the new country, and to scratch out a bed for himself. One day Winnie looked round during the process with a trifling display of anxiety, but Yum-Yum, quite above being disturbed, merely dashed a sharp slap in her face, and continued his investigation. He was quite unable to connect the idea of danger with living beings in his small brain.

Where was he to sleep? Once more he was confided to Cushie, who first nursed him to sleep in her hands, and then carefully wrapping him in a soft blue shawl, she laid him by the left-hand corner of her pillow. It was very difficult the first night or two to be sure he was warm enough, and yet was not smothering; not smothering and yet not cold! Cushie awoke several times, anxiously uncovered the blue shawl, felt the wee soft ball, kissed it to sleep,

and left it in peace. In the morning he came out of his little nest, stretched himself, ran to her as if delighted to find a friend, and then offered the warmest interest and attention throughout her toilet.

At breakfast he sat beside us eating bread and milk out of a saucer. What a deep and serious consideration was Yum-Yum's digestion! Ought he to have nuts while still so young? Moshie and Cushie prescribed nothing but bread and milk; but his 'own papa' just *longed* to see him eat a nut, and became very eloquent on the subject of the stores which his mother would have laid by during the late autumn. A raid was therefore made into the village, and an ominous white paper bag, with enough nuts to feed a whole colony of squirrels, was the result. Did he not look a pretty pet sitting up with one between his paws, and sharpening his teeth against it! He worked for minutes, which must have been hours to him; everything else was forgotten in his eagerness, but at last he threw it away in disgust. Van picked it up, and the whole party looked with interest and admiration at the great dent he had sawn in the nut, though it was not yet sufficient to reach the kernel. Van gave one gentle crack and returned it to Yum-Yum, and with eager delight he ate it up. But oh! is that our Yum-Yum? See him, with both hands tightly clasped over his pretty shirt front; see his disconsolate look and his bright eye, sharpened and fixed, all telling us more plainly than words could speak it, that poor Yum-Yum had a very sad pain indeed beneath his waistcoat. Moshie took him up, and giving him to Cushie, bade her warm him and nurse him, but it was many hours before he recovered his wonted gaiety.

Yum-Yum made his first acquaintance with the moors wrapped in Cushie's shawl, or safe in Van's pocket. The third day after our arrival, however, Van put him on the ground, and to every one's delight he followed us as readily as did the dogs. Would that you could have seen that tiny mite bounding along the road or across the moors with us! If he were startled there was a rush for shelter to some friendly leg; as soon as the paroxysm was past, he again descended, scampering and bounding to his heart's content, but always in the wake of his friends. After this no one ever dreamed of leaving Yum-Yum behind. The only difficulty in the matter was as to where to put him should he be asleep, or if—rare occurrence—no one desired to pay attention to him; he settled the matter however himself, by hiding inside Moshie's dress, and nestling close to her neck. He went everywhere with us, and everywhere he was welcome; everywhere his pretty ways, his gentle manners, his endearing friendliness were praised. He was taken to visit Lady —, and sent to the nursery to eat sugar and amuse the children. He was taken to Moor Cross. Oh! how he scolded and chattered because he was sleepy and comfortable, and did not wish to come out and show himself! How those kind ladies petted and caressed him! They offered him nuts, which he refused—did he remember his pain?—

and gave him sponge cake, which he ate with delight. He was taken to Slade, where he spent a whole afternoon, racing about the drawing-room, making acquaintance with everybody, and boldly helping himself out of the sugar-basin at tea-time.

His tail grew every day; at first it grew and spread on either side, leaving a seam down the centre; gradually he began to raise it and curl it over his back, but evidently the effort was a labour at first; finally it also spread from the centre and became bushy and handsome, while he himself was still a wee pet, too small and too pretty to last.

He was growing so much stronger that he was no longer kept on bread and milk. He eat bread by itself and sugar and biscuits—his favourite biscuits were the Abernethys. His 'own papa' again determined to try him with nuts, and Yum-Yum was once more seized with a sad pain, and held his white shirt with both hands in tight despair! Finally, to Moshie and Cushie's relief, the General himself, in the midst of all his business, found time to write upon the subject to say that these experiments on Yum-Yum's digestion made him quite anxious; that he was sure nuts were not proper food for him at so tender an age, and he begged that no more should be offered to him.

Marmalade was very welcome to him. It was rather against it when one morning he flung himself bodily into the dish; but he was carefully washed, first by Moshie, and then by himself, and in a short time was perfectly clean. He was the cleanest little creature that can be imagined. The first thing in the morning, and after every meal he sat up and washed his little face and hands and arms. As he grew older he began to eat potatoes and cauliflower with evident pleasure; but of all things Devonshire cream was his delight. At the same time he was not in the least greedy; he knew when he had had enough, and then he would run away from the most tempting of morsels. He liked, however, to try everything that was new, and one of such enterprises brought him to sad moment number four. One day at luncheon, as he scampered past Wo, he was attracted by a—to him—new and bright sight, and without a moment's reflection he buried his pretty nose in the mustard! Wo seized him and wiped him, but he struggled away almost frenzied with pain, and rushed about wildly as if trying to run from the burning. Moshie gave him some water and then some bread, and by-and-by he quieted down and came seeking consolation; finally, curling himself into a little ball, he slept the sleep of forgetfulness.

CHAPTER III.

NUMBER FIVE.—A MOMENT OF DANGER.

It was one of the prettiest things to see Yum-Yum with his own bowl of flowers. Cushie sometimes thought he was never so winsome as when quite alone with her going to bed or getting up. He usually

slept the whole evening in his cosy nest in Moshie's dress, while she read out, and while Wo did his worsted work, Van plaited straw, and Ti and Cushie did Rafi work. Ti and Cushie were making a bag for Moshie to wear at her side, which was designed to be Yum-Yum's home in the future; it was to be lined with satin, and he was to live there when Moshie could not attend to him, or when she was taking him out with her, for his 'own papa' had determined to undergo the pangs of separation sooner than to introduce him so soon to the snares and trials of public school life. At bedtime Cushie received him from Moshie and put him into his own blue shawl; but in a few minutes he came forth anew. Cushie then gave him a glass of water, a bit of biscuit, and a lump of sugar, in the corner of her dressing-table which formed his dining-room, and his pretty games began; a good deal of nibbling and play, and then a grand hiding of biscuits and sugar; a long inspection of all her things, some nibbles at her corals, a series of dashes and bounds at everything she lifted or put down, interspersed with many a remark; some wild scampers round the room, and then at last a vigorous and determined onslaught into her hand. At first she did not understand it, and would begin to play with him afresh, but only hearken to his scolding! his remonstrances! his assertions that he could not and would not be disturbed! Down went his pretty head, his furry paws were clasped tight over his eyes, and he said it was sleep he wanted, and sleep he would have. Cushie let him go off, and then put him into his shawl. Not a bit of it! Out he came again, not to play, but for the sake of companionship, and he made his nest in her hand till she put aside her reading and came to bed too.

Then in the morning, it was a gentle pat on her cheek, a tiny mouth giving nibbling soft kisses, the scamper and play and fun of dressing, and his own bowl of flowers. Cushie kept this supplied for him with primroses, violets, sorrel, and daisies and buttercups, and the dainty little fellow would sit choosing now one and now another, eating them and playing with them like a fairy elf, and every few minutes coming to her as if to ask sympathy in his fun and frolic.

It was on coming down one morning after a great game of play that Yum-Yum's worst danger and escape happened. He was in such spirits that Cushie had to hold him quite tightly as she brought him downstairs. Once in the dining-room she let him fly down her dress, and was turning to say 'good-morning' to Moshie, and to gather up her letters, when from some hidden corner, with one bound, the farm pussie sprang upon him; another bound and Cushie was upon pussie, and lifting her high in the air, found to her joy, that at any rate Yum-Yum was not in her mouth. Moshie looked for him and found him merrily disporting himself under the sofa, and pussie was summarily dismissed to the kitchen. No doubt she thought she had found a very fine fat mouse indeed that morning, and would gladly have feasted on so tender a morsel!

We often spoke of the many dangers which were so near to our little pet. Though our own dogs knew him, the farm animals could not be trained in the same way; there was little Nell, a splendid ratter, who would have made but short work with him; there was the aforementioned pussie, who had done her small best; there was Sharp, the younger sheep-dog, whose temper was not too certain, and who would have brooked no familiarities; there was Help, the elder sheep-dog, who would still less have permitted liberties; then there was Tommy, the pet lamb, who would jump the wall to follow us, and who came freely into the kitchen; all the dogs were friendly with him, and Nell would even cover his face with licks, when the farmer's wife bade her 'kiss the lamb.' Yum-Yum was kept apart from all these animals, and if one came into the room he was always picked up and put into a safe place.

I must in passing tell you a word or two of Help. He is quite unlike any other dog that ever was seen. Moshie always calls him 'the enchanted Prince.' He comes and talks to one in the saddest of ways; in his own dog language, it is true, but language which it is easy to understand. He says it is so terrible to be only a dog, and tries so hard to speak and tell us all about it. He does his work grandly, and then he sits crumpling his forehead into wrinkles, and thinking, thinking, thinking. Anything touching or sweet seems to stir the poor soul within him till he is nearly mad. Like many other dogs, he howls to hear music or singing; but unlike them, he listens to the birds singing, and then nearly wails his soul away. Many a time he comes to Moshie and talks to her and seems comforted to feel her hand on his head, and to hear her voice telling him that she understands, and that perhaps he will not always be a dog. Poor Help, is he indeed an enchanted Prince, like a tale in a fairy-book come into real life? and if so where is the Princess who will free him with some desperate deed of courage, and let him seal it with the kiss of love? We did not trust our little pet to this strange friend; his woe is too deep to be touched by the pretty playful ways of a Yum-Yum.

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY ON THE MOORS.

An expedition to the highest Tor in the neighbourhood had been long projected. Not only was a fine day necessary, but a clear day also, and several were allowed to pass before the quite perfect one came.

There had been rain on the previous day, of which Wo took advantage for fishing, and Moshie, Ti, Van, Cushie, Yum-Yum and Moshie started for Pen Beacon. Roughie was left at home, for she was so young as she has been, and we feared the expedition

would be too much for her. What a bright clear day it was! First came the winding lane full of primroses, and then the sweet fresh air out on the moors. It is a very easy pleasant ascent to the nearly 1,700 feet, foot after foot bringing further distances in sight, and dwarfing our own little home surroundings. The farm was soon lost to sight, but then it has a special faculty for hiding itself despite its 600 feet of height and its nearness to the moors. That rounded hill, with its wooded crest, known to its special friends as 'ecclesiastical supremacy,' dwindled to a dumpling; Hanger Down Clump became a mere large button, while Plymouth and its grand town hall, Devonport and its churches, stood out to sight; the Hamoaze gleamed in the sun like a long streak of light, and the Cornwall hills beckoned to us; far away to the east Ivy Bridge spire shone white, and around, around everywhere the 'silver sea' that defends our 'precious stone,' was visibly on guard.

Once on the top and our stone added to the cairn, we sat down for lunch, and out came Yum-Yum from Moshie's dress, but as for lunch! he was far too much interested in his new surroundings to think of anything so commonplace. Not only did he scamper around us, but a sudden transport seized him, and hardly had the words fallen, 'I hope he won't get into the cairn!' than, with a bound, he was in it. But we need not have been so frightened; a very few calls from Van brought him out of it, and he was taken and set down to lunch, and given bread and cake, his favourite cake, too! Not a bit of it! He had but one idea, viz., to make for the cairn; but it was too large to trust him in. How quickly might he not have been lost in such a labyrinth, and though we should have torn the place to the ground, what if a stone had fallen on him and demolished him! No remonstrances availed; his pertinacity was roused; he scolded us all roundly when we took him away, and after a third and longer visit he was put into Moshie's dress in durance vile, till danger should be passed. We gathered our things together and went on to the other Tor, Shell Top, a mile further on, from whence there is quite a new view of the moors. Then, the day being too utterly lovely for anything else, we found our way to the Yealm stream. Never had the moors looked more beautiful; long warm brown-red stretches close before us, with golden patches of reeds lying in their clasp; purple lengths reaching away to the horizon, and one pale blue-grey touch in the extreme distance.

Once arrived at Yealm steps, Yum-Yum was again brought out; his 'own papa' had been uneasy for some time lest he should be thirsty, and was much relieved to see him drink out of the Yealm. Then he feasted on whortle-berry flowers—*urts*, as the moor folk call them—and lent his harmonious little chatter to the hundred sounds that pervaded the air; but the noise of the water seemed to frighten him, he gave a scamper, stopped, turned and fled to his safe nest, and hid in peace on Moshie's shoulder.

At last we turned from that entrancing spot homewards, but still to find our way through further and fresh beauty, for to bid a short farewell to the moor was but to enter that 'Happy Valley,' 'Hawns and Dendles.' Onward we went through and under the oak wood, picking our way among the numerous little paths which so invitingly curl their ways along, begging and praying us to turn and try their wandering lengths. Then down a steep little bit, and the busiest worker, the most benighted traveller, must perforce turn and linger, were it but for a moment, to look back upon the steep rushing water-fall, its foaming whiteness, its green, inviting, inaccessible banks of fern, leaf, and flower, the swirl of the water beneath the fall, and the deep coffee-clear pool—the haven of rest, peace, and beauty—which is the product of so much battle and strife.

Do we envy the waters their sweet rest? Or does our sympathy dart with a flush of triumph after the eddies and rapid rushes for which there is no place in the pool, and which fate hurries once more into the turmoil? Onward they rush past banks and pools and havens, over stones, round boulders, through narrow and broad, till they reach their true goal and feed the life of the Infinite Main. Ah, once more to be held in that embrace! Is it indeed re-union? Do they remember how he sent them forth to their life and work, caught up in the strength of the sun, floating through ether, till, 'big with blessing,' they fall on the wondrous magnificent earth? Ah, though it was hard to leave him, once back in his embrace—who would have had it otherwise!

But we, too, had to hurry onward somewhat, further and further through the woods, past the other water-fall, which had afforded such delightful climbs to most of the party, through the beautiful forest sanctuary, where the river winds gently, the tall trees unite above, and the stones beneath afford mossy seats,—onward still to the soft opening glade, where 'the tall red fox-gloves grow' in summer, and which was now sweet with violets and primroses, and the dear humble buttercups and daisies,—onward still through the gate and up the lane, and past the magnificent beeches to our own farm. We were rather concerned at the very slight refreshment Yum-Yum had had all day, but he seemed none the worse for it, and made up for it by a specially good dinner.

CHAPTER V.

SAD MOMENT NUMBER SIX.

THIS was a very sad moment, and we must touch but lightly on it! In his earliest days Yum-Yum slept all the morning, and indeed we think we reared him so well from the quantity of sleep and warmth which we gave him. As he grew stronger he slept less and less, and at last it was with difficulty he would submit to be quiet through our

Shakespeare reading, which took place directly after breakfast, Ti being specially anxious to go through the historical plays. During that first hour he had to be quiet, but afterwards Moshie allowed him to race at will; away he went, his little paws patter-pattering on the floor, while as usual we wondered how such small things could make any noise at all; over the sofa and chairs; up the curtains; on to the table to nibble at Moshie's pen and to send his love to the General who took such a warm interest in him; out of the window to take a long stretched-out lie down on the window-sill, so nicely warmed by the sun; back again to tell Moshie how nice it was; another scamper and an investigation of the door and the cabinet; back again to Moshie to say he did not quite understand it all; off once more to see if Roughie was in a kind temper, and in the midst a shrill small cry, and Yum-Yum was scampering, wild with pain, and one paw doubled right under. Moshie had him in her hand in a moment, and Cushie and the unfortunate Foot who had done the deed, ran to sympathise. At first we thought it was broken from the wrist, it was so completely doubled under. He sat still in Moshie's hand, the picture of pain and patience, but by-and-by nothing would content him but to limp about on his three paws somewhat wildly, and as if he fancied he were running away from the pain. Later on in the day he came to make himself cosy and go to sleep; we found the paw was undoubling, and so hoped it was only a squeeze and not a break, which happily proved to be the case, and though it took him another full day to get right, at last both wrist and fingers recovered, and our little Yum-Yum was himself again.

It was very sad to see the days go by! Every day the long valley over which we looked put on more green robes and trailed them further about her; the hedges were not green but golden with prim-roses; and the river-pools in the early morning were wondrous with pellucid green light. The very last Sunday came; the last walk down to and up from the church, past the charming old Vicarage, with its splendid flowering shrubs; its bright rhododendrons, and its white garden azalea, whose purity and grace have named her 'the Bride,' but who was hardly thinking just then of showing us her beauty, though the same mysterious life was stirring in her, as was already grandly visible to all in the great horse-chestnut, upon which the Vicarage looks in the field beneath—the first tree in the parish to come out.

There was the last service in the beautiful old church, and then Moshie, Ti, and Yum-Yum went for their last walk on the moors. How Yum-Yum enjoyed it! Bounding, springing, scampering with joy; rushing to Moshie in any momentary alarm, and then flying off to some fresh delight. There was something simply enchanting in his wild love of freedom, and in his rushes of confidence to his human friends. How strange for a squirrel to be frightened at a tree and to love a man! To turn from the low brushwood and fly into a hand!

To be scared at the sound of a stream and at rest by a human cheek. Do you wonder that we loved the mite, his freedom, his confidences, his wild delight, his tender kisses, his grand scoldings, and his cozy expostulations; the poise of his tail, the cock of his ears, his lovely white shirt and soft warm coat; those exquisite little arms and furry hands that held us so tight. Oh, Yum-Yum, you were too good and pretty for us! You belonged to Elfin-land. You have been read of in books, and dreamed of in dreams, and you came on one visit to this sad life to let us see the embodiment of joy in your tiny form, and to learn how pleasant a thing it is to look at something absolutely full of happiness.

'If only we can get him home safely!' said Moshie, thinking of the General, and how the merry little fellow would charm him.

'Home in safety,' cried Ti. 'It's a hundred to one that you will now!'

Oh, Ti, Ti, what a rash word! Did you not glance behind and see Fate's smile?

Moshie felt the cold of it.

CHAPTER VI.

SAD MOMENT NUMBER SEVEN.—THE TRAGIC END.

MONDAY was the last day. To pack three boys off to school—at least, forgive the slip—two boys and one Cambridge man off, is no small matter. There were sketches to collect; those sketches which had a strange propensity to arrange themselves head downwards every now and then on the walls; books to be found and sorted; butterfly cages, fishing-rods, satchels, etc., to be claimed. Yum-Yum was in higher spirits than ever. No! no! he cried, when we tried to put him to sleep, and away he raced! The doors were open, out of the sitting-room he fled, and along the passage to Wo's room; under the bed, under the drawers, behind the bath, far too full of mischief to 'come when called.' Cushie caught him at last; she was devoting an hour or two to finishing Moshie's Rafi bag, and agreed with Moshie that Yum Yum *must* be kept out of danger, so she put him in her dress, and there he worried himself and scolded her, and remonstrated. She remonstrated also, and thrust him in Marshal Niel rose-leaves to play with and eat. Alas! how heartbreaking was the sweet scent and the nibbled leaves when she went to bed! He was satisfied for a time and kept quiet. Soon, however, he woke up and once more entreated to come out. The things for packing were cleared away from the room, so she shut the door and let him come out, and didn't he frisk, just like a squirrel! Didn't he wave his tail in triumph! Off he went on to the outside window-sill, where he looked over and barked to the garden below; round and round the room and back to tell Cushie how delicious it was; up and down and across and around the

curtains, and a whisper in her ear; a series of jumps from her chair to the sofa, and back to tell her to look! Once or twice some one came in, and Cushie called to them to 'mind Yum-Yum,' or got up to shut the door,—and then, at last two of the boys came in before going for a last fish on the lake; away they went; how it had happened no one ever knew,—was it a tread, was it a knock, how was it? We are glad none of us know. Cushie heard a gasp, and there lay Yum-Yum on the floor. In a moment he was in her hand, his little mouth was covered with blood. 'Oh, Yum-Yum!' she cried, and fancied the little friend knew her. She threw open the door and called to Moshie. 'Oh, Moshie, Moshie, come! Yum-Yum is *really* hurt.' They bathed the blood from his poor mouth; Cushie breathed on him to try and warm the cold limp little body that lay so still in her hand. Was it indeed Yum-Yum? Never before had he looked like this; the bright eye half closed and set. Yum-Yum was dead.

Not all our love and care could keep the little forest stranger. Not all his confidence and love for us could save him. Ah! would that he were now racing and tearing round the trees in the woods, playing with his brothers and sisters, cuddling close to his mother, admiring his father, building castles in the air about his own bonnie nest next year!

Yum-Yum, our pretty Yum-Yum, we thank you for your bright life, your tender share in our human affection, your happy spirits, your grand scoldings, your soft expostulations, your merry freedom, your nibbling kisses. We shall never see the like of you again, nor shall we, in these irreverent nineteenth-century days, get another such glimpse into fairy-land. Thank you for it all, but would, would that we had left so great a capacity of happiness to its own life and freedom.

THE GIRLHOOD QUESTION.

DEAR EDITOR,

Is it not a little difficult to distinguish between principle and prejudice in dealing with a younger generation? Externals of dress, speech, and the like, are apt to take a greater importance in our minds than they deserve: and such externals as belong to the date of our own bringing-up have a tendency to assume a certain sacredness of association, so that we are jarred and irritated when the fashions of these things change.

Therefore it seems to me that in estimating the characteristics of the generation now growing up, we should try to find a standard by which to judge them, which will measure other points than vagaries of dress and even than the slang of the day. For as to this last, has there not always been slang of some sort in vogue? Are exaggerations of speech peculiar to the rising generation? Did not their great-grandmothers talk and write of 'monstrous fine' and 'vastly pretty,' and did not they 'vow' and 'protest' on many unsuitable occasions? Then, again, has there ever been a time when fashion was not absurd? Hoops and crinolines, short waists, 'porkpie' hats, harsh and crude colours—when have not some of these been to the fore? We must take note of some marks more individual than these if we wish to form an estimate of the girls now growing up among us. And the first I should observe would be this: an unprecedented disregard of experience. There has been a considerable revolution in educational matters—greater, perhaps, in appearance than in reality—which has, as I think, produced an idea among the girls educated under the new *régime* that no one can ever have learnt anything outside a High School, and that because the modern course includes certain branches of knowledge not acquired by their mothers and aunts, therefore there is nothing that can be learnt from the older generation. Now, although I am quite willing to concede a superiority to High School training in the matter of science and in the general method of the system, still I must own that as far as my experience goes, 'culture'—by which I mean a knowledge of general literature in modern languages, and the delight in acquiring fresh knowledge which only cultured minds have—is *not* a feature of the present education. Certain poets, for instance, are studied (or as the girls would say 'done'); but how many of them are loved? The history of certain limited periods is learnt; but how many heroes become friends for life? Narrowness of mind is apt to result from a too perfect mechanism of education—it is all teaching

and but little learning—and individual tastes do not get much scope. I disagree from 'Middle-age' in her view that the present race is less self-conscious than a former one, for do not the very independence of opinion which she praises, and the difficulty of choosing between conflicting duties which 'Chelsea China' describes, indicate some self-consciousness and self-importance? One would imagine something to be wrong when young girls cannot be content with obvious and humdrum 'home duties,' but must go far afield for congenial work. I am afraid that the 'Christian Year' is fast becoming a closed book, and that 'the trivial round,' the 'common task,' are with it passing out of fashion. Many parents can testify to the curious disregard of their wishes and opinions shown by daughters of the present day—girls, too, who in school life are pleasant and industrious and amenable to their teachers.

So far I have only alluded to the girls belonging to the 'professional' classes, among whom I should say there is less slang and fastness than would have been found twenty years ago; the faults that I see go deeper; want of reverence and obedience, and a good deal of self-conceit. But in the class immediately above these, I fear that the moral tone is terribly low; the reading of doubtful, and worse than doubtful, books and newspapers, and, perhaps even more, the class of Play which has been fashionable for some years past, have produced their natural effect in a laxity of thought and word which is very appalling. Every one who sees much of London society bears witness to the coarsening and hardening process now going on among girls who have the misfortune to be 'in society.' 'Recklessness,' in short, is the prevailing characteristic. Even among well brought up girls, one hears of practical jokes with young men in country houses which *very* nearly overstep the bounds of modesty. Surely, surely, such independence, such 'being able to take care of themselves,' is to be earnestly deprecated. We do not want American freedom for our girls, lest we should also have the terrible concomitant of utter looseness of the most sacred ties. *Must* obedience be weakness, *must* respect for principle be self-consciousness, *must* tenderness be sentimentality?

I cannot at all agree with 'Middle-Age' that there is less 'fashion' in the opinions of girls of our day than in those of a former generation. What can be said of the 'æsthetic' crazes—of the blind following of certain writers—of the leaning to different shades of misbelief—of the rush after cookery lessons, ambulance lectures, and the like? It is obvious that girls between, let us say, seventeen and five-and-twenty, are not likely to be in a position really to form independent opinions, however much they may imagine their ideas to be original, and as long as they follow wholesome fashions, I can see no harm in the practice. One phase of modern thought, however, tends, I think, to mischievous results; that, namely, which *classifies* the young and the old, as though they had no relation to each other, but were

separate creations—an unscientific method in these evolutionary days! Do let us remember that a girl is but a youthful woman; and that her faults of character and of education are more likely to be crystallised than dissolved in the inevitable process of growing older! that is, if they are treated as matter for psychological speculation rather than for straightforward correction.

Yours affectionately,

E. E. K.

Spider Subjects.

Only three of the Spiders have written their list of books on any system, namely, Chelsea China, Bog-Oak, and *Ἀμύχανος*, and these accordingly have a value.

The others are Spectacles, Spinning Jenny, Moonraker, Snow Queen, Clown, Ovis, Harum Scarum, Fidelia, Kitten, L. J. D., Weaver, Titania, Winifred.

ANSWER TO SPIDER QUESTION.

A LIST OF TEN BOOKS YOU PREFER.

I. Which have helped me most to grow :—

1. 'Laneton Parsonage'—made me admire strict conscientiousness. 2. 'Daisy Chain'—made me *like* goodness, and think parish-work a duty. 3. 'Christian Year'—formed and guided religious feelings and views. 4. 'Scott's Poems'—cultivated romance and the love of chivalry. 5. 'David Copperfield'—immensely widened class sympathies. 6. 'Hypatia'—made the mental world *much* bigger. 7. 'Hitherto'—gave a *genial* turn to high principle, and opened certain mystical ideas. 8. 'Pusey's Sermons'—guided to practical efforts at self-improvement. 9. 'Shakespeare'—gives food to every part of one. 10. 'John Inglesant'—gives new meanings to old words.

II. Which in youth gave me most pleasure :—

1. 'Laneton Parsonage'—*Madeline* was my first friend. 2. 'Heir of Redclyffe'—Guy was my first love. 3. 'Leila'—she and her animals were an ideal of bliss. 4. 'Ivanhoe'—the Black Knight was my first hero. 5. 'Froissart's Chronicles'—the Black Prince was my second. 6. 'Kehama'—the Glendower was Guy's chief rival. 7. 'David Copperfield'—contained the most amusing and delightful people. 8. 'Tennyson's Poems'—was the poet of one time to suit an unpoetical person. 9. 'Westward Ho!'—was the very salt sea itself, and set up new heroic types. 10. Fouqué's 'Four Seasons'—pleased the imaginative part of me.

III. Which interest me most at the present time :—

1. 'Shakespeare'—satisfies outside and inside tastes. 2. 'John Inglesant'—opens 'fresh woods and pastures new.' 3. 'Flowers of the Field'—my first Botany book. 4. 'Sun, Moon, and Stars'—taught one a *little* science. 5. 'The Beleaguered City'—is typical of mystical and psychical tastes. 6. 'Adam Bede'—shows perfect character drawing. 7. 'St. Thomas à Kempis'—as perfect in its own line. 8. 'Tennyson's Poems'—still the poet I really enjoy most on

the whole, both for ideas and fancy. 9. Goëthe's 'Faust'—as being altogether wonderful to me. 10. White's 'Selbourne'—the best expression of the love of nature in the country, apart from love of scenery.

IV. Which I think critically very good (English):—

1. 'Shakespere'—too high for praise. 2. 'The Antiquary'—the most perfect of novels of character drawn from without. 3. 'Ancient Mariner'—the finest poem I know. 4. 'Adam Bede'—the best analysis of character. 5. 'Vanity Fair'—the most vivid of novels. 6. 'Pride and Prejudice'—the most life-like on a small scale. 7. 'John Inglesant'—the most original story of the present day. 8. 'Bacon's Essays'—most perfect in their own line. 9. 'Newman's Sermons'—the most perfect sermons in form. 10. 'Lamb's Essays'—have a quaint, tender charm unlike everything else.

CHELSEA CHINA.

MY TEN FAVOURITE BOOKS.

A favourite work is not one which we admire only externally, but is that which we receive inwardly, so that it becomes a part of our lives.

1. *Devotional*.—'The Christian Year.'

'How many a thought of saintly act,
How many a bravely dashed-off tear,
Has strengthened into iron fact,
Or vanished, at "The Christian Year"!'

2. *Theological*.—Isaac Williams's 'Devotional Commentary on the Gospel Narrative.' It 'opens to us the Scriptures,' as much by its exquisite spirituality as by its deep learning.

3. *History* (prose).—Rollin's 'Ancient History' made one prefer ancient history to all others, loving and hating the right people.

4. *History* (poetry).—Aytoun's 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers' expresses what every loyal cavalier felt about the royal martyr's race, without the modern fashion of temporising with Puritans.

5. *Fiction* (prose).—'The Daisy Chain.' The people in it are as real to me as any one I ever knew,—or more so!

6. *Fiction* (poetry).—'Thalaba, the Destroyer,' illustrates our conflict: 'Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle, Thou shalt throw down mine enemies under me.'

7. *Biography*.—Mrs. Oliphant's 'St. Francis of Assisi.' It is as simple in style as the Saint himself, and never alludes to a difference in religion.

8. *Allegory*.—'Sintram.' It tells the tale of a terribly hard struggle, crowned with victory at last.

9. *Drama*.—'Shakespere,' especially the Chronicle plays. I admire chiefly his sublime way of subordinating historical facts to the exigencies of the play.

10. *Scientific*.—Proctor's 'Orbs around us' teaches (so that one can understand) the majestic order, endless variety, well-nigh infinity of creation.

Bog-Oak.

TEN BOOKS.

The other day, when engaged in the painful occupation known as 'reading against time'—in order to finish a book long due to its library,—I was interrupted by the voice of an old and valued friend. 'Devouring a trashy novel in an hour! Yesterday it was a superficial biography; to-morrow it may be a course of "cheap science"—and you call that reading! Skimming rubbish, while the world's benefactors are left on the shelf. The very multiplicity of literature is a curse!'

I prepared myself for a jeremiad: and my dear old Laudator temporis priore poured forth his indignation.

'When I think of what books were to former generations: how they were read and re-read—assimilated till what was good in them became part of their readers, to whom they were as dear friends, and when I contrast the voluminous and indiscriminate skimming and devouring of the present day—I sometimes think that the very aim and end of reading has been lost: instead of supplying food for the mind, it merely gratifies a morbid craving for excitement.'

'Surely,' I said, driven to bay, 'I may beg to differ from you. Even in these degenerate days there are some who know what it is to re-read a book—even more—to love it till it becomes "part of themselves." A large circle of indifferent acquaintances does not preclude the formation and duration of some few life-long friendships.'

'Very good,' said my friend, sarcastically; 'then maintain the honour of your generation, and give me a list of—say ten—books; life's friends, mind; not indifferent acquaintances. You shall have ten minutes to do it in.'

'What sort?' I cried. "'Improving works," or what? Poetry? novels? in what language? on what subjects? I am at sea for a choice with one minute apiece for each book.'

'On any subject you like,' he said, producing his watch, 'and in any language you understand.'

I reflected, then scribbled down a list, which I handed to him.

He read them aloud. '1. "The Imitation of Thomas à Kempis." 2. "Paracelsus." 3. "Modern Painters." 4. Carlyle's "French Revolution." 5. Euripides' "Alkestis." 6. "The Vita Nuova." 7. "The Morte d'Arthur." 8. "The Mill on the Floss." 9. "Shirley." 10. "Old Mortality." Good; but I propose a further test. Give me a reason for each of these preferences in ten words!'

'Come,' said I, 'most unreasonable of mortals; what can I say on those terms but "a very good book—truly beneficial to the human race"? You must allow me the length of a telegram, at least.'

'That's twelve.'

'No, an old-fashioned one.'

'Twenty be it, then. The first?'

"Thomas à Kempis"—for its deep meaning and perfect expression of the loftiest thoughts of human nature. Its grasp of life's central truth,' I added.

'And your definition of "life's central truth"?'

'That may not be given here, nor now,' I said. 'I half wish I had not mentioned this book-friend; it is profane to describe it in twenty words.'

'Well, the next. "Paracelsus," did you say?'

'For its moral—the inadequacy of this life but for belief in immortality. Browning's fine central thought—here fully developed.'

'And "Modern Painters"?'

'As a revelation of beauty in nature and nobleness in art, most suggestively expressed in unrivalled beauty of language.'

'You pile up epithets like Ruskin himself. What do you say for the "Carlyle"—your preference for it?'

'As a prose epic—in most expressive language; underlaid by a sense of life's mystery, and the world's Divine guiding.'

'Here's a Greek play—my favourite, too—but what makes you like it?'

'Isn't it the highest conception reached by Greece? Self-sacrifice in Alkestis, and purification by trial in Admetos. Almost Christian—if one may say so.'

'That "*if one may say so*" exceeds the allotted limit by five words,' remarked my friend.

'It is not included therein. I said it lest you should be scandalized.'

'I am not. Well, the "Vita Nuova." Why not the "Divina Commedia"?''

'Because (you are after all half right about the best books left on the shelf!) I have not yet finished the "Inferno." Now for my preference. Because it shows forth such a high ideal of the very purest love.'

'Here comes—what? "Morte d'Arthur"! What have you to say for this dreary and unpleasing work?'

'It contains the noblest of allegories to me—the "Quest of the Sangreal"—told with great beauty and touching simplicity.'

'Now for novels. At least you have restricted yourself to three. The "Mill on the Floss"?''

'The development of Maggie's character: and its contrast with Tom. Her rise from fall. The clever portraiture of domestic life.' This description is as obscurely condensed as Browning, and as unconnected as a telegram, it seems to me.

'"Shirley"?''

'The beautiful picture of two girls' friendship. Shirley's character. She is the most loveable heroine I know.'

'You have put Walter Scott at the bottom! After George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë! He was only dragged in through respect to me.'

'He wasn't! I should like to be thrown on a desert island with nothing but his novels to read. It is hard to make a choice in him where all is good; but I think I choose "Old Mortality" because—now for my twenty words!—"It presents the times it treats of so graphically, and its characters and descriptions are so full of life."'

The dinner bell rang, and my friend left me, grumbling that my last description was characterless and would 'do for anything of Scott's.'

And so ended this singular colloquy.

Ἀμήχανος.

SPIDER QUESTION.

Who was Brian Boromhe?

Notices to Correspondents.

Can any one tell me where Harriett Martineau's 'Letter to the Deaf' is published? Miss E. W. Townsend, King's Newnham, Rugby.

M. thanks correspondents as regards lines in that touching sixpenny story, 'Events in Irish Country House.' The lines are in 'Uncle John,' but are they original, or from an American author, as indicated by A. S.? Also are the statements about Clergymen 'Commuting and Compounding and Cutting' with the spoils of the Church, correct?

I notice the story advertised in 'Monthly Packet.' It seems well worth perusal. M.

In reply to the 'Muffin Man' in the May number of the 'Monthly Packet,' I find that the poem 'If you cannot on the ocean,' &c., is attributed to Mrs. E. H. Gates in 'Hymns and Songs for Bands of Hope.'

W. D. FERGUSON.

M. believes she has already applied unsuccessfully to Nisbet for the Life of A. Cheek. She is greatly obliged for the kind offer to lend the book, and will send her address if M. L. Buttemer will let her know where to direct.

Theodora asks the author and publisher of the 'Young Islanders,' a boy's book, published about forty years ago.

SEA-SHELL AND CHILDREN'S SCRAP-BOOK MISSIONS.—These Missions give enjoyment and amusement to sick children in the hospitals and the homes of the poor of London, by presenting to each a box of sea-shells gathered by the more fortunate boys and girls who visit, or reside at the seaside; and makes scrap-books, which are likewise given to sick and poor children. The following are a few of the ways by which these Missions may be helped: By collecting shells; by sending donations for the purchase of boxes in which to place the shells; by making bags in which the shells can be sent out; by making post-card albums, puzzles made from pictures, and framed cards. Ladies, and children under proper supervision, will find the making of scrap-books very pleasant occupation. A specimen of the 'post-card album,' 'puzzle,' or 'framed card,' will be sent to any lady who will make them up for the Mission, upon receipt of six stamps. It is particularly requested that the names and addresses of all contributors be given, to enable the secretary to send an acknowledgment by post. Anonymous donations and parcels are welcome, but it is more pleasant to know from whom they come. Carriage of parcels should in all cases be prepaid. The parcel post is very convenient for small parcels. All communications and parcels should be addressed to the Secretary, Sea-Shell Mission, 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

Questions for June.

21. Relate the occurrences which immediately preceded the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War; and enumerate the allies, respectively, of Athens and Sparta.

22. 'I remained, O Athenians, where your commanders placed me, at Potidæa, and at Amphipolis, and in the affair of Delium.'

Give some account of the events here alluded to by Socrates.

23. Describe the successes obtained by Athens at Sphacteria. What modern battle took place near the same spot?

24. What services were rendered by Brasidas to his country? How was he honoured after his death?

*March Class List.**First Class.*

Creag-an-Fitheach } 38	Vorwärts	} 33
'Αμυχδρη	Squirrel	
Lisle	Robin	
Moonraker } 27	A Modern Boeotian	
Water-wagtail } 27	Lia	} 32
Blue-bell	Apathy	
Speranza } 36	Kittiwake	
Kettle	Actium	
Hecla	Balaustion	} 31
Persephone } 35	Fidelia	
Great Grandmother	Marion	
Eva	Fieldfare	
Philomela } 34	Apia	} 30
Mignonette	King Arthur	
	Maiblume	
	Cherry Ripe	

Second Class.

Weaver } 29	Taffy	} 24
Emu	Toby	
Charissa	Gimmidge	
Eve	Donna Pia	} 23
Latter Larimus	Dame Wood	
Hawthorn } 28	Excelsior	
Pot	Busy Bee	
Apis } 27	Cockrobin	} 22
Electra	Trop-ne-vad	
Wallflower	Lalage	
Deryn	Tisiphone	} 21
Harum-Scarum	Mabel	
Sapphire		
Emilia } 25		} 20
Erin-go-bragh		
Bladud		

Third Class.

Carlotta	19
Countess	17
Cinderella.	8